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SCENE OF THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGES.

LITERARY PILGRIMAGES

IN

NEW ENGLAND

TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS MAKERS OF
AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMONG
THEIR HAUNTS AND THE SCENES
OF THEIR WRITINGS

BY

EDWIN M. BACON

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC PILGRIMAGES IN NEW ENGLAND," "BACON'S
DICTIONARY OF BOSTON," "WALKS AND RIDES IN THE
COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON," ETC.



SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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XVI.

IN NEWER BOSTON.

Charles Street homes of Aldrich, Fields, and Holmes. — A side note about Ponkapog. — The library in the Fields house. — Holmes's work in his Charles-Street house. — As a lecturing professor. — His career reviewed. — His earlier home on Montgomery Place. — Where the "Autocrat" papers were written. — Stories of notable poems. — Holmes's last home on Beacon Street, water side. — His closing years and gentle death. — Home of Julia Ward Howe. — Story of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." — Other "Back Bay" literary homes. — Edward Everett Hale. — Edwin Lassetter Bynner. — Brook Farm. — Lindsay Swift.

At the foot of Beacon Hill we turned into Charles Street, northward, to see the old houses of Oliver Wendell Holmes and James T. Fields; then returning southward to Beacon Street, we entered the "Back Bay" quarter, the modern West End of Boston, built entirely upon "made lands" where formerly a great bay backed from the river along the Charles-Street line.

"Once," I observed as we were walking along Charles Street, "this now unlovely thoroughfare was beautified by noble trees and had a well-bred air. Holmes and Fields, as we shall see, were close neighbors; and latterly, while the street yet retained its literary flavor, Aldrich took a house opposite them." Since we were walking on the east side we came first to the Aldrich house (No. 131). "To this house Aldrich moved from Pinckney Street," I remarked, "and it was associated with much of his work through the decade of 1871 to 1881. The library was the back room of the second floor; the retired study was above stairs. Aldrich moved back to The Hill, — taking his statelier Mount Vernon Street house, —

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in 1884, after a two years' residence at Ponkapog, celebrated in the title of his sketches of travel, 'From Ponkapog to Pesth.'"

"And where is Ponkapog?" asked Percy. "Is it really a 'real place'?"

"Indeed it is. A charming spot, rural and secluded, though not far from the city, set by the beautiful Blue Hills of Milton.

Aldrich's own sketch

of it is exact: 'After its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. . . .

The nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw.

Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.'

The Ponkapog home

was an ancient farm house, which Aldrich

remodeled and fitted

most comfortably and

artistically, producing the cosiest of literary homes and work-

shops. Fortunate was the guest who was entertained within

its aged walls."

We now crossed to the Fields house (No. 148), and Percy's

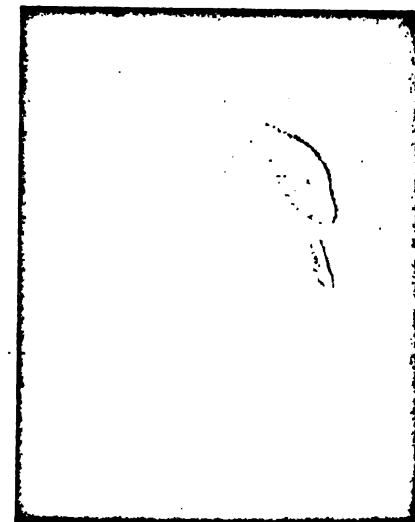
interest was freshly kindled when he heard that this continues

to be a literary home, for Mrs. Annie Fields, the publisher's

widow, herself a maker of good books, still abides here through

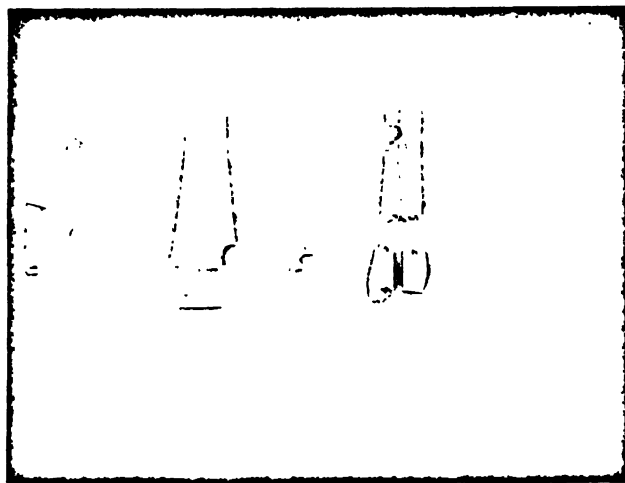
the winter seasons, and with her Sarah Orne Jewett. No more

inviting literary interior was enjoyed by Percy on this pilgrim-



JAMES T. FIELDS.

age. In the library remain many of Fields's treasures. His collection of books, and souvenirs of famous writers, was, in some respects, one of the rarest of his day in Boston. He loved to show off to the appreciative visitor his great shelf-full of volumes, in tasteful bindings, composed of the original manuscripts of works by Dickens, Thackeray, Whittier, Hawthorne, — the full manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter" as it went to the printers, — Longfellow, and others. In the dining-room



LIBRARY OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

has been many a brilliant feast; in the drawing-room, with its western windows looking out, over the garden, upon the Charles River, many a fine literary gathering. Dickens, upon his memorable American visits, was at home in this house. So was Thackeray. A wide hospitality was exercised all through the quarter century of Fields's life here, — from 1857 till his death. And, as Dr. Bartol has expressed it in his "portrait-eulogy," he "radiated far and near a large and general good will."

The Holmes house (No. 164) was not so interesting, for it has been transformed since Holmes moved from it, and its literary flavor faded with his going. Still, as his home for twelve years through the period during which he produced many notable works, it fascinated Percy, dismantled though it was. It was here that he wrote his second "Breakfast-Table" papers — the "Professor at the Breakfast Table"; his two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel"; his stirring poems of the war times; that classic of our war literature, "My Hunt After the Captain," — the narrative of his search for the soldier-son, who, wounded at the battle of Ball's Bluff in 1862, lived to fight and to suffer more wounds another day and in after time to become chief justice of Massachusetts; numerous verses of occasion, and "Dorothy Q." Percy gazed up at the first floor windows out of which "the Autoocrat" used to look from the pleasant down-stairs study, and fancied the kindly eyes beaming down upon him.

"The twelve years of Holmes's life here," I stated, since Percy asked for dates, "were the years between 1859 and 1871: busy years, for, along with his literary work he was part of this time traveling about the country as a favorite lyceum lecturer on English poets of the nineteenth century, and was delivering regularly his medical lectures in the Harvard Medical School, as he had been doing since the late forties. The latter work was in its way as important as his writing. He held the Parkman professorship of anatomy for the long period of thirty-five years, in that time delivering a succession of lectures which ranked high for their learning as well as their diction. And when at length, in 1882, he retired, becoming professor *emeritus*, the students whose rare privilege it had been to hear him, gave him a loving cup, inscribed fittingly with his own lines: 'Love Bless Thee, Joy Crown Thee, God Speed Thy Career.' Of him as the lecturing professor we have this true picture, by that clever Scotsman, David Macrae: —

"Holmes is a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now [this was in 1868], a trifle of curly hair under his ears; a powerful jaw and a thick strong underlip which gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. . . . He reads with a sharp percussive articulation, is very deliberate and formal at first, but becomes more animated as he goes on. . . . He enlivens his lecture with numerous jokes and brilliant sallies of wit, and at every point hitches up his head, looks through his glasses at his audience as he finishes his sentence, and then shuts his mouth partly with his underlip as if he said, 'There, laugh at that!'"

"He began professional life, you know, as a regular practicing physician, after study abroad, some time having previously been spent at Harvard in law studies which were not to his liking. Though he retired from practice within ten years, he continued steadily to keep step with the progress of the profession. He was called a fashionable physician, but he was rather the good physician. At first his tendency to versification, — he was already famed as a poet when he began as a doctor, — and his merry humor, told against him. It was thought that a doctor and a poet could not be combined successfully in one person: as to-day a lawyer given to poetizing is looked upon askance. When he was quoted as announcing gayly to his friends that in his profession of practitioner 'fevers would be thankfully received' precise Bostonians were dismayed if not shocked at such trifling with serious matters. He was thirty-one when he put out his doctor's sign, and then began his lifelong identification with Boston.

"That was in 1840, the year of his marriage to Amelia Jackson, a daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of Boston, associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, of which in after years their son, 'the Captain,' as we have seen, became the chief. Theirs was a fortunate and a happy union long lasting. As his biographer, John T. Morse, says, she was an 'ideal wife' for him. Their life in the Charles-Street home was serene and kindly. In their time it had a pleasing outlook at the rear over the river and the then

open hills beyond. One late August day the doctor wrote to his neighbor, Fields, 'We sit an hour or so after tea at the west window to enjoy the recollections of sunset — which is premature nowadays — and dig up the roots of remembrances that flowered and went to seed in the old summers and autumns.'

"The Autocrat's earlier Boston homes? All vestige of them disappeared years ago. He lived the longest period in the house which he describes in the Autocrat papers as the Professor's house, in that passage recounting one of his walks with the Schoolmistress (which I read from my note-book): —

"We came opposite the head of a place or court running eastward from the main street. — Look down there, — I said. — My friend, the Professor, lived in that house at the left hand next the further corner, for years and years. He died out of it, the other day. — Died? — said the Schoolmistress. — Certainly, — said I. — We die out of houses just as we die out of our bodies. A commercial smash kills a hundred men's homes for them, as a railroad smash kills their mortal frames and drives out the immortal tenants. Men sicken of houses until at last they quit them, as the soul leaves the body when it is tired of its infirmities. . . . The Professor lived in that house a long time — not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door two shadows gilded over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, — and one of the shadows was claimed by its owner to be larger than his own. What changes he saw in that quiet place! Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew to maturity, wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole drama of life was played in that stock company's theater of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling. Peace be to those walls, forever, — the Professor said, — for the many pleasant years he has passed within them.'

"This quiet court was then Montgomery Place, opening opposite the old Granary Burying-ground. Now it is Bosworth Street, a prosaic thoroughfare with one picturesque feature, — the rough stone steps at its end leading down to the ancient narrow cross street into which it empties. The doctor lived here for eighteen years, — from 1841, the year after his mar-

riage, till his removal to Charles Street, — and here all his children were born.

"Here the Autocrat papers were in large part written, during the first year of the *Atlantic Monthly*, starting with its first number in November, 1857. You are familiar with the story? Holmes has told it in the preface (or the Autocrat's autobiography) to the papers in book form: how they were started in two numbers of Buckingham's *New England Magazine* in the winter of 1831-'32, and then were dropped; and how twenty-five years afterward, when the *Atlantic* was projected and he was asked to write for it, the recollection of these productions of his 'uncombed literary boyhood' suggested the thought that it would be a curious experiment 'to shake the same bough again and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls.' This explains the whimsically abrupt opening of the first *Atlantic* paper, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted,' — a quarter of a century before.

"The experiment proved a most successful one, for it fixed firm the reputation of its author as the first of American essayists in the lighter vein, and the maker of a distinctly new departure in literature. It is interesting to note that among the poems so cleverly worked into the text are those which have contributed most to Holmes's fame, as 'The Promise,' 'The Chambered Nautilus,' with its swelling note: —

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!'

— 'The Living Temple,' 'The Deacon's Masterpiece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay,' 'Contentment,' with the familiar worldly lines: —

'Little I ask, my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do) —
That I may call my own —
And close at hand is such a one
In yonder street that fronts the sun.'

— 'Parson Turell's Legacy,' and the much quoted 'The Old Man's Dream,' which I dare say was in your school reader.

"And of these earlier poems Holmes was fondest. 'If you will remember me by "The Chambered Nautilus," or "The Promise," or "The Living Temple," — he once wrote some school children of Cincinnati who had been committing to memory several of his poems, — 'your memories will be a monument I shall think more of than any of bronze or marble.'

" 'The Last Leaf,' also among his favorites and perhaps the most widely popular, was written at an earlier period. For this poem 'good Abraham Lincoln,' the doctor took pride in noting, had a great liking, and repeated it from memory. It took the fancy of the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe, who made an autograph copy of it; and it appeared in a French version. The famous 'Old Ironsides,' which countless schoolboys have declaimed, was produced when Holmes was a law student at Cambridge in 1830. It was cast at white heat upon reading of the threatened breaking-up of the *Constitution* by the Navy Department as useless, and was hurried to the *Boston Advertiser*, where it appeared the following morning. Copied by newspapers throughout the country, it roused public sentiment, and saved the grand old ship.

"It was to 'The Last Leaf' and 'The Old Man's Dream,' by the way, that the London *Punch* harked back in its fine tribute to Holmes upon his death at eighty-five: —

" "'The Last Leaf!' Can it be true
We have turned it, and on you,
Friend of all?"

That the years at last have power?
That life's foliage and flower
Fade and fall?

Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane,
Wide, yet clear.
Like the blue above us bent
Giving sense and sentiment
Each its sphere.

With a manly breadth of soul
And a fancy quaint and droll,
Ripe and mellow.
With a virile power of hit,
Finished scholar, poet, wit,
And good fellow!

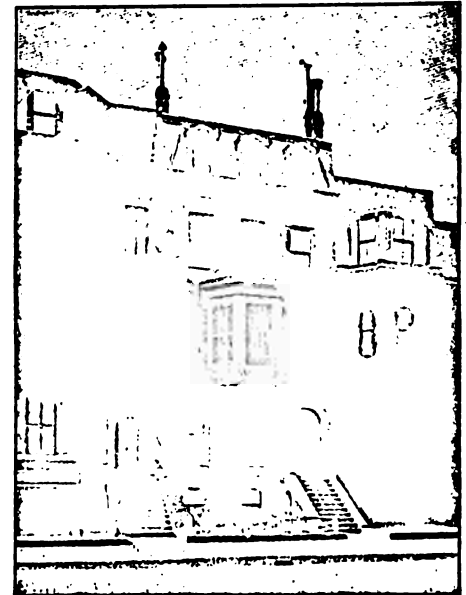
Sturdy patriot, and yet
True world's citizen! Regret
Dims our eyes
As we turn each well-thumbed leaf;
Yet a glory 'midst our grief
Will arise.

Years your spirit could not tame,
And they will not dim your fame;
England joys
In your songs, all strength and ease,
And the "dreams" you "wrote to please
Gray-haired boys."

"'A Mother's Secret,' 'St. Anthony the Reformer,' 'Under the Violets,' 'The Crooked Path,' and 'The Boys' were among the poems incorporated in the Professor papers. 'The Boys' was the best of his forty and more verses written for the reunions of his class at Harvard; — that famous class of 1829, which included Benjamin Pierce, in after life the mathematician and astronomer; James Freeman Clarke and Chandler Robbins, the Boston ministers; William Henry Channing, nephew

of the great Channing, himself ranking high in literature; George T. Bigelow, judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; Benjamin R. Curtis, justice of the United States Supreme Bench; and Samuel F. Smith, who wrote 'America.' Holmes's lyric, so much quoted and made a popular song, 'No Time Like the Old Time,' was written in 1865, — of the Charles-Street home period."

We had been strolling down Beacon Street on the "Back Bay," and were come before Holmes's last town house (No. 296), on the favored water side, — the veritable "brown stone" of his "Contentment" wish, — to which he moved from Charles Street.



LAST HOME OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"This house he greatly enjoyed," I remarked, while we stood at the door awaiting the response to the bell, "as that letter of his to Motley, which Morse quotes in the *Life*, attests:

"'We have really a charming house, and as I turn my eyes to the left from this paper I seem to look out on all creation, Bunker Hill and the spires of Cambridge, and Mount Auburn, and the wide estuary commonly called Charles River — we poor Bostonians come to think at last that there

is nothing like it in the *orbis terrarum*. — I suppose it sounds to one who is away, like the Marchioness with her orange-peel and water.' ”

In this house it was observed that the Autocrat's study — or library-study as it was termed — was on the second floor back : a large room with the view over the river through broad bay windows. As it appeared in his time, books filled the shelves against the four walls, — that part of his library which he most used as his literary tools, — while other portions of his collection were scattered over the house. The writing-table stood near the middle of the apartment, and roomy chairs were on either side of the deep open grate, suggestive of comfort for guest and host.

“This,” Percy was told, “was the Mecca of Holmes's army of admirers, of men and women of distinction and those striving for distinction, coming from everywhere. He was

tolerant of all who gained entrance, ever the genial, kindly host, but with a happy knack of edging off the bores, so gently and cleverly that they found themselves on the street side of the outer door without realizing that they had been, though graciously, most effectively bowed out.

“The study here was identified with ‘The Poet of the Breakfast Table,’ the



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

last of the inimitable Breakfast-table series, which appeared in 1873; and ‘Over the Tea Cups,’ the last of all his engaging table-talk, written in his old age after his return from that memorable summer in London, in 1886, when he enjoyed the merry round of distinguished courtesies, in part recounted in his ‘Hundred Days.’ While living here he published those

prime favorites of the centennial celebrations, ‘A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party,’ and ‘Grandmother's Story of the Bunker

To the Editor of the Advertiser

Dear Sir

Your correspondent writing from Venice gives one credit for the happy expression “caterpillar bridges.” It is not mine, but Mr. Lowell, from whom I borrowed it with proper acknowledgment of its authorship.

Yours Truly

296 Beacon St.,

March 24th

1885.

W. Holmes.

FACSIMILE OF HOLMES'S MANUSCRIPT.

Hill Battle.’ And here was written, or shaped, ‘The Iron Gate,’ which one naturally associates with Tennyson's ‘Cross-

ing the Bar,' though it is quite different,—his response at the Birthday Breakfast given him on his seventieth anniversary by the *Atlantic* folk,—than which no cheerier or tenderer picture of serene old age is found in our literature.

"After he was eighty he sent hence his rollicking 'The Broomstick Train: or the Return of the Witches,' which may well be called 'The Song of the Trolley-car,' brim full of his old-time wit and fancy.

"When Dr. Holmes came to die, it was in his chair 'painlessly as so humane a man well deserved to make his escape out of life,' as Mr. Morse, with fine sentiment, notes in the *Life*. Only a few days before his death he was taking his usual walks out-of-doors in the sunshine, and on the very day of his passing he was up and about the house. The day of his death was the seventh of October, 1894. Two days later he was buried from Old King's Chapel."

We extended our walk over the "Back Bay" to pass a few modern literary homes.

On the opposite side of Beacon Street I pointed out (No. 241) the later town home of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe (born in New York City, 1819—), whence in her old age she sent out her pleasant "Reminiscences," and where her gracious hospitality has been dispensed to many of the literary guild, who have found charm in her ever brilliant conversation and her scintillating wit. Her "Battle Hymn," about which Percy asked, was written, I stated, when Mrs. Howe's home was in Boston (on little Boylston Place, opening opposite the Common), but during a visit to the army about Washington, in 1861, in company with her minister, James Freeman Clarke. As she tells the story, one day they were invited to attend a review of troops at some distance from the Capitol. While they were watching the maneuvers, a sudden movement of the army necessitated immediate action by these troops. The review was discontinued, and they saw a detachment gallop to the assistance of a small body of our men who were in imminent danger of being sur-

rounded and cut off from retreat. The return of her party to the city was slow, for the troops nearly filled the road. To beguile the rather tedious drive she and her friends sang from time to time snatches of the popular army songs, concluding with

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on."

The soldiers applauded the singing with cries "Good for you!" and Dr. Clarke remarked, "Why don't you write some good words for that stirring tune?"

In the middle of the following night Mrs. Howe was awakened with the words of a hymn singing in her mind. Getting up, she groped for a light and hurriedly scribbled the lines on a chance bit of paper lest they should escape her. Then she retired again, and slept soundly till morning. The words of the "Battle Hymn," with but a few slight changes, are the words she transcribed that night. It was published anonymously in the *Atlantic*, and made no stir at the moment. Some time after, Chaplain McCabe in a lecture related an incident of Libby Prison: when the prisoners, upon hearing that a battle reported to them as a Union defeat was really a victory, made the prison walls ring with their singing of a battle hymn by an unknown author, which had been found in a stray newspaper; and he repeated the thrilling lines. They were those of Mrs. Howe's. This was the touch that brought them popularity. The authorship was made known, and the hymn became at once a leading lyric of the war.

Farther down, again on the "water side" at No. 392, we passed the home of James Ford Rhodes (born in Cleveland, O., 1848—), the historian, whose "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," through the Civil War period to 1885, is the standard of its class. Turning into Fairfield Street, was seen, at No. 16, the home of John T. Morse, writer of sterling biographies (whose life of Holmes we had quoted), and editor of the "American Statesmen" series of "popular

lives." Farther southward we came upon the house of the Massachusetts Historical Society, close by "The Fens," — part of the city's chain of public parks, — and entering this building, many of the society's treasures were shown to Percy by the genial librarian and expert in Americana. Then we strolled back to Copley Square and revisited the famous Public Library, this time making a full tour of the various departments of the beautiful structure. Finally we took a "Broomstick train" and returned by "The Subway" to our starting point down town.

As we were comfortably dining at the Parker House after our long tramp, I remarked that this hotel covers the site of the home of Dr. Holmes's maternal grandfather, Oliver Wendell, on School Street, and that of the birthplace of Edward Everett Hale (born 1822—), on Tremont Street.

Thus our table talk turned to Hale's good life and work. "He gives us himself," I observed, "most pleasing glimpses of his early homes in the autobiographical 'Story of a New England Boyhood.' The home life in the second house to which the family was moved when Hale was a little fellow of six is here fully pictured. That house was near by, — in Tremont Place, which opens from Beacon Street behind the great office building opposite us. It remained as part of a delightfully old fashioned and roomy place of offices till only a year ago, when the structure made way for a modern 'sky scraper.' The Tremont-Place house was the Hales' home till young Edward had reached eleven, and was a Latin School boy. Then they removed to Central Court, a place of genteel Boston dwellings in its heyday, which once opened from Washington Street just above Summer Street, but is now obliterated, being built over by a great retail shop. While the family home was here the boy became a college youth, entering Harvard when he was but thirteen. After his graduation he became a teacher in the Latin School where he had been a pupil; worked on his father's newspaper; and later prepared for the ministry. He

was licensed to preach in 1842. Four years later he was settled in Worcester. Ten years later, or in 1856, he returned to Boston, becoming minister of the South Congregational Church. He has ever since remained in this charge, and ardently associated with everything of good report in his native city.

"You know about his lineage? On the paternal side he is a great nephew of Captain Nathan Hale, the patriot of the Revolution, hanged as a spy, after uttering those memorable



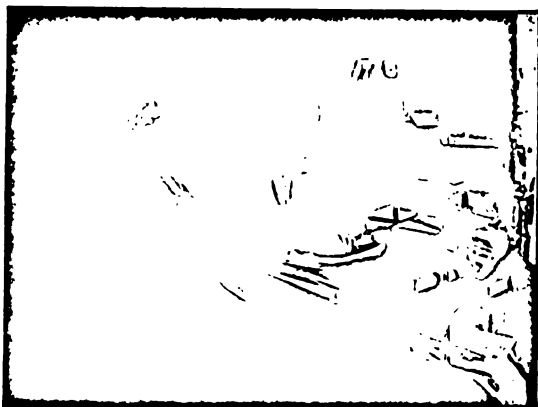
HOME OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
(From Hale's "The Brick Moon and Other Stories." Copyright, 1898,
by Little, Brown & Company.)

last words, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' On the maternal side he is of the Everett family, his mother having been a sister of Edward Everett, for whom he was named. His father, Nathan Hale, was the founder and first editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, for which he won the honorable title of 'the Respectable Daily'; and he was a pioneer in the introduction of the railway system.

"Hale's most famous stories — 'The Man Without a Country,' 'My Double and How He Undid Me,' 'Ten Times One is

Ten,' 'In His Name,' 'The Ingram Papers,' 'Philip Nolan's Friends'—were all written here in Boston. He became known and recognized as foremost among American writers in the art of short story writing, a third of a century ago, and he has well sustained this reputation. Underlying his stories is a wholesome morality, and each teaches a lesson; but the workmanship is so clever, the touch so human, and the execution so spirited and fascinating, that the moral and the lesson are absorbed unconsciously—but none the less absorbed.

"Of all his works none had such a vogue, or so moved the public, as his 'Man Without a Country.' Coming in the Civil



EDWARD EVERETT HALE IN HIS STUDY.
(From Hale's "Addresses and Essays." Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Company.)

War time, published anonymously, with all the air of a sober narration of fact, it was accepted by many as a true statement, and was profoundly impressive; and it did much to inspire in the public mind a truer devotion to the flag and loyalty to the country. His 'Ten Times One is Ten,' with the hero's motto, 'Look up and not down, look forward and not backward, look out not in, and lend a hand,' first published in 1870, was the

inspiration not only of the numerous 'Lend-a-Hand' clubs in the land, but of the various other Christian leagues of young people. His versatility is remarkable; his industry astonishing. At the celebration of his seventieth birthday, when the number of his published works exceeded eighty, and he was still actively producing, Dr. Holmes characterized him in verse, as 'The human dynamo.' Upon his eightieth birthday celebration, when three thousand people crowded a great public hall to do him honor, Senator Hoar styled him 'the representative and incarnation of the best and loftiest Americanism.' His home for years has been in the Roxbury district (on Highland Street), in a large, rambling, old-time house, which well befits him. His study there is a veritable literary workshop."

An allusion to Dr. Hale's interest in historical matters, especially early New England history, led me to speak of the

younger Boston writer upon such subjects, Edwin Lassetter Bynner (born in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1842—died in Boston, 1893), whose "Agnes Surriage" ranks, in style and character, with the higher type of historical novels. "Bynner, as Hale has said," I remarked, "was perfectly informed in the history of New England, and had 'a gift which hardly any one else has had for reproducing the broken lights of the picture, working in, with his insight, de-



EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

tails forgotten by most writers; in a word, making real the past.' His materials were gathered with painstaking care, with an eye for accuracy as well as for 'color.' The peculiar old

Marblehead dialect in 'Agnes Surriage,' for example, was obtained through visits, with a friend, to the older fishermen there, one engaging them in easy conversation, while the other took notes.

"Brynner was bred to the law, and practiced his profession; but literature was his real vocation. 'Penelope's Suitors,' published in 1884, after running as a serial in the *Atlantic*, was his first genuine literary success, although he had then published two novels, 'Nimrod,' and 'The Tritons,' which had been well received by discerning readers. 'Agnes Surriage' appeared in 1887, and was at once favorably compared with Hawthorne's work. His later novels included 'The Begum's Daughter,' his most serious effort, and 'Zachary Phips.' He was also a successful short-story writer. Brynner's father was an Englishman, sometime editor of an inland Massachusetts newspaper, and his mother was of an old Massachusetts family, a woman of fine mental powers; so he came naturally by his literary bent. His home was not far from Hale's—in the West Roxbury District.

"More distant in the West Roxbury District lies 'Brook Farm,' scene, as we have before remarked, of Hawthorne's 'Blithedale Romance,'—the place where in 1841-47 that group of men and women of high ideals, led by George Ripley, instituted the 'Brook Farm Institute of Education and Agriculture,' and made their unsuccessful experiment in socialism. And within a pleasant walk of the Farm lives Lindsay Swift (born in Boston, 1868—), the author of the story of this community, in his 'Brook Farm,' in the 'National Studies of American Letters' series; also accomplished critic, essayist, and authority on Americana."

XVII.

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED.

Home of the poet-painter, Washington Allston. — Lowell's picture of him. — Birthplace of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. — Story of her career. — The 'Dial.' — Home of Louis Agassiz. — His Cambridge life and work. — Latter home of Jared Sparks. — Where he wrote his histories. — Old "Professors' Row." — Home and study of Francis J. Child. — His classic. — Charles Eliot Norton at "Shady Hill." — The Palfrey Place. — Palfrey's public and literary life. — Birthplace of T. W. Higginson. — His literary and reform work. — Site of Holmes's Birthplace. — The "Gambrel-roofed house" and its memories. — In the old church yard. — John Holmes.

Our Cambridge pilgrimage occupied but a short day, for the points visited were all within the compass of an easy walk (as our walks went), and we passed the university buildings in quick review, they being familiar to Percy from his previous pilgrimage to the city. So, too, were several of its distinctively literary landmarks known to him; but devoting ourselves exclusively to these features, we saw much more than before, and made more intimate and definite acquaintance with the purely literary side of Cambridge.

We went out by trolley car and disembarked at Quincy Square by the college grounds where I had planned that our walk should begin.

On the way out, while we were riding through "The Port"—the local abbreviation for Cambridgeport,—I pointed down Magazine Street, at the left of us, indicating in a general way the site of the last home and studio of the poet-painter Washington Allston (born in Charleston, S.C., 1779—died in Cambridge, 1843). Above, at our right, was Prospect

Street, in which just off the main street stood the "Cambridge Port Private Grammar School" where Oliver Wendell Holmes got his preliminary schooling along with other favored Cambridge boys, and with that remarkable Cambridge girl, Sarah Margaret Fuller (Ossoli) (born 1810 — died 1850).

Speaking of Allston, I remarked that he came to live in Cambridge at the time of his second marriage in 1830, and this remained his home and work place till his death. "His second wife," I went on, "was the poet Dana's sister, and cousin to his first wife, William Ellery Channing's sister Ann, who had been dead for twenty years. When a youth in Newport he became acquainted with the Channing family, and coming to Cambridge as a student he had Channing as a college mate, and Dana as a classmate. So with both friendship began early and was life-long. While he was the greatest American painter of his day, his poetical works gave him rank among the first American poets of the early nineteenth century. Though a Southerner by birth, born on a plantation, his boyhood and youth were spent in New England, and his art work in his own country was identified with Boston and Cambridge. He began writing poetry and studying art, in the crude way of those days, when in college; and in his senior year he delivered a poem on the death of Washington, at the commemoration by the college of that event. After his graduation he returned to Charleston and began painting. He went abroad in 1801, and a few years later settled down in Rome for the practical study of his art. There began an acquaintance which developed into a life-long intimacy with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and our own Washington Irving.

"He returned home in 1809, and marrying Ann Channing established himself in Boston, where he remained for a few years painting, and writing poetry, his rooms the center of a refined society. Then, going back to Europe, he settled in London. While there, in 1813, the volume of poems which established his reputation — 'The Sylphs of the Seasons and

Other Poems' — was published. His novel, or tale, 'Monaldi,' appeared twenty-eight years later. He enjoyed during his London life the friendship of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb, besides Coleridge, while in his art he ranked with the leading English painters. One of his works was a portrait of Coleridge, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. His first wife died in England.

"Of Allston's homes here in Cambridge — there were two of them — no trace now is to be found. Both were on Magazine Street near the Charles River end. The first, as he described it, was a 'commodious little mansion, prettily situated in a retired part of the village [Cambridgeport was then a place of farms, and rural fields], and commanding a pleasant view of the adjacent country, taking in a part of the river and a picturesque little pine wood which used to be the favorite haunt of my younger days, to which I used to saunter after college hours and dream sometimes of poetry and sometimes of my art.' The second house was closer to his studio, — or 'painting-room,' as he called it, a very plain barn-like building — and was built after his own model, to suit his fastidious taste. It remained an interesting object long after the neighborhood was built up with modern dwellings.

"Allston himself was a picturesque figure of almost exquisite mold. Lowell in the 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' thus attractively sketched him in his old age:

"'The stranger who took the "Hourly" at Old Cambridge [the omnibus rumbling between Cambridge and Boston, long before street-car times], if he were a physiognomist and student of character, might perhaps have had his curiosity excited by a person who mounted the coach at the Port, so refined was his whole appearance, so fastidiously neat was his apparel, — but with a neatness that seemed less the result of care and plan, than a something so proper to the man as whiteness to the lily, — that you would have at once classed him with those individuals rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman. . . . There are some men whom destiny has endowed with a faculty of external

neatness, whose clothes are repellent of dust and mud, whose unwithering white neck-cloths preserve to the day's end, unappeasably seeing the sun go down upon their starch, and whose linen makes you fancy them heirs in the maternal line to the instincts of all the washerwomen from Eve downward. There are others whose inward natures possess this fatal cleanness, incapable of moral dirt spot. You are not long in discovering that the stranger combines in himself both these properties. A tumbler of hair, fine as an infant's, and early white, showing refinement of organization and the predominance of spiritual over the physical, undulated and floated around a face that seemed like pale flame, and over which the fitting shades of expression chased each other, fugitive and gleaming as waves upon a field of rye. It was a countenance that, without any beauty of features, was very beautiful. I have said that it looked like pale flame, and can find no other words for the impression it gave. Here was a man all soul, whose body seemed a lamp of finest clay, whose service was to feed with magic oils, rare and fragrant, that wavering fire that hovered over it. . . . As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity, — a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, "Mr. Allston." "Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down in your diary, every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let your grandchildren know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner, when he stumbled over your toes in getting out.'

"Allston died suddenly at midnight of a July Sunday while sitting in a contemplative attitude after hard labor on the unfinished canvas of his great painting 'Belshazzar's Feast.'"

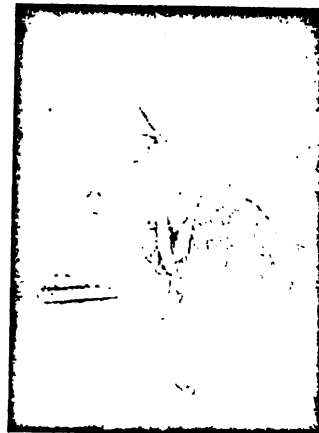
From this picture we turned to Holmes's sketch of Margaret Fuller as a schoolgirl and after, copy of which I had also made in my note book:

"She came with a reputation of being smart. . . . Her air to her schoolmates was marked by a certain stateliness and distance, as if she had other thoughts than theirs and was not of them. She was a great student and a great reader of what she used to call *naw-véls*. . . . Margaret as I remember her at school and afterwards, was tall, fair complexioned, with a watery aqua-marine luster in her light eyes, which she used to make small, as one does who looks at the sunshine. A remarkable point

about her was that long, flexible neck, arching and undulating in strange, sinuous movements which one who loved her would compare to those of a swan, and one who loved her not to those of the ophidian who tempted our common mother. Her talk was affluent, magisterial, *de haut en bas*, some would say euphuistic, but surpassing the talk of women in breadth and audacity.'

Then her career, and its influence on the literature of her time, were recalled, for her birthplace was in "the Port." It was not worth while, I suggested, to visit the spot, for it is all changed now. The house was on Cherry Street, at the corner of Eaton Street, a roomy dwelling, with pillared doorway, adorned in front with a row of elms, behind with a blooming flower garden. When Margaret was still a girl the family left this house and moved up to Cambridge proper, just above the Port line, into the "old Dana mansion," a local landmark of distinction then on this main street. In her mature life, in the early forties, the home was for a twelve-month on Ellery Street near the Dana house site, and for a similar period on Prospect Street near by the academy of Margaret's girl days.

"Probably no woman of her time," I went on, "surpassed Margaret Fuller in intellectual culture, yet she left in published books little illustrative of her powers. She was the eldest of eight children, a precocious girl almost from infancy, and was educated at high pressure, receiving a training which boys only were given in those days, when destined for college. At six she had begun studying Latin, and before her teens she was a



MARGARET FULLER (Marchioness Ossoli).

promising Greek scholar. At fifteen this was her daily routine in the summer season: 'She rose before five o'clock, walked an hour, practiced an hour on the piano, breakfasted at seven, read Siamondi's "European Literature" in French till eight, then Brown's "Philosophy" till half past nine, went to school for Greek at twelve, practiced again till dinner; after the early dinner read two hours in Italian, then walked or rode, and in the evening played, sang, and retired at eleven to write in her diary.' 'This be it observed,' says Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his biography of her from which this statement is quoted, 'was at the very season when girls of fifteen or sixteen are in these days on their way to the seashore or the mountains.'

"No wonder that with such rigorous régime she became the most learned American woman of her day, and one of the most peculiar. Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a man of strong intellect and pronounced opinions, descended from a line of hard-headed Fullers, a successful lawyer, politician, and orator, whose public service had covered terms in the State Legislature and in Congress. He directed and pushed his daughter's studies and was proud of her extraordinary intellectual capacity. When she was twenty-three the family moved to Groton, then an isolated country town, nearly forty miles away from the intellectual center of Boston. Here, however, she managed to provide herself with books out of the common reach, and while teaching her brothers and sisters, she pursued an astonishingly full course of reading in German literature and philosophy, and in European and American history, mastering subjects and doctrines with which but few of her contemporaries of the masculine sex were familiar. She early became intimately associated with the foremost literary men of her time, notably Emerson, and when yet in young womanhood was famed in her circle for the brilliancy of her conversation, and her masterful critical faculty.

"The exercise of Margaret Fuller's literary influence out-

side her own coterie began after her father's death, when she was twenty-five. She had then come down to Boston to teach the languages in Bronson Alcott's unique school, and to report the mystic schoolmaster's 'Conversations on the Gospels' which he delivered to his tender pupils as part of the regular school course—an occupation of short duration, for the school was short lived. While engaged in this work she taught French, German, and Italian to private classes of her own, and indulged her marvelous conversational powers.

"After another year's teaching in an academy at Providence, Rhode Island, she began her famous 'Conversations' on literary and philosophical themes in Boston before classes of women. These continued through five winters,—from 1839 to 1844,—and were without precedent in this country. They were given weekly, beginning at mid-day, and were chief of all the literary 'functions' of their seasons. Among the maids and matrons constituting the classes at different times were such women as the wives of Emerson, Theodore Parker, and George Bancroft, Channing's daughter, Lydia Maria Child, and Maria White who became Lowell's wife. The subjects treated ranged from German philosophy to mythology, with a great variety of learned topics considered along the way. Margaret opened each Conversation with an introductory talk, and then drew out her hearers by inducing them to question her; but generally she did most of the talking. After the opening of the series when Greek literature was the theme, she wrote Emerson enthusiastically, 'I assure you, there is more Greek than Bostonian spoken at the meetings.' Later on, evening Conversations to men were instituted, but these though drawing some very clever folk did not have much vogue.

"But the broader achievement of Margaret Fuller, for which Higginson declares she will always be an important figure in American history, was as 'the organizer and executive force' of what he terms 'the first thoroughly American literary enterprise.' This was *The Dial*, of which she was the

editor through part of its existence of four troubled years (1840-1844). It had its origin in a club of 'speculative students who found the air in America getting too close and stagnant,' as Emerson has chronicled. This was the original Transcendental Club, so called, formed after several years of talk and consultation. It was the time of the literary awakening in America, of the movement for a national literature, impelled to a not inconsiderable extent by Emerson's famous Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1837 here in Cambridge on 'The American Scholar.' The members of this club, nearly all of whom became contributors to *The Dial*, included Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, the Greek scholar, George Ripley, founder of the Brook Farm community, Emerson, Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, Convers Francis, the learned Watertown minister, Cyrus A. Bartol, Margaret Fuller, and Elizabeth P. Peabody.

"*The Dial* announced itself as a quarterly magazine for literature, philosophy, and religion; its purpose to furnish a medium for 'the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.' It encountered much criticism and not a little ridicule from contemporary publications and writers. Its failure—from a financial point of view, at least—was due, Emerson has explained, to the limited number of workmen at that time of sufficient culture for a poetical and philosophical magazine, and to the circumstance (which has wrecked many a worthy periodical venture since its day) that 'as the pages were filled by unpaid contributors, each of whom had, according to the usage and necessity of this country, some paying employment, the journal did not get his best work, but his second best.' Emerson edited it through its last two years.

"Margaret Fuller's later work was in New York as a regular writer on Horace Greeley's *Tribune*,—one of the first women to be attached to the staff of a daily newspaper. Her contributions, like her 'Conversations,' treated a wide range

of topics, but her principal occupation was the review of books. In this department her critical powers were displayed at their fullest, and with a frankness and a vigor which have seldom been matched. Longfellow and Lowell, then among the accepted newer poets, were of those who came under her lash. Some of her longer criticisms are collected in the volume of her writings entitled 'Life Within and Life Without.'

"Her last years were marked by romance and tragedy. One day in Rome, while she was on a tour of Europe in fulfillment of a long cherished wish, she became separated from friends with whom she had attended vespers in a church, and missing her way out, she was piloted to her destination by a young Italian gentleman. He was Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli, of an old Roman family. This chance meeting speedily ripened into friendship, then to love; and despite the disparity of ages, they married, and she became the Countess Ossoli. For some reason the marriage was kept secret; and it was not divulged till the siege of Rome by the French army, in the revolution of 1848, when the marquis was fighting with the revolutionists, and she was succoring the wounded in the hospitals. A short year of placid life in Florence, with their infant boy Angelo, followed the Roman upheaval, while Margaret's pen was busied with the history of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849.

"Then came the voyage home with its fatal ending: the long strain of two months on shipboard; the death of the captain at sea from small pox; the illness of the child from the dread disease, and his almost miraculous recovery; the approach at last to land with the hope of speedy disembarkation; the gale off the coast of New Jersey and the midnight hurricane; the striking of the ship on Fire Island; the long wait for help within sight of the protecting shore; the drowning before the parents' eyes of the little Angelo in the arms of the steward trying to make the beach; the sweeping off of the deck by the great waves; the final engulfing of the few pas-

sengers clinging to the wreck, — Margaret and her husband, Horace Sumner, brother of Charles Sumner, and a young Italian girl.

"The history of the Roman Republic never appeared. The manuscript went down with the ship. Of Margaret Fuller's books, her translations of Eekermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, and of the letters of Fraulein G nderode and Bettina von Arnim, and her '*Women in the Nineteenth Century*,' published in 1844, have endured the longest."

From Quincy Square, where we left the car, we turned into Quincy Street — the eastern boundary of the college grounds, upon which the president's house faces — to pass the Agassiz house, the home of Louis Agassiz (born in Switzerland, 1807 — died in Cambridge, 1873) through the last twenty years of his life. We came upon it near the upper end of the short street, on the right side, a house of unusual size and unusual architecture, which attracted Percy's eye before I had chance to identify it for him. It was built by the college, he was told, expressly for Agassiz. There was the great library on the entrance floor, its lines of shelves packed with his thousands of volumes of scientific works, and broad-surfaced tables strewn with maps and "specimens." There was the spacious drawing-room into which the sociable savant was wont of evenings to bring his work, writing on a portfolio on his knee, that he might at the same time enjoy the companionship of his family and neighboring friends who happened in. There was the generous dining-room in which famous men of science and literature gathered on occasion about the liberal board. On the upper floor was the roomy apartment of the Agassiz School for Young Ladies, that unique academy, a forerunner of Radcliffe College, which Mrs. Agassiz conducted, and in which the professor taught through easy conversational lectures in the sixties, — established to eke out the family income, for in those

times Agassiz's regular salary was but fifteen hundred dollars per annum, and his lecture fees often went largely for science.

I quite agreed with Percy that next to the great Museum of Comparative Zo logy, which Agassiz founded from the smallest beginnings, and which is his noble monument, this house is the most interesting landmark of the savant. For here was done much, if not most, of the literary and scientific work of his pen, which increased the wide fame he had when he came to America, and which added so much to the world's knowledge. When he moved into this house in 1854, he had been but eight years in the United States, and but six years in his professor's chair, that of natural history created for him in the Lawrence Scientific School, then newly established. Only a few years before, he had married Miss Elizabeth Cary — (she was his second wife; the Swiss wife, who had shared his European work and honors, having died in the old home in Switzerland) — and had settled down for life here in Cambridge.

"In this house he composed the four large quarto volumes of the contemplated ten-volumed (but never finished) '*Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*,' the first of which was completed on his fiftieth birthday, — that day celebrated by Longfellow's lines '*To Agassiz*.' Here was written his '*Methods of Study in Natural History*,' published in 1863, and his '*Geological Studies*'; and the outlines of many of those fascinating lectures which he delivered at various times all over the country.

"You have heard how he came to make America his chiefest working field? No? His coming was primarily a mission from the King of Prussia to study the geological formations and the natural history of North America, and incidentally to give some lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston. These lectures, — the first course '*On the Plan of Creation*,' especially in the Animal Kingdom,' and the second on his especial subject of *Glaciers*, — given in 1846-'47, were such a

momentous success that an interest was immediately awakened in his teachings, and place was soon made for him at Harvard. The revolutionary upheavals of 1848 in Europe changed his plans; and his ardent devotion to the work begun here led him ultimately to determine to give the remainder of his life unreservedly to it. He died in this house, and was buried in yonder Mount Auburn, where a bowlder from the glacier of the Aar, and a group of pine trees from his native place in Switzerland, mark his grave."

Another landmark of interest was seen in the house next above the Agassiz place, now occupied by The Theological School of the New Jerusalem Church. This was the home of Jared Sparks (born in Wellington, Conn., 1789—died in Cambridge, 1866), the historian, through the last twenty years of his life, during which period he brought out his "Correspondence of the American Revolution"; and also collected the mass of material for his contemplated diplomatic history of the Revolution, now preserved with the Sparks Manuscripts in the College Library. It was while living here that he served as President of Harvard (1849-1853), his Alma Mater, from which he had graduated thirty odd years before. Of the "sunny library" in this house in which Sparks did his literary work in most methodical and-orderly fashion, and which was reserved practically unchanged for years after his death by his widow who long survived him, I had copied the pleasant sketch given by Professor Herbert B. Adams in his life of the historian; which I duly read:

"His standing desk was still there, as he left it, surmounted by silver candlesticks. Adjoining this library there was a little room containing his private papers. . . . There were his bound manuscript journals, his commonplace and account books; his letter-book in quarto form, containing copies of the most important letters written by him; there, too, was the vast collection of letters received by him chronologically arranged in leathern-bound cases resembling quarto and octavo volumes, with the records of letters received and sent through a long and busy life. The manuscripts of Mr. Sparks's lectures on the American Revolution were

there. So also were the bound manuscripts of his printed works, and a set of the *North American Review* during the period of his editorship."

"When Sparks was engaged upon his 'Writings of General Washington,'" I remarked, "he was living in the Craigie house, where the identical letters which he was editing were written, when that house was Washington's headquarters, a coincidence upon which the historian felicitated himself in his journal. That was between 1833 and 1835. The 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' which preceded the 'Washington,' and was also in twelve volumes, he prepared largely during his residence in Boston. His editorship of the *North American* extended from 1824, when he purchased the review, to 1831. The notable 'Library of American Biography,' which he edited and brought out between 1834 and 1837, was carried forward partly in Boston and partly here in Cambridge. His ten volumes of Franklin's Works and Life, published between 1836

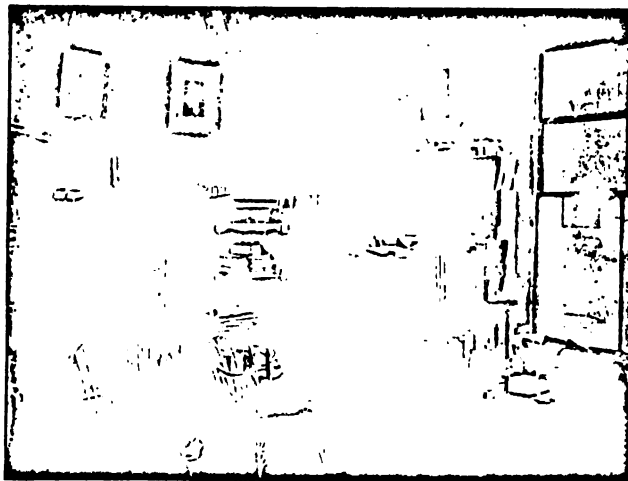


PROF. FRANCIS J. CHILD.

and 1840, were also in part prepared during his Cambridge life. Fully a hundred volumes of historical or biographical work bear Sparks's name as author or editor."

Turning now into Kirkland Street and walking a little way down this old thoroughfare,—which used to be called Professors' Row, because so many of the college professors lived here,—we reached the long-time home of that fine personality, Professor Francis James Child (born in Boston, in 1825—died there, 1896), who has been ranked foremost among American scholars in Anglo-Saxon and early English literature, and whose

"English and Scottish Popular Ballads" is a classic. This house, set back from the street, with vine-clad piazza along the street front, entrance porch at the side, the front grounds a garden, struck Percy's fancy. I wished that he could have seen the place in the professor's time, when it was embowered in roses, of which he was an ardent and devoted cultivator, growing them, as Howells has written, "in a splendor and profusion impossible to any but a true lover with a genuine gift



STUDY IN PROFESSOR CHILD'S HOUSE.

for them." The peculiar appearance of the dwelling, as of two distinct houses brought together, I explained was due to the building of the larger rear part as an afterthought, when the occupants had outgrown the front part. The library was in the front part, and the working study in the rear. The latter was a veritable scholar's den, with the genuine bookish flavor, a retreat into which it was the privilege of only his nearest friends to penetrate. The scholar's desk, a flat table, stood

near the middle of the room, near at hand were his literary tools, and always in their season blooming roses from the garden.

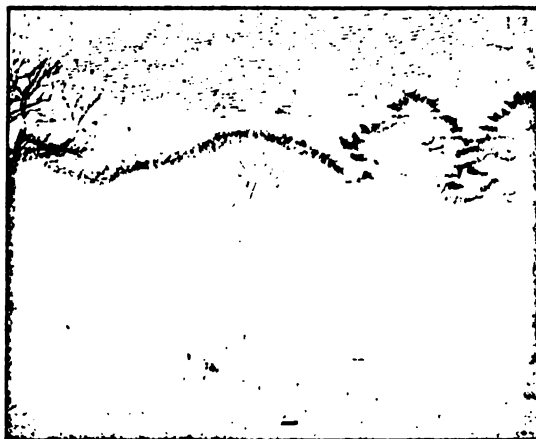
"Probably for no professor of his day had Harvard men a warmer affection," I observed as Percy stood contemplating the house. "He was connected with the college as tutor or professor almost from his own graduation, in 1846, after a few



PROFESSOR CHILD IN HIS ROSE GARDEN.

months spent abroad in study in his favorite fields. He was professor of rhetoric and oratory from 1851, and professor of English literature from 1871 till his death, and gave these departments of the university a superior character and standing. His class lectures on Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, and Shakespeare were especially rich, while his handling of the students' themes was of infinite value to those who would heed his choice criticism, and be guided by him to the pure English style of which he was master.

"His collection of English and Scottish Popular Ballads was a literary recreation with him, begun almost with his professorship and pursued with an ardor and thoroughness which a scholar would be expected to give to an absorbing life-study. Its final publication, in exquisite form, between 1883 and the year of his death, was a literary event. Nearly a quarter of a century before he had brought out his first eight-volume edition of the ballads, following the standard American edition



"SHADY HILL," HOME OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

of the 'British Poets' which he edited, and which inspired him to the closer study of balladry."

The Norton house, home of Professor Charles Eliot Norton (born in Cambridge 1827 —), the Dante scholar and authority on the literature of the fine arts, was next on our list. A short walk brought us to "Shady Hill," as it is fitly called — a mansion of early nineteenth-century type, long and low, with long piazzas, retired among venerable trees on the edge of which was once "Norton's Woods." It was the home originally of the father of the professor, Andrews Norton, the Biblical

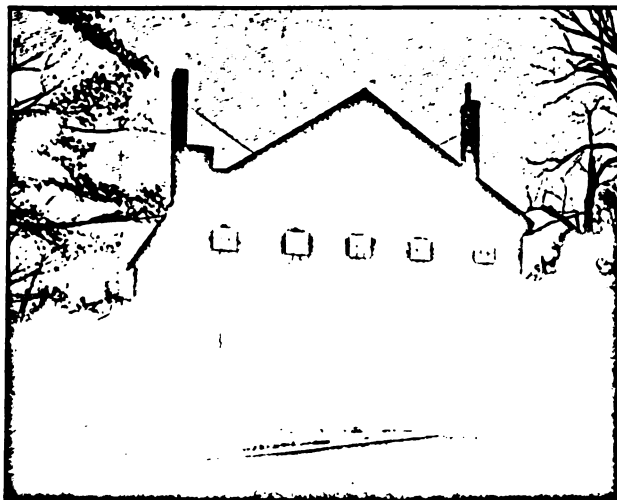
scholar, and himself a professor in the Harvard Divinity School, where he occupied the chair of sacred literature from 1819 to 1830. Percy heard with lively interest that these Nortons were in direct descent from the minister, John Norton of Ipswich, whose ancient homestead we had visited on our pilgrimage to Ipswich town.

"They were all cultivated men, these Nortons," our talk ran on, "each leaving his stamp on the literature of the soil. Charles Eliot Norton held his Harvard professorship of the history of art for nearly a quarter of a century (1874-'98), retiring at length to devote himself exclusively to literary work which was accumulating on his hands. To him we owe the published Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle; the miscellaneous Letters of Carlyle; the Letters of his life-long friend James Russell Lowell, with the slight thread of biography running through them; and the collected writings of that Bayard of American letters, George William Curtis. In his young manhood, and indeed quite to middle life, Mr. Norton was much abroad, making long stays in Europe, given to study and observation of the development of the fine arts, some of the results of which appeared in his 'Historical Studies in Church Building in the Middle Ages,' and in his class-room lectures. His translation of Dante was among his earlier works. He holds the primacy among cultivated Americans."

A turn or two by cross paths took us up past the Palfrey place, the Cambridge home of John Gorham Palfrey (born in Boston, 1796 — died in Cambridge, 1881), the historian of New England. The house of this estate was seen also, secluded in a grove of trees. Here Palfrey spent his declining years after his retirement from public life, placidly pursuing his historical work. "Few, I fancy," I remarked, "few of this day and generation are aware of the strenuous part which Palfrey played in public affairs in his prime, or of the extent of his literary activity."

"Son of a merchant of Demerara and Boston, who was also a

Louisiana planter, and grandson of an officer of the Revolution, who was an aide-de-camp of Washington at the occupation of Dorchester Heights, he became early an aggressive anti-slavery advocate. When the slaves of his father's Louisiana plantation came to him by inheritance he liberated them all. Graduating from Harvard in the class which included Jared Sparks and Theophilus Parsons (the class of 1815), he became first a clergyman. For thirteen years he was settled over the Brattle-



HOME OF JOHN G. PALFREY.

Square Church in Boston, the immediate successor there of Edward Everett. He served eight years as professor at Harvard, succeeding Andrews Norton in the chair of sacred literature. Then he entered politics, and served successively in the Massachusetts Legislature, the secretaryship of the Commonwealth, and Congress. In the Legislature he interested himself with Horace Mann in developing the public school system. In Congress his uncompromising course brought upon

him much ostracism, and his defeat for reelection in a remarkable contest which inspired Lowell's lines beginning:

"There are who triumph in a losing cause
Who can put on defeat as 'twere a wreath
Unwithering in the adverse popular breath,
Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause;
'Tis they who stand for Freedom and God's laws."

"He was a political abolitionist, and a founder of the Free Soil party. All this time, from his ministry through his political career, he was actively engaged in literature. Between 1836 and 1842, within the period of what has been termed its 'great days,' he edited the *North American*, contributing also to its pages numerous articles alluded to as remarkable for scholarship and acumen. Later he wrote much on theological subjects. His history of New England, planned large, was conceived while he was in the thick of politics; and after his enforced retirement to literary privacy, he gathered the material, here and in England, and developed the work with precision



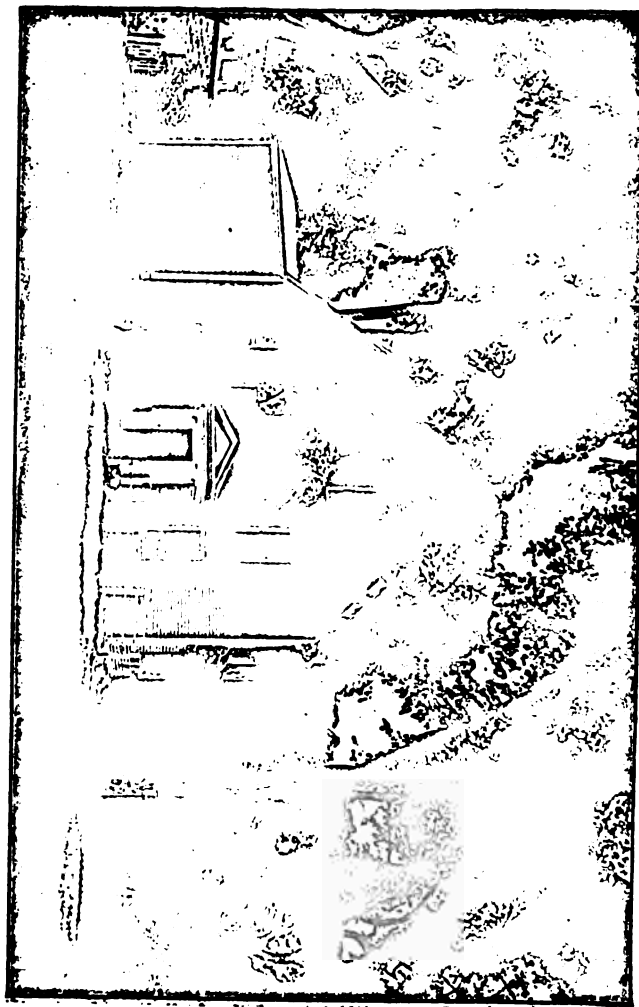
BUST OF DR. PALFREY IN MEMORIAL HALL.

and painstaking detail. The publication of the three large octavo volumes, between 1858 and 1864, widened his reputation especially with historical scholars. The compendious history in four smaller volumes followed, in 1866-'73."

Back again on Kirkland Street and at its upper end, we passed the birthplace of Thomas Wentworth Higginson (born 1823—); and a little north of this the site of the "gambrel-roofed house" in which Oliver Wendell Holmes was born. Holmes's description of this place and its association with the opening of the Revolution as the headquarters of General Artemas Ward, were yet fresh in Percy's memory, they having been fully recalled in our earlier historic pilgrimage. He tried again to picture in his mind the mansion's appearance and setting in Holmes's boyhood: with the "row of tall Lombardy poplars mounting guard on the western side"; the line of elms leading up to the western entrance; the porch from which President Langdon prayed for God's blessing on the little band of raw troops starting off on their night march to Bunker Hill. And within the great "dark and haunted garret" beneath the gambrel roof; the attic chambers "which themselves had histories"; the rooms of the second story, "chambers of birth and death, sacred to silent memories"; the heavy-beamed "study" on the ground floor, with its shelves of books about which the boys of the household "tumbled" in familiar association with literature, and those legendary "dents" in the floor credited to the ponderous butts of the Continental soldiers' firelocks; the old-fashioned garden; the "fields of waving grass" beyond, "and trees and singing birds; and that vast territory of four or five acres around," the Holmes Farm, "to give a child the sense that he was born to a noble principality." Percy tried, also, to imagine this farm, covered now by the Hemenway Gymnasium, the Lawrence Scientific School, the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, and old Holmes Field.

Meanwhile I was speaking of other points in the story of the historic mansion: its association with men connected with

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE.



the college before and after its occupancy by the Holmes family. Of these before the Holmes's day were the second Jonathan Hastings (who inherited the place from his father, the first Jonathan), for thirty years steward — now called bursar — of the college, and Eliphalet Pearson, the learned professor of Oriental literature. After the Holmes's day and its purchase by the university, it was the home successively of Professor William Everett, Edward Everett's son, and Professor James B. Thayer of the Law School, for the new building of which, on its grounds, the mansion finally made way. Also, it was the seat of Judge Oliver Wendell, the Autocrat's maternal grandfather, before his father, the Rev. Abiel Holmes, established himself in it, two years preceding the Autocrat's birth.

Then we chatted about Parson Abiel Holmes himself: his "Annals" of Cambridge, the early history of the town; his ministry of nearly forty years, from 1792, in the First Parish; his tenacious adhesion to the old faith after the Unitarian whirlwind had swept through the Puritan churches; his ultimate dismissal for this adhesion, and his association with the seceders who held the faith with him in a new Trinitarian church, — the Shepard church, the steeple of whose present meeting-house we could see across the Common; and his long, cultivated life in the gambrel-roofed house till his death, in 1837.

Of Higginson's birthplace we had his own sketch in his autobiographical "Cheerful Yesterdays": a house spacious and roomy, then facing an open field now largely covered by Memorial Hall, and occupying grounds adjoining the Holmes Farm. It was built shortly before his birth, by his father, at the time steward of the college. "Higginson alludes to himself as a 'child of the college,'" I said, "born in the college, so to speak, bred to it, and interested in all its men. The home life, too, must have been in itself a liberal education for him. His father's connection with the college, and the popu-

larity of his mother and aunt, brought many guests to the house, including, he has told us, the most cultivated men in Boston as well as in Cambridge. And there was a fascinating library of a thousand or so volumes, composed chiefly of English literature and history of the eighteenth century. There were here also the new books of the choicest, though then few, American writers, copies of which it was their custom upon publication to present to their friends, among whom the Higginsons were counted.

"The father, Francis Higginson, came of a 'line of Puritan clergymen, officials, militia officers, and latterly East India merchants,' all dating back to that Reverend Francis Higgin-



BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

son who landed in Salem in 1629 with the first large party for the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He had been a prosperous East India merchant in Boston, till the Embargo preceding the War of 1812 swept away his trade and fortune. The mother was a great granddaughter of one of the Portsmouth Wentworths, — Judge Wentworth, a grandson of the first of the three royal Governors Wentworth, from whom Colonel Higginson gets his middle name. She was his father's second wife, married at nineteen, sixteen years the junior of her husband. They had ten children, of whom Thomas Wentworth was the youngest.

"Higginson passed his boyhood here in Cambridge (his father died when he was nine years old), and in his fourteenth year entered the college in the class of 1841. Among his classmates was Levi L. Thaxter, of whom we heard at the Isles of Shoals as Celia Thaxter's husband, and a warm friendship grew up between them, fostered by their mutual love of letters. Thaxter, Higginson says, was an ardent student of literature, and first led him to Emerson and to Hazlitt. They were both also lovers of Longfellow, and he tells how they used to sit at the open window every New Year's Eve and read aloud Longfellow's 'Midnight Mass to the Dying Year.'

"From these college days the literary life was Higginson's choice; but he was first turned to the ministry. He was at work in the literary field, however, early in his pulpit career; indeed, while in his first settlement in Newburyport, he attained a standing as a *littérateur* as marked, almost, as his prominence as an anti-slavery advocate, — which so soon lost him his parish there. So through his service as minister of the Free Church in Worcester his literary pen was much employed. It was during this period that he compiled with Samuel Longfellow, the poet's minister brother, his first book, — the volume of seaside poetry, entitled 'Thalatta.'

"It was also while a Worcester preacher, by the way, that he took a leading hand in the attempt to rescue the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, in Boston (1854), and was indicted with Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, a deputy marshal having been killed in that affair, but escaped with the rest through a flaw in the indictment. He had previously been concerned in the attempted rescue of that other fugitive slave Thomas Simms. Later he was in Kansas prepared to fight in the Free Kansas cause. In the Civil War he headed the first regiment of freed slaves mustered in the United States service — the First South Carolina Volunteers, — as colonel; thus he got his title and won unique distinction.

"Higginson's regular ministry closed, and his work exclu-

sively in letters began three years before the Civil War, and since that time his pen has been pretty constant in the production of good literature. After the war he settled in Newport, Rhode Island, and thence issued some of his best essays, papers on social topics, poems, his romance 'Malbone,' his 'Young Folks' History of the United States,' that admirable pioneer of its class, the 'Larger History of the United States,' and his mellow 'Oldport Days.' Then he returned to Cambridge as his final home. That was twenty years ago, and with this home is identified his literary work of finest flavor. Here he married his second wife, one of Longfellow's nieces, and the 'Aunt Jane' of his 'Malbone.' His first wife was his second cousin, Mary Elizabeth Channing, of the famous Channings. We are to pass this later house of his, before long."

Colonel Higginson tells us that in the immediate neighborhood of the Holmes house and of his birthplace, stood the house of Royal Morse, the old village constable and auctioneer whom, as "R. M.," Lowell has immortalized in the " Fireside Travels."

We now made a détour round the Common, having on our left the ancient burying-ground between the two churches, "like Sentinel and Nun" keeping "their vigil on the green," where the dead presidents of the college "stretched their weary bones under epitaphs stretched out at as full length as their subjects"; and where lies the gentle Vassal lady:—

"Dust in her beautiful eyes.

At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers."

Just above old Christ Church, "where the gouty Tories used to kneel on their hassocks," we turned into the meek little street staggering under the weight of the classic name of Appian Way, here to pass the latter-day home of John Holmes (born 1812 — died 1899), Dr. Holmes's younger brother.

Percy had not heard of this Holmes, he said, and asked what had been done by him in literature.

"Little," I replied. "And yet he had the author's talent as well as his brother. Emerson once said that John Holmes represented humor, while Wendell Holmes stood for wit. His winsome quality sparkled in conversation, in his familiar letters or terse notes to friends, and on rare occasions in verse; but it seldom got into print. Though not a recluse, he was, as Higginson has said, 'in the last degree self-withdrawing and modest, more than content to be held by the world at arm's length, yet capable of the most devoted and unselfish loyalty to the real intimates he loved.' He basked in his brother's fame, but good-humoredly resented any implied superiority of the Autocrat over him. When one day a gentleman, upon being introduced to him, exclaimed, 'What! John Holmes, the brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes!' he retorted, with a twinkle, 'No, sir, he is the brother of me.' His few publications, which he reluctantly let go out, were confined to some stray verses, and unique sketches of Old Cambridge, delightfully reminiscent and lightly historical.

"With the exception of two extended visits to Europe, long intervals apart, John Holmes lived all his life of eighty-seven years here in Cambridge, and in two houses,—the gambrel-roofed house, which was also his birthplace, and this. He moved here,—then the dwelling of an old domestic of the family,—and established his bachelor quarters in the second-floor rooms, when the homestead was sold to the university a few years after the death of his mother, which occurred, in 1862, at the great age of ninety-five. For many years he had lived alone in the homestead with the gentle old lady, caring for her in the most tender way, as his brother has testified. Howells says that he was the most devoted Cantabrigian, after Lowell, whom he knew. Lowell called him the best and most delightful of men."

XVIII.

FROM "CRAIGIE HOUSE" TO "ELMWOOD."

The approach along Brattle Street.—Scene of "The Village Blacksmith."—Homes of John Fiske.—His notable work.—In the library of "Craigie house."—Longfellow's Cambridge life.—His first rooms on Professors' Row.—The "Five of Clubs."—First coming to the Craigie house.—Madam Craigie.—The upper and lower studies and the work done in them.—The tragedy of the poet's life.—Neighboring homes of Horace E. Scudder and T. W. Higginson.—Lowell at "Elmwood."—The attic study.—Story of the "Biglow" papers.—Lowell's closing years at the beloved home.—John T. Trowbridge at Arlington.—Story of "Neighbor Jackwood."

FROM the Appian Way we entered Brattle Street and our steps were now directed westward toward the Longfellow, or Craigie, house. At the turn I indicated with a general sweep of the hand, down the street, where stood the "village smithy," beneath the "spreading chestnut tree," scene of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." This was by the corner of Brattle and Story Streets.

As we strolled up Brattle Street Percy's eye was attracted by a long, low, peculiarly designed dwelling on the left, at the corner of Ash Street, having a distinguished look and an air of exceptional breadth and roominess within. It interested him the more when I told him that this was the house of the late John Fiske (born in Hartford, Conn., 1843—died in Gloucester, Mass., 1902) the historian, ripe student of philosophy, and lecturer. It was not, however, I explained, an old established landmark, so to speak, for it is a new house, built for Professor Fiske, but never occupied by him, his sudden death occurring as he was preparing to move into it. It was fashioned as he

desired on a large and comfortable scale, the library being made especially spacious to accommodate his great collection of books. The house identified with his large historical work was his former home on Berkeley Street, off Craigie Street, in neighborly nearness to the Longfellow place. These remarks moved Percy to questionings about Fiske and his career, and as we walked I gave a rapid sketch of him in this wise.



LIBRARY OF JOHN FISKE.

"He lived here in Cambridge almost from his first coming to the college as a student; and he was preëminently a Cambridge author. He was born, by the way, not Fiske, but Green,—Edmund Fiske Green. He adopted in his boyhood, after his father's death, the name of John Fiske, which was that of his maternal great-grandfather, a soldier of the Revolution. His father, native of Delaware, was a newspaper editor, at different periods, in Hartford, Connecticut, New York, and

Panama, and died in the last place. His mother was of Middletown, Connecticut. Most of his youth before entering Harvard, at seventeen, was spent in Middletown, in the family of his maternal great-grandmother. This was a cultivated home, enriched with a good classical library; and here, with congenial surroundings, he very early began his ardent excursions into literature.

"The boy was a prodigious reader, and a marvelous scholar. If we are to believe his earlier biographer, at seven he had read through *Cæsar*; at nine had devoured much of Milton, Pope, and Bunyan, and nearly all of *Shakspeare*; at eleven had read histories of many lands; at thirteen, a large part of Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, and Juvenal, and all of Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, Sallust, and Suetonius. In like manner Greek was disposed of; then modern languages were taken up,—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese; at seventeen and eighteen (when in college) he was reading Hebrew and Sanskrit; and later, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Roumanian, and Russian. He started in professional work not long after his graduation as University lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. He then lectured at large for several years, on philosophical and historical subjects in various parts of the country and abroad, before his reputation as an author had spread. At one time, also, he was librarian of Harvard College.

"Fiske's lectures on evolution brought him first into prominence, and his earlier books were on this and kindred subjects. It has been said that no American has done more than he in expounding the Darwinian theory. His notable contributions to scientific thought began with his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' made up of a series of lectures on the doctrine of evolution. That was brought out a quarter of a century ago, and arrested instant attention from philosophical students and readers. The next year 'The Unseen World' appeared; three years later, 'Darwinism'; after an interval of four years, 'Excursions of an Evolutionist'; then in succession, 'The Destiny

of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin,' 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge,' 'The Doctrine of Evolution: Its Scope and Influence,' and 'Through Nature to God,' — all profound subjects, so treated, and in such attractive diction, as to invite and hold the general reader as well as the student.

"Meanwhile Professor Fiske's historical publications presenting especially the philosophical characteristics of American history, were advanced with uncommon rapidity. His first work in this field, which also grew out of lectures, was 'The Critical Period of American History: 1783-1789,' issued in 1888. This was followed within a year by 'The Beginnings of New England.' Two years later appeared 'The American Revolution'; the next year, 'The Discovery of America,' later 'Old Virginia'; and 'The Mississippi Valley in the Civil



JOHN FISKE.

War.' Between these larger studies were produced his historical manuals for schools and his 'Myth and Myth-Makers.' No writer has done more in popularizing American history, and accurate history, than John Fiske."

At length at the doubly historic Longfellow house, as Washington's headquarters and the poet's home, — unchanged in aspect since Percy first saw it in our previous pilgrimage, — we took up the poet's story from the point at which we dropped it in Maine.

"We left him there, you will remember," I said, "about to

take up his Harvard work as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres, in the chair which his friend George Ticknor had occupied. It was in December, 1836, that he established himself here in Cambridge, first in a house on old Professors' Row. These were very pleasant chambers, he wrote a friend, 'with great trees in front whose branches almost touch my windows; so that I have a nest not unlike the birds, being high up in the third story. Right under me, in the second, lives and laughs Cornelius whose surname is Felton.' This was Professor Cornelius C. Felton, then professor of Greek, afterward president of the college.

"The poet's Cambridge life thus began quietly and agreeably. 'Like the clown in Shakspeare,' he wrote, 'I have no enemy but winter and rough weather.' With Felton he was already on terms of intimacy, having made his acquaintance some time before; and he soon formed close friendships with a little group of Felton's friends, — Charles Sumner, then an instructor in the Law School, George S. Hillard, and Henry R. Cleveland. These four were then young men about Longfellow's own age, Felton like himself being twenty-nine, Sumner twenty-five, Hillard twenty-eight; and all were pursuing literature along with their professions. They early associated themselves in a literary club, taking for name the 'Five of Clubs,' which held together for years. Later, when their glowing notices of each other's productions began to appear in the reviews, the slashing newspapers dubbed the 'Fives' the 'Mutual Admiration Society,' and this was the origin of the phrase which has come into such common use, and has been so variously applied.

"Only a season was passed in the Kirkland Street rooms, for in August of his first year Longfellow was most fortunately lodged in this 'Craigie house,' in 'two large and beautiful rooms'; and, as it happened, this remained his home throughout the rest of his life. How he came to seek rooms here, and how Madam Craigie received him, he has himself picturesquely

related in a note which his biographer — his brother Samuel — quotes in the *Life*. Thus it runs," and taking up the first volume, and turning to the chapter on the Craigie house, I read:—

"The first time I was at the Craigie house was a beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1837. I came to see Mr. McLane, a law-student, who occupied the southeastern chamber. The window-blinds were closed, but through them came a pleasant breeze, and I could see the waters of the Charles gleaming in the meadows. McLane left Cambridge in August, and I took possession of his room, making use of it as a library or study, and having the adjoining chamber for my bedroom. At first Mrs. Craigie declined to let me have rooms. I remember how she looked as she stood, in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She had resolved, she said, to take no more students into the house. But her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said she had read *Outre-Mer*, of which one number was lying on her sideboard. She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying, as we went into each, that I could not have that one. She finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above, on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside.

"Young Habersham, of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie's, occupied at that time the other front chamber. He was a skillful performer on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice fields of the South when the cold weather came, and I remained alone with the widow in her castle. The back part of her house was occupied, however, by her farmer. His wife supplied my meals, and took care of my rooms. She was a giantess, and very pious in words, and when she brought in my breakfast frequently stopped to exhort me. The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her 'preaching.' Her name was Miriam, and Felton called her 'Miriam, the profit-ear.' Her husband was a meek little man."

"And who was Madam Craigie?" Percy asked.

"She was the relic of Andrew Craigie, who bought the mansion in 1795. He had been Apothecary General to the American Army in the Revolution, and after the war had grown rich. He enlarged the estate to about one hundred and fifty acres, extending back to and including what is now Observatory Hill, where the Harvard Observatory stands. He

also enlarged the mansion, building on the western wing and broadening the square northeastern room into a banquetting-hall, embellished with pillars and columns, for his grand dinners. He set up a princely establishment, with horses and carriages, and greenhouses and gardens. But by and by his fortune disappeared, and when he died he left the Madam a life interest in the mansion, but very slender income. Accordingly she reserved a few rooms for herself, and let out the others to lodgers carefully selected. She was an eccentric person, and many tales are told of her peculiarities. In this same note which I have just read, Longfellow gives us a droll one. During his first summer here 'the fine old elms in front of the house were attacked by canker worms, which, after having devoured the leaves, came spinning down in myriads. Mrs. Craigie used to sit by the open windows and let them crawl over her white turban unmolested. She would have nothing done to protect the trees from these worms. She used to say, "Why, sir, they are our fellow-worms; they have as good a right to live as we have." ' Craigie's name is perpetuated in the beautiful street originally out by the rear of the estate, and in one of the bridges crossing the Charles.

"How old is the mansion? Colonel John Vassal built it in 1759, and it was the 'Vassal house,' stateliest of the stately mansions of 'Tory Row,' along this road, till the Vassals had fled with the oncoming Revolution, and it was taken for Washington's headquarters.

"But let us get back to Longfellow. The poet's first study was this historic upper chamber, which had been Washington's private room —

"Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head,—"

as Longfellow has sung, and there were written all of his poems till 1845. Then, after his second marriage it became

the nursery, and he moved down to the large front room adjoining the library. This remained his study ever after. The same room was Washington's office, or business headquarters, while the library room was used by his military family.

"'The Psalm of Life' was the second poem written in the up-stairs study. It was composed, Samuel Longfellow has related, 'hastily, upon the blank portions of a note of invitation, and was dated July 26, 1838.' The poet kept the manuscript closely to himself for some time, unwilling that any one should see it. 'It was a voice from my inmost heart,' he wrote long after, 'at a time when I was rallying from depression.' It appeared first in the *Knickerbocker* in October, 1838, and was immediately copied far and wide. In it, the biographer says, the critics 'recognized a new strain in American poetry.' And it won the recognition of the world. Its quatrains became veritable household words on both sides the Atlantic. The poem reappeared, with 'The Midnight Mass,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers,' and a dozen other verses, in the thin first volume of 'Voices of the Night,' in 1839, which, Professor Charles C. Carroll has said, formed an epoch in our literary history.

"'The Wreck of the *Hesperus*' was based on newspaper reports of shipwrecks of fishermen. In the poet's journal this note appears under date of December 17, 1839:—

"'News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place: among others, the schooner *Hesperus*. Also the *Sea-Flower*, near Black Rock. I must write a ballad on this; also two others—The Skeleton in Armor, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'

Then on the thirtieth, thirteen days afterward, we find the ballad written, and the manner of its composition disclosed, in this note:—

"'I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems; after which I sat till twelve o'clock by the fire smoking, when suddenly it came into my

mind to write the ballad of the Schooner *Hesperus*, which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add these to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas.'

"'The *Hesperus*' was first published in the *New World*, of New York, which Park Benjamin was editing, and the honorarium for it was twenty-five dollars. It is an interesting fact that Longfellow never saw Norman's Woe till long years after. So late as 1878 he wrote in a note to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps [Ward] upon his return from an August day call at her tiny summer cottage, the 'Sea Shell,' in Gloucester: 'I am sorry that I did not stay long enough at East Point to see the fog lift and Norman's Woe rise to view. I have never seen those fatal rocks.'

"'The Skeleton in Armor' made its first appearance in the *Knickerbocker* in 1841, and for this the sum received was also twenty-five dollars. 'Excelsior' was written, in the first draft, on the back of a note to Sumner, and was dated 'half-past three, morning.' This first draft is preserved in the College Library.

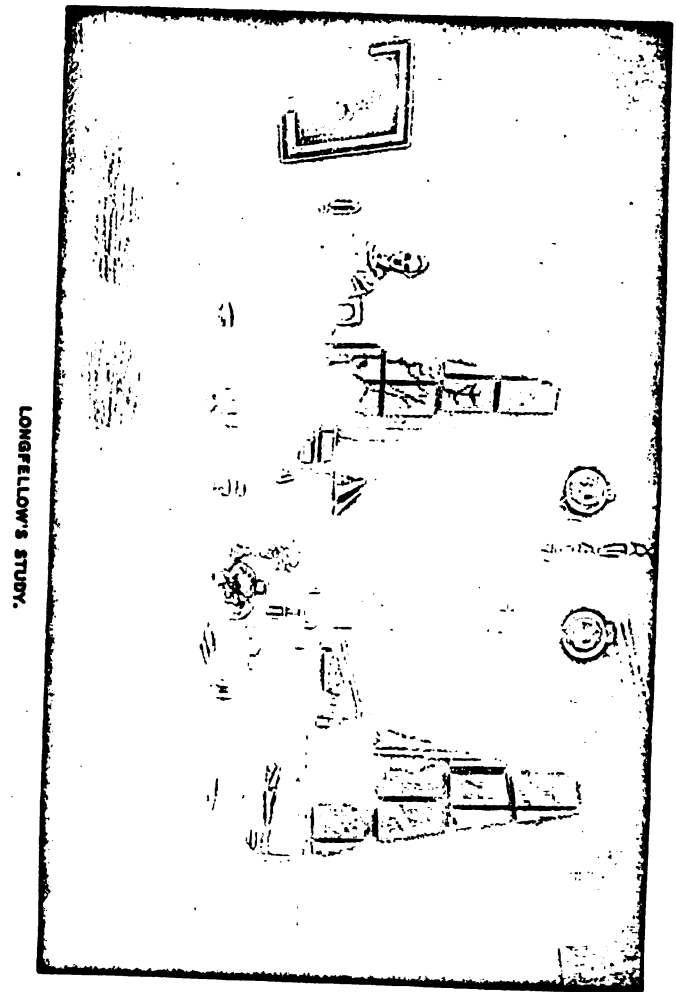
"Mrs. Craigie died in 1841, and Joseph E. Worcester, the maker of Worcester's Dictionary, took the mansion for a year, Longfellow keeping his rooms. The summer and autumn of 1842 he spent abroad for his health. While there the 'Belfry of Bruges' was inspired, and possibly written. On the return voyage he wrote some poems against slavery, which were subsequently published in a little volume.

"In the summer of the following year, 1843, his second marriage took place, when he wedded Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton, the Boston merchant and manufacturer, and sister of Thomas Gold Appleton, of whom we spoke when in Boston. Longfellow had met her six years before while traveling in Switzerland, when she was

a maiden of nineteen. She was the 'Mary Ashburton' of his 'Hyperion.' He brought his bride to his rooms here, — increased to three some years before by the addition of the front room across the hall, for a dining room, where he had given choice little dinners to his literary friends; among them Dickens, on his first visit to America in 1842. Soon the mansion was purchased for them by Mr. Appleton, with the grounds immediately adjoining. Afterward he added to his gift the land across the street, now the public park so well named the Longfellow Garden, thus securing the open view to the river and beyond which the poet so loved.

"Longfellow gave up the old study reluctantly. To Sumner he wrote some time after, 'I have always regretted the dismantling of that consecrated chamber. But what can one do against the rising tide of the rising generation?' Yet the new study was charming; richer than the old, with the same outlook from the deep windows, only from a lower point of view. The poet's work table with his high desk upon it, was placed by the corner front window; antique oaken bookcases were fitted between the windows and against the high wainscoted walls, and in this adjoining library; in front of the generous fireplace was set the poet's deep armchair in which he was wont to muse before he wrote, or sometimes to firstcast in pencil upon a portfolio resting on his knee. In course of years the beautiful room assumed the appearance which became so familiar to us through repeated descriptions and picturings, — with the portraits on the walls of Felton and Sumner, Emerson, Hawthorne, and the poet himself, each in his young manhood.

"There was the round table in the middle of the room agreeably cluttered with books and periodicals, and upon it the 'oblong ebony tray, with two flacons for the ink,' inscribed on an ivory plate 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his inkstand'; also the inkstand of Thomas Moore, — both gifts to the poet from English admirers; and the poet's own inkstand, with the



LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

quill pens by its side, the only kind which he used, having no fondness for pens of steel. Below the ancient mirror on the eastern wall, surmounted by a statuette of Dante, stood the antique table, holding the little Italian casket containing fragments of Dante's coffin, and a miniature edition of the 'Divina Commedia.' On the poet's high desk was the statuette of Goethe, in long gray coat, with hands folded behind him; and nearby, the tall, old-fashioned clock, similar to the 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' By the fireplace, in congenial company with the older arm-chair, was the 'Children's Chair,' which Cambridge school children presented to the poet on his seventy-second birthday, made from the wood of the 'Village Blacksmith's Spreading Chestnut Tree,' cut down by unpoetic city fathers to widen Brattle Street.

"The first year in this study was prolific. Within that year Longfellow wrote or finished for publication, among other poems, 'The Bridge Across the Charles,' 'Birds of Passage,' 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' and 'The Day is Done'; he began 'Evangeline'; and brought out his fourth volume of collected poems.

"'Evangeline' was started under the name of 'Gabrielle,' as a note in the journal, dated November, 1845, indicates: 'Set about Gabrielle, my idyl in hexameters, in earnest.' But soon he wrote, 'Shall it be Gabrielle, or Celestine, or Evangeline?' Evangeline was settled upon, however, before the work had far progressed. The suggestion of the idyl came indirectly from Hawthorne. One day he and a Boston friend were dining here with Longfellow, and during the dinner-table talk, the friend related an incident of the banishment of the Acadians, — the story of a young maiden who, in the dispersion, was separated from her lover and spent the rest of her life in searching for him. The friend observed that he had long been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story on this theme. Hawthorne being evidently reluctant to undertake it, Longfellow remarked, 'If you really do not want this incident for a tale,

let me have it for a poem,' to which Hawthorne heartily consented. That the subject had been in the romancer's mind for some time appears from the note in his 'American Note-Book,' made eight years before this talk at Longfellow's table:

"H. L. C. — heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day all the men of the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, — among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, — wandered about New England all her lifetime, and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

"'Evangeline' appeared in October, 1847, almost two years from its inception, and won the popular heart. One English critic hailed it as 'the first genuine Castalian font which had burst from the soil of America.' Some criticised the rhythm, the choice of hexameters; but most commended the radiant pictures of scenery, the pathos of the tale, and the beauty of its telling.

"When eight years later 'Hiawatha' appeared, hostile critics broke out again. Some of the newspapers were 'fierce and furious' over it. But the poet took all this complacently. When in less than a month after the first issue the publishers were putting to press the tenth thousand, he wrote, 'Critics may assail as they please, *oppur si nuova*.' Again it was the meter which received the brunt of attack; in this, the eight-syllable trochaic verse. The work was ridiculed, imitated, parodied. One humorist, 'P. Philander Doesticks' (Mortimer Thomson), published a burlesque in a book of similar size, which he called 'E. Pluri Buster.' But its popularity continued steadfast. After it had been out five years the poet notes, 'A new edition of "Hiawatha." My publisher says that he sells two thousand a year, which is a great sale for an old book of which fifty thousand have already been sold.' That was forty and more years ago, remember, when the literary

field was much more contracted than now, and the hundred-thousand-edition book, now so common, was undreamed of.

"The composition of 'Hiawatha' occupied less than a year. Under date of a day in June the journal has this note, 'I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole.' And under date of June the next year is recorded 'Proof sheets of "Hiawatha."' Although it started briskly, well outlined in the poet's mind after he had absorbed the great quarto of Schoolcraft's Indian legends and lore, it did not move forward smoothly. There were many interruptions in the work; some misgivings at times about it all; much rewriting. Some progress was made in the summer, at the seaside in Nahant. In October the poet seemed to be quite in the spirit of the work, noting in his journal, "'Hiawatha" occupies and delights me. Have I no misgivings about it? Yes, sometimes. Then the theme seizes me and hurries me away, and they vanish.' But in November he notes, 'Read to — some pages of "Hiawatha." He finds the poem will want human interest. So does F. So does the author. I must put a live, beating heart into it.' Then it lagged till mid-winter. Finally in February he had eighteen cantos satisfactorily fashioned, and a month later the poem was assumed to be finished.

"The prose tale of 'Kavanagh,' 'The Building of the Ship,' 'The Golden Legend,' and the 'Seaside and Fireside' volume of collected poems preceded 'Hiawatha'; also 'The Two Angels,' written upon the birth of a daughter to the poet's house, and the death of Lowell's wife. Before, too, he began 'Hiawatha,' Longfellow resigned his professorship to give himself wholly to poetry. 'My Lost Youth,' the poem on his birthplace, from which we quoted when in Portland, followed close upon the finish of 'Hiawatha.' Next he devoted himself to writing 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' which came out in 1858. Two years later appeared 'Paul Revere's Ride,' a part written on the historic Nineteenth of April.

"Then came the tragedy of Longfellow's life, sharp and swift. His brother has related it in the fewest and tenderest words. 'On the 9th of July, 1861, his wife was sitting in the library with her two little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor her light summer dress caught fire. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning.' Three days later she was buried at Mount Auburn. 'It was the anniversary of her marriage day, and on the beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, someone had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there, — confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received.' The recovery from this calamity was slow, and the shadow of it remained on his life.

"When again he took up his pen it was to begin the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' But he felt the need of a 'continuous and tranquil occupation.' So it was that early in 1863 he returned to the task of translating the 'Divina Commedia,' which he had taken up years before and laid aside. When the work was ready for the press he called Norton and Lowell to his aid, and the three, with sometimes one or two other Dante scholars, went through it on a final revision, critically at every step. Thus was formed the Dante Club which met here Wednesday evenings, when a dainty supper followed the literary labors. The translation was published in 1867, the same year in which Norton's translation of the 'Vita Nuova' appeared, and Dr. T. W. Parsons's fine version of the 'Inferno.' Meanwhile the first installment of the 'Wayside Inn' had made its appearance, adding fresh laurels to the poet's fame; the 'Flower-de-luce' had been completed, and the 'New England Tragedies' begun.

"In 1868-'69 another, and the poet's last, visit to Europe was made, when he received distinguished courtesies, private and public; and spent some felicitous days with Tennyson at the Isle of Wight. Home again, he settled down to his old

quiet and serene life, and a notable period of literary activity followed. From this time until his death the 'output' included the translation of 'The Divine Comedy'; the volume of 'Christus'; the 'Three Books of Song'; 'Aftermath'; the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'; the 'Masque of Pandora'; the thirty-one little volumes of his selected 'Poems of Places'; and 'Keramos.' Then the last volume, 'Ultima Thule,' with the familiar lines — familiar from much quoting — of the initial poem:

"*Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!*
Here in thy harbors for a while
We lower our sails: a while we rest
From the unending, endless quest."

"During these latter years of his life Longfellow was the chief figure in Cambridge, and this house was beset by callers, some distinguished, more curious, to see the poet and 'Washington's headquarters.' One day he notes in his journal, 'Fourteen callers in the afternoon.' On another, 'Six Pennsylvanians and one Bostonian, called in a body.' Another day an Englishman called, introducing his visit with the remark, 'In other countries, you know, we go to see ruins and the like; but you have no ruins in your country, and I thought — I thought — I'd call and see you!'"

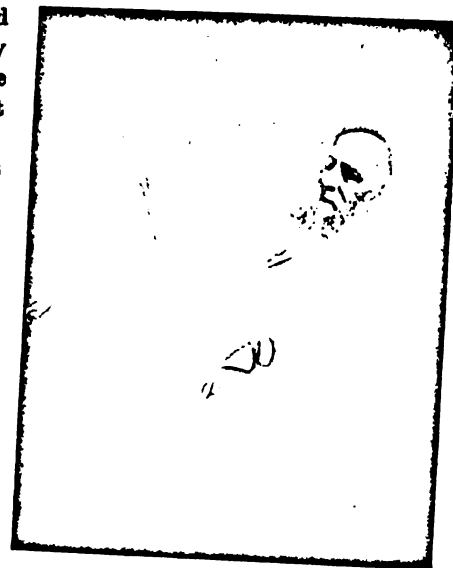
"He died at the close of a March day, in 1862, after a short illness, surrounded by his family, in the chamber where his wife had died. The city bells announced the end, tolling off his seventy-five years. At the simple home funeral his brother Samuel read selections from his poems; and at the public service at the Appleton Chapel, in the College Yard, were read these fitting lines from 'Hiawatha':

"*He is dead, the sweet musician!*
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the master of all music,
To the master of all singing."

With a reluctant leave-taking of this revered landmark, we resumed our walk.

Strolling on to the junction of Brattle and Craigie streets, and turning back into the latter, we came to Buckingham Street, and presently reached the later home of Colonel Higginson, which I had promised should be in our route. This is one of the pleasantest of Cambridge streets, as Percy fancied it must be, with comfortable detached houses agreeably placed, those on the left side set against a gentle hill-slope.

We followed this side, and along the way I pointed out (No. 19) the house where lived Horace E. Scudder (born in Boston, 1838 — died in Cambridge, 1902), maker of many and various books, sometime editor of the *Atlantic*, and the biographer of Lowell. It was a modest house of quiet but attractive design, Percy pronounced, retired from the street, yet in a neighborly way open to it through uninclosed grounds. "Though Scudder was a Bostonian by birth, and a graduate of Williams College (1858), rather than of Harvard, through all his literary life Cambridge was his home," I remarked, while we tarried a moment before this house. "Here in Cambridge he wrote those fascinating 'Dream Children' and the



HORACE E. SCUDDER IN HIS LIBRARY.

'Bodley Books' for young folk, eight volumes of them, detailing pleasing and profitable adventures among things historic. Later appeared his excellent 'History of the United States' for young readers; then his essays into the broader field of literature, brought together in his 'Men and Letters.' Earlier he wrote and published his first and only novel, 'The Dwellers in Five Sisters' Court,' now, I dare say, unknown to the general reader who feeds most lustily on novelties, and only a memory to others; but it was widely read when new, and is well worth rereading these days, for its clever portraiture and its Dickensian flavor, though not at all an imitation of Dickens. Subsequently was gathered together some of his lighter fiction in his 'Stories and Romances.'

"As editor and author Scudder added good store to our stock of biography in his life of his missionary brother, David Coit Scudder; his 'Noah Webster'; the 'Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor,' done in conjunction with that poet's widow; and the life of Lowell. In his books and papers on historical topics, and his 'Recollections of Samuel Breck,' he contributed to our knowledge of Colonial life and times. In the important branch of editorial work—that of compilation, which is too often slightly and slovenly performed—he did great service, the numerous volumes and booklets which have come from his hands being models in their way. Scudder was first a magazine editor from 1867 to 1870, in charge of the *Riverside Magazine for Young People*, which had a popular run for several years. His editorship of the *Atlantic*, succeeding that of Aldrich, covered the period from 1890 to 1898."

We came upon Higginson's home (No. 27) a little way above the Scudder place, and on slightly higher ground.

"Quaintness," Percy ventured while we stood looking up to it over the rustic front fence,—"Quaintness, I should say, is what you would call 'the dominating feature' of this place. And how picturesque it all is! the house of red, the vine-clad piazza, the side entrance porch, the broad window-panes framed

in old-fashioned side lights; and the grounds, bounded by that close line of pines on the upper side, and this fence of bark-covered pales. Now this, to my mind, is what a *littérateur's* place should be."

Within it was equally choice. Across the threshold, in the hall, are trophies of the colonel's war life. And on the

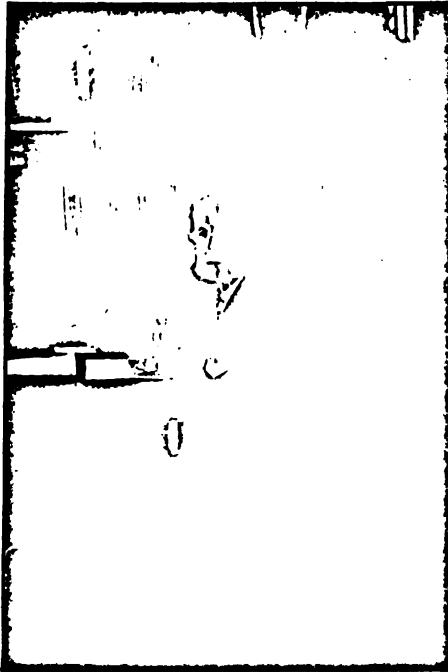


HOUSE OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

entrance floor are the library and study, from which have issued those engaging essays, the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and the mellow books,—the "Cheerful Yesterdays," "Contemporaries," "Concerning All of Us," "Old Cambridge," and the rest, now brought together with Higginson's other productions in his "Collected Works,"—which have marked

his ripened years. Since 1878, when he came back to Cambridge permanently to live, as Percy learned, his work has borne the Cambridge stamp.

Again on Brattle Street, and perhaps a third of a mile beyond the Craigie-Longfellow house, we were at that equally

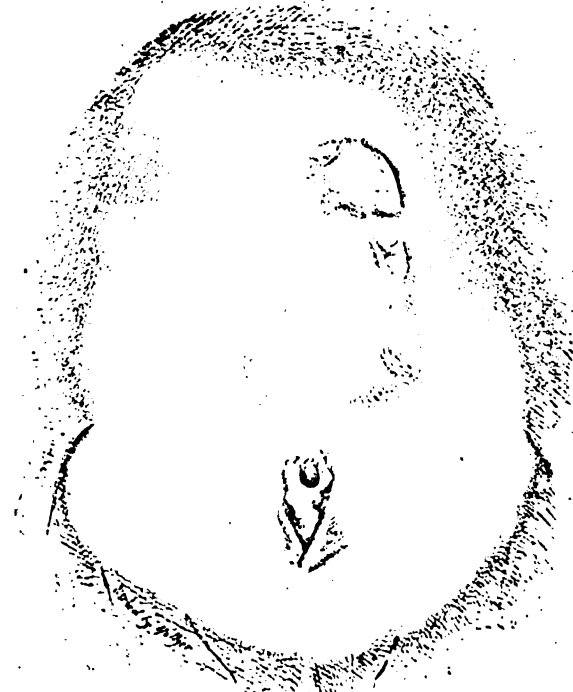


COL. HIGGINSON IN HIS STUDY.

revered landmark, "Elmwood," birth-place and home of James Russell Lowell (born 1819—died 1891). Pressed upon by modern dwellings more than on our previous visit, curtailed in extent, and somewhat weathered and worn, the place yet retained its familiar aspect.

Percy recollected the history of the mansion, as it was outlined to him on our previous pilgrimage: that it was built in the days "when we lived under the king," about the year 1760, as the country seat of Thomas Oliver, a Provincial magnate and the last of the royal lieutenant governors of Massachusetts; that at its entrance door, in 1774, this Tory official was forced by the men of Middlesex to hand over his

resignation of his office; that after the Battle of Bunker Hill the mansion was converted into a hospital for Provincial soldiers; that some time after the Revolution, and for a quarter of a century, it was the country seat of Elbridge Gerry, patriot,



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

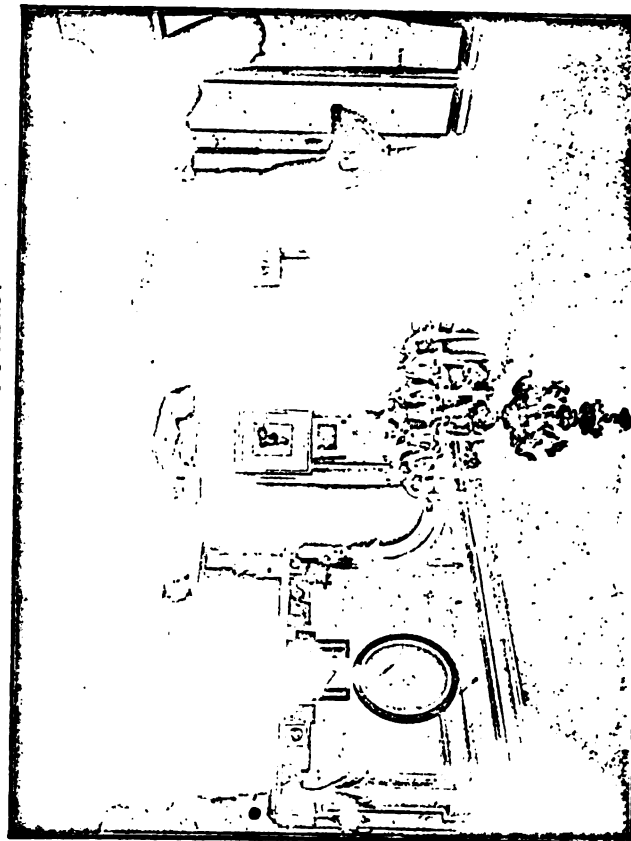
governor, and vice-president; and that it became the Lowell house shortly before the poet's birth (two years, to be accurate, I suggested), when it was purchased by his father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, minister of the West Church, in Boston.

Then Percy was told how the place acquired its poetic name of Elmwood, from the old English elms which formed the noble arch of approach to the mansion, and were mostly of the minister's planting; and its appearance in Lowell's boyhood and youth was pictured to him. "At that time," I observed, "it was a genuine country place, with garden, orchard, and pasture, fronting a rural lane between two country roads. Brattle Street was then the 'Old Road,' and Mount Auburn Street, the thoroughfare on the other side, the 'New Road.' And all the surroundings were rural. Eastward, toward the river, was Symonds's Hill, long since leveled, from which Lowell's 'soothing and placid' view of 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' — almost eighty years now — was so invitingly sketched.

"While in time, with the growth of the village into the town and then the city, all about Elmwood became changed, the estate itself steadfastly retained its old air and dignity, only increasing in beauty, till Lowell's death. When toward the close of his life Lowell returned to it, after his years abroad, he wrote, 'But oh, the changes! I hardly know the old road, now a street, that I have paced so many years, for the new houses. My old homestead seems to have a puzzled look in its eyes as it looks down (a trifle superciliously, methinks) on these upstarts. "He who lives longest has the most old clothes," says the Zulu proverb, and I shall wear mine till I die.' It was dearer to him than any other place in the world. 'I am back again in the place I love best: I am sitting in my old garret, at my old desk, smoking my old pipe, and loving my old friends,' he wrote on another occasion of return after long absence."

Entering the mansion, we found no difficulty in recalling the interior as it appeared in Lowell's time. Here is the great hall, eight feet wide, running straight through the middle of the house, terminating with broad glass doors giving upon the rear grounds. From either side open the four large rooms, each wainscoted in deal, painted white, so often described.

LOWELL'S STUDY, ELMWOOD.



Here is the drawing-room, in the poet's later years the lower study, with its deep paneled recesses on either side of the ample fireplaces, the farther recess lighted by a window looking upon the lawn. Beyond, the library, connected with the drawing-room by arches at the sides of the great chimneys. Ascending from the hall, the staircase, broad and stately, with quaint old twisted banisters.

Passing the rooms of the second floor, one of them the chamber in which the poet was born on Washington's Birthday, in 1819, the "attic high beneath the roof" was reached where was the older study. This was the room in which most of the poet's work at Elmwood was done, and it was his room in childhood. His own description of it we find in Charles Eliot Norton's volumes of Lowell's letters. It appears in one of his letters, written in 1848, to his intimate friend Charles F. Briggs, sometime editor of *Putnam's* magazine in New York, and I read this passage.

"Here I am in my garret. I slept here when I was a curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling. . . . In it I used to be shut up without a lamp — my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark — to hide my head under the pillows and then not be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged around me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, about equally toward the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-colored, seem of the most brilliant yellow. . . . In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. . . . As the spring advances, and one after another of our trees puts forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by piece, till the end of May I am cloistered in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves. Then I begin to bad with the season. . . . When I can sit at my open window and my friendly leaves hold their hands before my eyes to prevent their wandering to the landscape, I can sit down and write."

"Lowell's earliest literary efforts here," I said as we settled down for a chat over the poet's life, "were mostly his versifica-

tions when an undergraduate at the college, which he entered at fifteen. During his junior year he translated some odes from Horace. The next year he had produced a number of 'poetical effusions,' as he wrote his mother in dedicating them to her, — 'you, who have been the patron and encourager of my youthful muse.' His mother was a woman of exceptional mental powers, and an ardent lover of nature. She was a Spence of New Hampshire, of an old Orkney family, and Norton says, 'In her blood was a tincture of the romance of those solitary Northern isles.' These traits she imparted to her son (her youngest child); while from his father he inherited a refined intellectual temperament, a most kind and tender heart. He once characterized his father as 'Dr. Primrose in the comparative degree.'

"The first of Lowell's verses to be published was his college class poem, which he did not deliver, for he was 'rusticated' at the time and the suspension extended over class day. This suspension was in part due to his 'cutting' certain studies which he did not care for, and devoting himself only to those he liked. The season of rustication was spent in Concord, where his studies were carried on under the charge of good Dr. Ezra Ripley, the Concord minister, of the Old Manse. He was wretchedly lonesome and homesick there. He called it 'this infernal Concord.' Still he got on well with his tasks, and for diversion wrote this class poem. Although not delivered, it was published in a little pamphlet, now very rare. Norton says of it, guardedly, that 'as a poem it is perhaps above the general level of such performances.' Lowell was back in season to receive his degree with his class.

"The choice of a profession much perplexed him. He knew clearly enough what he wanted most to do. 'Above all things should I love to be able to sit down and do something literary for the rest of my natural life,' he wrote one of his intimates. But a more practical occupation was desired by his elders. He thought at one time of the ministry, following in his father's and grandfather's footsteps; at another, of medi-

cine. At length he settled upon law. Taking up the study, he tried hard to like it. 'I am reading Blackstone with as good a grace and as few wry faces as I may,' he wrote, his classmate Loring — afterward Dr. George B. Loring of Salem, Hawthorne's friend. But only a few weeks later he wrote, 'I have renounced law. I am going to settle down into a business man at last, after all I have said to the contrary. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness! I find that I cannot bring myself to like the law, and I am now looking for a place "in a store." . . . I must expect to give up almost entirely all literary pursuits, and instead of making rhymes, devote myself to making money.'

"A month after this renunciation, however, when he was in Boston looking for a business opening, he happened into the United States Court where Webster was one of the counsel in a case pending, and before he had been there an hour he determined to continue in the law. Accordingly he resumed his studies. Meanwhile he kept steadily at verse making and prose composition. Again, and very soon, he wrote his friend Loring, 'I have quitted the law forever.' For a while he took up lecturing at lyceums. A lecture at Concord brought him five dollars. He wished he might get a call to lecture in his own Cambridge, which paid fifteen dollars; or in Lowell, where the pay was twenty-five, — a lofty figure to him, evidently, for he quoted it with two exclamation marks. Shortly, however, he is found actually in business, writing from a Boston counting-room about his verses which are appearing in the newspapers and magazines. At this time the 'Threnodia,' which leads off his 'Earlier Poems' in his collected works, appeared in *Kriegerbecker's*. At first he published anonymously, or with the *nom de plume* of 'Hugh Percival.' The business trial ended abruptly, with his decision that he was 'never made for a merchant,' and for a third time he returned to the law, this time finishing at the Harvard Law School. He was duly graduated in the summer of 1840.

"It was now necessary for him to earn his livelihood, for

his father had suffered misfortune in the loss of the greater part of his personal property, although the home estate remained intact. An additional spur to activity was his engagement to Miss Maria White, whom he had first met a few months before at her father's home in the neighboring Watertown, and whose attractiveness of person and mind had speedily charmed him — she also became a poet. So he went into a Boston law office, and endeavored to pursue his profession. But he never practiced.

"While in the law office he brought out his first volume of collected poems, 'A Year's Life,' and wrote some of the best sonnets and lyrics that, in his judgment, he had yet written. At this he expressed much gratification, for he had feared that the law would 'cover all the sunny greensward of his soul with its dust.' The 'Year's Life' included poems which Norton declares gave him at once the highest place among the younger American poets. The reception of his work, it may be, led him the speedier from law to literature as his life work; at all events, within two years thereafter, literature became and remained his sole occupation.

"It 'paid,' however, very slowly. In the autumn of 1842, after having published much of both poetry and prose in the current periodicals, he ventured a magazine of his own, in the hope of increasing his slender revenues. This was the *Pioneer*, a literary and critical monthly journal, of high grade. Its contributors, besides himself, included Poe, Hawthorne, and other growing writers of the day; but financially it was a lamentable failure. Only three numbers were issued, when it expired, leaving a debt upon the projectors' hands. This debt hung heavily upon Lowell for a while, but ultimately he cleared it all off.

"At the end of 1843 he published his second volume, — 'Legends of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems, and Sonnets.' This included the 'Prometheus,' his first long poem in blank verse, 'overrunning with true radicalism and antislavery,' as

he wrote upon its original publication in a magazine. He was now fully launched in the antislavery cause. His lines on 'The Present Crisis,' closing with the familiar stanza beginning —

" 'New occasions teach new duties : Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of
Truth ;' —

were written, with other poems of similar note, the following year; and at its end his second book appeared: a book of essays purely literary — 'Conversations on Some of the Old Poets.' At this time, too, Lowell's marriage with Maria White took place. They went to live for the winter and spring in Philadelphia, where he was a regular contributor to the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, the antislavery paper which Whittier had edited. Returning to Cambridge, they made their home thenceforth at Elmwood. In the early summer of 1846 his pen was engaged for the *Antislavery Standard* of New York, the organ of the American Antislavery Society, edited by Sidney Howard Gay. He was to write regularly each week, prose or poetry.

"At the same time the first of 'The Biglow Papers' appeared, — that one beginning —

" 'Thraash away, you'll Ag to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn, —
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you sifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be, —
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me !'

"These pungent satires were directed against our Mexican war which Lowell held to be a war of false pretenses, 'a national crime committed in behoof of slavery.' His desire to put in a way that would tell, the feelings of those who thought as he did, promoted his conception. 'I imagined to

myself,' he long after related, in that elaborate 'Introduction' to the Second Series, 'such an up country man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness.' Needing on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, he conceived the character of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, 'who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience.' Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin he adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Then, finding soon afterward that he needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery, he invented Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, 'for the clown' of his 'little puppet-show.' In Sawin, moreover, he meant to embody that 'half-conscious amorality' which he had noticed as the 'recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savor which had long gone out of its faith and life.'

"The success of his experiment not only astonished him, but early made him feel the responsibility of holding in his hand 'a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick' he had supposed. The Papers following through 1846-'47 were soon transferred to the *Antislavery Standard*. They were all published anonymously, for, as he wrote Gay, he wished 'slavery to think it had as many enemies as possible.' He composed them always rapidly, and sometimes, as in the case of the second one, 'What Mr. Robinson Thinks,' with its

" '— John P.
Robinson he —'

at one sitting; so he wrote Thomas Hughes, — 'Tom Brown of Rugby,' you know, — who introduced the first English edition of the Papers twelve years afterward.

"Lowell's connection with the *Standard* continued uninter-

rupted for about four years, at an annual salary beginning at \$500, but dwindling after a while as the resources of the journal narrowed. His contributions were of varied character, — editorials, miscellaneous articles, and verse. In its pages first appeared, besides the antislavery poems, 'Eurydice'; 'The Changeling,' on the death of one little daughter and the birth of another, with its picture of a child's smile, so frequently quoted:

"To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!"

— the lines 'To Lamartine'; 'A Parable,' written the morning after a Thanksgiving Day; 'The Parting of the Ways'; 'Beaver Brook'; 'The First Snow Fall,' and others which have become favorites. Conspicuous among the antislavery poems were the uplifting 'Stanzas to Freedom,' the lines 'To John G. Palfrey' from which we have quoted, and the familiar 'To W. L. Garrison,' beginning —

"In a small chamber friendless and unseen,
Tolled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;
Yet there the freedom of a race began."

"The year 1848 was especially prolific, the output embracing 'The Fable for Critics'; 'The Biglow Papers' in book form, with the unique introductory matter — 'Notices of an Independent Press,' and Parson Wilbur's 'Introduction'; and the narrative poem of 'The Vision of Sir Launfal.' The 'Fable' was a New Year's gift to his friend Charles F. Briggs, Lowell retaining only the copyright. He declined even to 'share the profits,' as Briggs suggested. 'I wish they might

be a thousand dollars with all my heart, but I do not think that they will be more than enough to buy something for my little niece [Briggs's daughter] there in New York,' he wrote. As it turned out, however, they were quite beyond his expectations, for the 'Fable' proved to be one of the most popular things he had written. It was composed rapidly, — 'slapdash,' was Lowell's expression, — and sent over to Briggs in sections as written. It was published anonymously, and stirred up the critics considerably.

"In the collected 'Biglow Papers' the first draft of 'The Courtin'' made its first appearance —

"'Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the window,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hinder.' —

and so on. The story of its composition shows not only how literary workers are often 'inspired' to their cleverest things, but also Lowell's facility. He tells it in this wise. While the introductory matter was going through the press he received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. He sat down at once and improvised another flötitious 'notice of the press,' in which 'because verse would fill up the space more cheaply than prose' he inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. He kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. After the publication of the volume he received letters asking for the rest of it. He had none, but to answer such demands, he patched a conclusion on it in a second edition. Afterward, during the Civil War, being asked to write it out as an autograph for a Sanitary Commission Fair in Baltimore, he added other verses, into some of which he 'infused a little more sentiment in a homely way,' and completed it by 'sketching in the characters and making a connected story.'

"The 'Sir Launfal' had a flattering reception. But no

part of it was so widely copied as the stanzas on June. Everybody is familiar with the lines —

“And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:” —

“It was planned that the next volume should be ‘The Nooning,’ on the ‘Canterbury Tales’ plan. The scheme was to bring together at Elmwood a party of old friends, who were to go to the river to bathe, and then, at the suggestion of one of them, go up into a great willow tree, which stood at the end of the causey near the house, and had seats in it, to take their nooning. There they were to agree that each should tell a story or recite a poem. In the tree they were to find a countryman already resting himself, who should enter into the plan and tell a humorous tale with ‘touches of Yankee character and habits in it.’ Lowell, as the host, was to read his poem of the ‘Voyage of Leif to Vinland.’ Two of the poems were already written — ‘The Fountain of Youth’ and an ‘Address to the Muse,’ to be offered by the Transcendentalist of the party. But the plan was never carried out, although seventeen years afterward the dropped thread was taken up, and more matter written. Several poems intended for it, however, were published separately. Of these the ‘Voyage to Vinland,’ ‘The Fountain of Youth,’ ‘Pictures from Appledore,’ from which we quoted at the Isles of Shoals, and the ‘June Idyl,’ appear in ‘Under the Willows,’ the ‘June Idyl’ without its title, as the ‘forefront’ of the volume.

“In 1851-’52 Lowell made his first visit to Europe, one of the results of which was his ‘Leaves from my Journal in Italy and Elsewhere.’ A saddening shadow on this journey was the death of his only boy, Walter, in Rome, and the grave decline of his wife’s health. A twelvemonth after their return to Elmwood she died. Of their four children only one was left — Mabel, who in after years became Mrs. Burnett, the mother

of his four grandchildren. Like Longfellow, after the loss of his wife, Lowell sought distraction in work.

“The autumn of 1854 was devoted to the writing of his series of twelve lectures on the English Poets, for the Lowell Institute course in Boston. No such discourses had to that time been heard in America, and they added greatly to his reputation as critic, scholar, and poet. The following January he was appointed to succeed Longfellow in the chair of ‘French and Spanish Languages and Literatures and Belles-Lettres’ in the university. Thereupon he went to Europe again for special studies, as his predecessors had done. Returning after an absence of a year, he took up his new duties, and held the professorship for twenty years.

“This period was marked by the editorship of the *Atlantic* for about four years from its start in the autumn of 1857; his joint editorship with Norton of the *North American* for about two years, the two editors making it the organ of the best contemporary thought of the country; the revival of ‘The Biglow Papers’ in the Civil War period; and his poems of the war, beginning with ‘The Washers of the Shroud’ and culminating with the ‘Commemoration Ode’ at Harvard at the end of the conflict, with the sublime closing stanza well worth cherishing in the memory:

“Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man’s enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O’er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath’s pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet

Could tell our love and make thee know it,
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

"During the second year of his professorship Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap; and toward the close of the college service they were in Europe two years, whence he sent his beautiful Eulogy on Agassiz, written in Rome.

"The 'Commemoration Ode' when its composition was actually begun, dangerously near the time for its delivery, was written with extraordinary rapidity. 'Till within two days of the celebration,' Lowell wrote in one of his letters, 'I was hopelessly dumb, and then it all came with a rush.' In another letter, written twenty years after, he repeats that it was an improvisation, and tells this incident of Professor Child's cheery indorsement of it. He had sat up all night writing it out clear, and on the morning of the day it was due he took it to Child, — to whom two days before he had declared that it was impossible, that he was dull as a doormat. 'I have something,' he said, 'but don't know yet what it is or whether it will do. Look at it and tell me.' Child went a little way apart with it under an elm tree in the College Yard, and read a passage here and there. Then he brought it back to the waiting poet and said, 'Do? I should think so! Don't you be scared!'

"The years 1877-'85 covered Lowell's public service as United States minister first to Spain, then to England. He accepted the Spanish mission, after declining the posts at Vienna and Berlin. His appointment to the English mission came upon him unexpectedly, while at Madrid. None of his literary predecessors in similar positions gave higher distinction to them. He was no diplomat, in the political sense, but he was ever the representative of the highest type of Americanism, and of the ripest culture of the country. His literary

activity during this time was alight as compared with that of the previous decade. Its richest fruits were his various scholarly addresses in England, which are collected in his 'Literary and Political Addresses.' The volume of 'Last Poems,' edited by Norton, was published soon after his death.

Cambridge, 7th July. 1895.

Dear Sir,

*I have already promised
 my poem to the Atlantic. But I could
 not at any rate give a copy in advance
 for I had my moment before Saturday
 for revision*

Yours Truly

J. M. W. Wash

FACSIMILE OF LOWELL'S MANUSCRIPT.

"Lowell's last years glided by very quietly. For a while his winters were spent in England, and his summers at his daughter's home in Southborough, — a charmingly unadulterated New England village, 'and with as lovely landscapes as I

ever saw,' he wrote his English friends. At length he renewed his life here at Elmwood, with his daughter and her children: his second wife had died in England, in 1885. Returning to Elmwood he felt, so he wrote, 'as if Charon had ferried me the wrong way, and yet it is into a world of ghosts that he has brought me.' But this, as always, was his only real home. He wrote a friend who wished him to come to Washington to live, 'I have but one home . . . and that is the house where I was born, and where, if it shall please God, I hope to die; I shouldn't be happy anywhere else.'

"Here he died as he wished, his death occurring on the 12th of August, 1891, after an illness of a year. His funeral was at Appleton Chapel, in the College Yard. The pallbearers were all his cherished friends, — President Eliot of the University, Norton, Child, John Bartlett, Christopher P. Cranch, the poet-painter, Dr. Holmes, John Holmes, George William Curtis, and Howells. As the simple procession made its slow way from the Chapel to Mount Auburn, all the bells of the city tolled. He was buried in the spot of his own selection, almost in sight of the old study windows of Elmwood, at the foot of the ridge upon the brow of which Longfellow rests."

With this picture of Lowell among his books by his English friend Leslie Stephen, our Elmwood visit ended: —

"All around us were the crowded bookshelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman, not of the mere dilettanti or fancy bibliographer. Their ragged bindings, and thumb'd pages scored with frequent pencil marks, implied that they were a student's tools, not mere ornamental playthings. He would sit among his books, pipe in mouth, a book in hand, hour after hour. Or he would look from his 'study windows' and dwell lovingly upon the beauties of the American elm, or the gambols of the gray squirrel on his lawn. . . . To see Lowell in his home and the home of his father, was to realize more distinctly what is indeed plain enough in all his books, how deeply he had struck his roots into his native earth. Cosmopolitan as he was in knowledge, with the literature not only of England but of France and Italy at

his fingers' ends, the genuine Yankee, the Hosea Biglow, was never far below the surface. No stay-at-home Englishman of an older generation, buried in some country corner, in an ancestral mansion, and steeped to the lips in old-world creeds, could have been more thoroughly racy of the soil."

Since a remnant of the day was left, and we would have no better opportunity, I suggested a drive to Arlington, the home of John T. Trowbridge (born in Ogden, N. Y., 1827—), story



HOUSE OF J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

writer and poet, whose "Neighbor Jackwood" was a household friend through a generation. The suggestion was agreeable, and accordingly we lost no time in engaging a road wagon and driver. We could have made the little journey by trolley lines; but the drive was preferable, since it enabled us to select our route along byways.

We found Trowbridge's home on Pleasant Street, — an elm-arched thoroughfare well named, — backing upon the pretty lakelet which still clings to its old-time name of Spy Pond. His comfortable estate occupies historic as well as

picturesque ground: "for here it was," I observed, "as tradition tells (a well authenticated, not an apocryphal tale, Trowbridge pronounces), that those fleeing British soldiers on the Nineteenth of April, 1775, surrendered to old 'Mother Batherick,' who had been peacefully digging dandelions, unmindful of the unwonted happenings on the high road; and who upon delivering them up, charged them, if they ever got back to England alive, to 'tell King George that an old woman of Menotomy took six of his grenadiers prisoners';" — all of which was related during our historic pilgrimage to these parts and Lexington and Concord beyond, as Percy remembered.

We passed up to the house, — a red painted house, with roomy piazzas, set back from the road in a frame of trees, — and were cordially received by my long-time friend. Percy found the study a cosy apartment on the second floor, cheerful with books and pictures and comfortable furnishings, and with windows opening upon inspiring views. By a window overlooking the pond was the desk at which Mr. Trowbridge has written most of the stories that have made him so beloved by young folk, and the poems that rank him with our best New England poets; for this house, Percy was informed, has been his home during more than a third of a century.

The period included Trowbridge's editorship of *Our Young Folks' Magazine*, with Lucy Larcom and "Gail Hamilton," when this study was the real editor's sanctum, the formal office being in Boston. Here were written "Jack Hazard," which first ran as a serial in *Our Young Folks*, "A Chance for Himself," "Doing His Best," "Lawrence's Adventures," "The Young Surveyor," "The Tide Mill Stories," and so on, several of which Percy had read. The poems of this period are collected in Mr. Trowbridge's various volumes of verse. The initial lyric of his first volume — "The Vagabonds," — which has become classic, was of an earlier date. That first appeared in the fifties. It has been recited on the platform or stage

hundreds of times. Percy knew it, he said, and in proof repeated the first two verses:

"We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye
Over the table, — look out for the lamp! —
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years 'we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

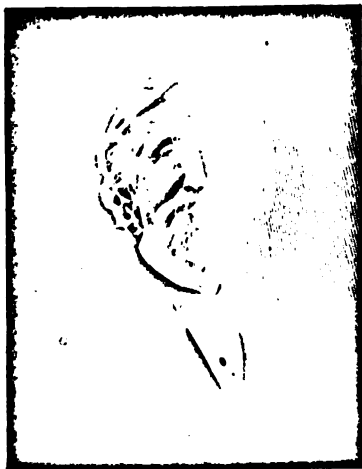
We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings."

"Neighbor Jackwood," Percy learned, also dates from the fifties. It preceded "The Vagabonds." It was written in France at Passy, then a little suburb of Paris, during Mr. Trowbridge's first visit to Europe in 1855. "He wrote the novel," I remarked, "as he once expressed it, between two lives in the greatest possible contrast to each other — one with friends in the atmosphere of the brilliant metropolis, and the other in the plain Vermont farmhouse in which the scene of it was set. It was published upon his return home, in 1856. Soon afterward he wrote the play founded upon it, which started on its long career at the Boston Museum in 1857.

"'Neighbor Jackwood' was Mr. Trowbridge's third novel. 'Martin Merrivale: His + Mark' preceded it by about two years. That was his first notable success in fiction. His first book, 'Father Brighthopes,' of pleasant memory, was well received, however, and disclosed the talent that was in him. Before its publication he had written and published numerous stories and sketches, under the pen-name of 'Paul Croyton';

had edited a story paper; and had enjoyed a brief experience as a sub-editor of a newspaper, which he nearly killed during his chief's absence in Washington by publishing a brave editorial against the Fugitive Slave Law. The story 'Coupon Bonds,' and the novel of 'Cudjo's Cave,' both popular though in different fields, were of the Civil War period."

With a reference to Mr. Trowbridge's fine poem "The Winner," published in the autumn of 1899, fitly celebrating his



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

seventy-second birthday, our call to this poet's home ended. On the way to the station, where we were to take a return train to Boston, I spoke of Mr. Trowbridge's early life, telling of his birth in a log house on a little clearing in the woods where now is the town of Ogden, New York, to which his parents had moved from New England; of his boyhood on the farm, passed in farm duties with scant schooling at the district school; of his passion for books, which he procured from a neighboring town library; of his "den" in an unused part of the house where all his spare time he lived with his dreams and his books; of his teaching himself French, Latin, and German, while following the plow, through the "noonings," and in the leisure hours; of his one term in a classical school; of his service as a country school teacher; of his boyish writings; of the thrill with which he saw his first poem in print, lines on "The Tomb of Napoleon," written when he was sixteen.

"His manner of work," I concluded, "has always been methodical. His custom has been to write regularly through the forenoon hours. His poems have generally been first thought out in the open air during long walks or shorter strolls. His most profitable work has been his contributions to juvenile literature. He once said, 'While I might perhaps be able to secure bread from the sale of my poems, it is from the profits of my boys' stories that I afford butter and jam.'"

XIX.

SUDBURY AND CONCORD.

The Wayside Inn. — Longfellow's Picture in the "Tales." — Story of the poem. — The Wadsworth Monument. — Homes of "the Concord Group." — Thoreau and his haunts. — The poet Channing. — "Aunt Mary Emerson" and Thoreau's mother. — The Hut at Walden. — Frank B. Sanborn and his work. — The Concord Library. — Birthplace of the brothers Hoar. — Emerson in Concord. — The Alcotts and their homes. — Story of a remarkable family. — Bronson Alcott's unique career. — Louisa Alcott's achievements. — The Concord School of Philosophy. — Hawthorne at "The Wayside." — Scenes of his later romances. — His "Walk" on the Ridge. — His earlier life at the Old Manse.

THE "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, and literary Concord, were next on our schedule. Taking an early morning train for South Sudbury, twenty miles from Boston, we reached the little Wayside Inn station in the woods when the forenoon was yet young. Before leaving the city we had telephoned the landlord of the Inn to have a carriage meet us here, and accordingly we found awaiting us a smart trap with a fresh-faced driver. The ride over of about a mile and a half along a country road, through sweet-scented woods and bush, and upon high land with off-spreading pastoral landscapes, was exhilarating. A final turn brought us on the highway, in the old days the traveled thoroughfare between eastern and western Massachusetts, but now indeed a "region of repose"; and off to the left the Inn first appeared to our view in its picturesque setting, "just as Longfellow sketched it," Percy exclaimed —

"A place of slumber and of dreams
Remote among the wooded hills."

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THE WAYSIDE INN.

in recent years, and, equipped in harmony with its colonial fashion, reopened to guests as an antique hostelry.

We found the interior, though freshened and furbished, retaining most of its ancient finish and features. Here was the public parlor, large and low, where sat the group of friends as Longfellow pictured —

"Around the fireside at their ease

Who from the far off noisy town
Had to the Wayside Inn come down
To rest beneath its old oak trees;"

with each his tale to tell. Here were the old tap-room, with its lattice guard above the counter; the low-browed dining-room, and the ample kitchen. Above the "stairways worn" were the chambers with their "creaking and uneven floors." Here were the rooms which had been occupied by many an important guest in provincial days when this was the Red Horse Tavern, far famed, patronized by the processions of travelers along the great road by stage-coach, or in their own

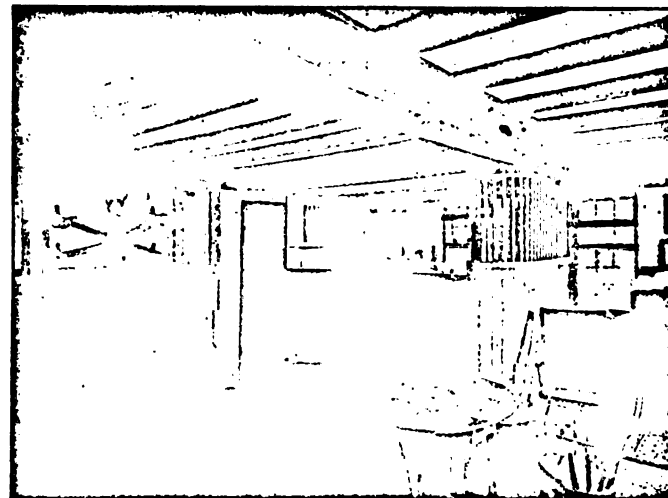


OLD DINING-ROOM, WAYSIDE INN.

equipages, some with postillions and out-riders. From the windows we looked down upon the picket line of ancient oaks on either side of the road eastward, beneath which, as the local historian relates, "Washington and his retinue passed, and perhaps Wadsworth and Brocklebank when they sped in haste to relieve Sudbury" in King Philip's War of 1675; and where "soldiers to Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the various expeditions to the west and south in the Revolutionary and French and Indian wars," halted in their march for rest and refreshment at the tavern.

Although it was early in the day, we followed the custom of the place and took luncheon in the quaint dining-room; and while at table we talked of Longfellow's conception of his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and the men and scenes it depicts.

"The idea of making this Inn the setting of a poem after the manner of the 'Canterbury Tales,'" I began, "was suggested to Longfellow, perhaps, by hearing of its unique attrac-



OLD TAPROOM, WAYSIDE INN.

tions and serene surroundings from his friends Professors Daniel Treadwell and Luigi Monti of Cambridge, and the poet T. W. Parsons, who had been in the habit of spending the summer months here in the waning days of Landlord Howe, the last of a family who had kept the tavern for more than a century. His own first visit to Sudbury was not until after he had begun the work. This visit was on an Indian summer day in 1862, when he drove out with James T. Fields. The house was no longer an inn, the last Landlord Howe having

died a year before. They were shown over the place by a kinswoman of his, and elsewhere saw the coat-of-arms of the Howes, and the old clock, mentioned in the poem. Subsequently the verses written on one of the parlor window-panes were copied and sent to the poet:—

“‘The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.’

“These ‘jovial rhymes’ read;

“‘What do you think,
Here is good drink,
Perhaps you may not know it,
If not in haste do stop and taste
You merry folks will show it.

WM. MOLINEUX, JR., Esq.

24th June 1774. Boston.

“The pleasant allusion to ‘My Kinsman, Major Molineux,’ drew from Hawthorne, upon the publication of the poem, a graceful note to Longfellow, in which he expressed his gratification at finding his own name shining in the poet’s verses,—‘even as if I had been gazing up at the moon, and detected my own features in its profile.’

“The group of friends who tell and listen to the ‘Tales’ were all real characters. Lyman Howe, the last of his line and a bachelor, was ‘The Landlord’:

“‘Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as the Squire.

His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.’

“Henry Ware Wales, of Cambridge, a scholar of promise who died young, was ‘The Student’:

“‘To whom all tongues and lands were known
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.’

“Luigi Monti, a Palermo refugee, instructor in Italian at Harvard, was ‘The young Sicilian’:

“‘In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain.

His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm’s length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow’s wings.’

“Israel Edrohi, a merchant, was ‘The Spanish Jew from Alicante’:

“‘Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least

Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.'

"The 'Theologian,' who

"... preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need:—"

was Professor Treadwell, the Physiologist of Harvard.

"The 'Poet' whose verse

"'Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,—"

was Dr. Parsons.

"Last, 'The Musician'—

"'Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed;—"

was Ole Bull.

"The tavern dates from near the beginning of the eighteenth century, quite as the poet describes:

"'Built in the old Colonial day
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality.'

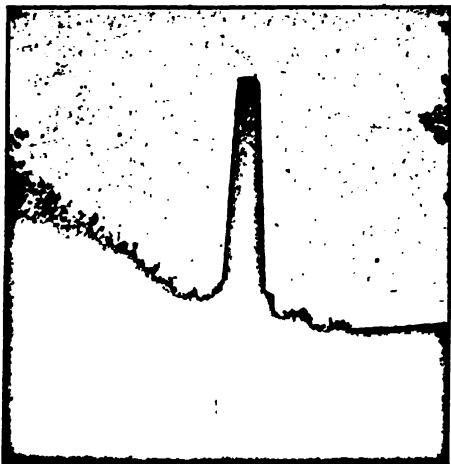
"The Howes who erected it were a family of consequence in the town, and became innkeepers upon the loss of their fortune. The sign of the 'Red Horse' was put out by Colonel Ezekiel Howe, 'The Landlord's' grandsire of Revolutionary fame. Upon his death, in 1796, his son Adam succeeded him, and kept the Inn for forty years; when he died his son Lyman became 'The Landlord,' and so continued until his death in 1861. He died suddenly, found dead in his bed one morning by his long-time faithful negro servant, 'Pete.'

"The scenes about the tavern in ante-railroad days are pleasantly pictured by the historian of Sudbury:

"'It was largely patronized by the up-country marketers, who, by their frequent coming and going, with their large, canvas-topped wagons, made the highway . . . look like the outlet of a busy mart. Stages also enlivened the scene. The sound of the post-horn, as it announced the near approach of the coach, was the signal for the hostler and house-maid to prepare refreshment for man and beast. In short, few country taverns were better situated than this to gain patronage in the days when few towns of the province were better known than old Sudbury.'"

Again taking carriage, we were driven over to the town center of Sudbury, there to take train for Concord. This way, rather than by South Sudbury, was selected that we might make a visit in passing to the site of the Sudbury fight in King Philip's War, or the place on Green Hill where Wadsworth and Brocklebank with most of their command fell on an April morning, caught by the Indians in ambush. Captain Wadsworth, Percy was told, was a son of Christopher Wadsworth, of Duxbury, the common ancestor of the Massachusetts and Maine Wadsworths, from whom came Longfellow's mother. He was the father of the Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth, president of Harvard College from 1725 till his death in 1734, for whom was built the old President's House, now known as the "Wadsworth House," on the college grounds at Cambridge. Captain Wadsworth lived in Milton, near Boston, on Wadsworth Hill, named for him, in the

Blue Hills region (which embraces Aldrich's "Ponkapog," I reminded Percy); and he had marched his command from that



WADSWORTH MONUMENT.

town to the relief of Sudbury. President Wadsworth was born on Wadsworth Hill. We reached the point where the action took place about a mile south of the village center. It is within an old burying ground, the central feature of which is the granite monument to Wadsworth and his soldiers,—some distance from the place of their original burial, in a common grave. This monument, we saw, was erected by the State of Massachusetts, half a century ago; it is in place of a simpler one set up by President Wadsworth about 1730.

It was a short railroad ride from Sudbury to Concord Junction, and thence to the Concord station on the Fitchburg line. This station is on a side of the town which we had not visited on our historic pilgrimage to Concord, and so the approach was altogether new to Percy. Very soon, too, we came upon landmarks not seen on that previous visit. The first street which we entered, in the direction of Main Street, the way to the village center, indicated neighboring literary landmarks, for this

was Thoreau Street. And true to the indication, when we turned the corner into Main Street, a plain, yellow house, secluded by a hedge of trees, was pointed out to Percy as the "Thoreau house," home of Henry David Thoreau (born in Concord, 1817—died there, 1862).

Here, he was told, Thoreau lived during the last twelve years of his life; and here he died of consumption, the result of exposure on a bleak November day a year and a half before, when tramping through the woods in the snow "counting the rings on trees." On the opposite side of the street earlier lived Thoreau's rare companion and first biographer, William Ellery Channing (born 1818—died 1902), a nephew of the "great" Channing, himself a poet, whose wife was Margaret Fuller's sister. Channing's was a house with a garden sloping to the river. At the foot of this garden, under a group of trees, Thoreau moored his boat, and thence started on his river voyages. In this same part of the town is the present home of Thoreau's later biographer and literary executor, Franklin R. Sanborn (born in Hampton Falls, N.H., 1831—), the last remaining of the "Concord group" who gave this town its unique distinction. Thoreau's birthplace was a mile or more beyond the village, to the eastward, in country parts. That was the home of his maternal grandmother: a typical New England farmhouse, standing on the old "Virginia road," a back way to Lexington. Before the family came to this Main-Street house they had lived for a long time in a little house on the village square. Thoreau's "hermitage" was on the shore of Walden Pond a mile and more to the southward of the village, in a piece of woodland belonging to Emerson; and devotees of the poet-naturalist have marked its site by a cairn. "Thoreau," I remarked, after thus enumerating his landmarks, "was the only one of the 'Concord group' of Concord birth. He was of a family, as Sanborn shows, settled in Concord a hundred years ago. His grandfather Thoreau, of French descent, came from the island of Jersey to New Eng-

land in 1773, and a few years after married in Boston a Scotch woman. He moved his family to this town in the year 1800, after his wife's death, and the next year he died, of consumption, in his home on the village square. Thoreau's father was a store-keeper, then a pencil-maker, pencil-making being at one time quite an industry in Concord; and this was the family occupation till after Thoreau's death, his sister Sophia continuing it for some years. Sanborn describes the father as a 'small, deaf, and unobtrusive man,' leading a 'plodding, unambitious, and respectable life.' The mother was a daughter of a New England clergyman, an active body, and 'one of the most unceasing talkers ever seen in Concord.' She was fond of dress, and had a weakness for ribbons, apropos of which Sanborn relates this droll anecdote, illustrative also of Concord frankness: One day in 1857, when Mrs. Thoreau was seventy years old, she called with her daughter Sophia upon Miss Mary Emerson (the austere aunt of Ralph Waldo Emerson), who was then eighty-four, wearing bonnet ribbons of a good length and of a bright color, — perhaps yellow. During the entire call Miss Emerson kept her eyes shut. As Mrs. Thoreau and her daughter rose to go the little old lady said, 'Perhaps you noticed, Mrs. Thoreau, that I closed my eyes during your call. I did so because I did not wish to look on the ribbons you are wearing, so unsuitable for a child of God and a person of your years!'

"After his return from college, Thoreau held fast to Concord, with the exception of a few months (in 1843) spent at Staten Island, New York, as tutor of the sons of William Emerson, Ralph Waldo's brother, and his absences on long walking excursions. No Concordian was more intimately associated with the town. He fitted for Harvard at the 'Concord Academy' (now extinct), and afterward taught in the academy. He attended lectures at the 'Concord Lyceum' when a boy, and himself lectured there in the regular winter courses almost every season for twenty years, beginning the year following

his graduation, which was in 1837. His acquaintance with nature about Concord was of the earliest. He knew the country, Emerson has said, 'like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own.' When on his walks as Emerson pictured him:—

"Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave scrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apologist, "that either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters.'

"In these explorations, and also in his extended foot-journeys among the mountains and along the seashore of New England, Sanborn tells us, 'his habits were those of the experienced hunter, though he seldom used a gun in his years of manhood.' On this point he himself wrote in 'Walden': 'As for fowling, during the last years that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I am now inclined to think there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun.' 'He knew how,' said Emerson, 'to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits,—nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.'

"Thoreau's close relations with Emerson began the year of his return from college, and continued lifelong. For two years, from 1841 to 1843, he was an inmate of Emerson's household, managing the garden and doing other hand-work for his friend, as Sanborn states; and again in 1847-'48 he

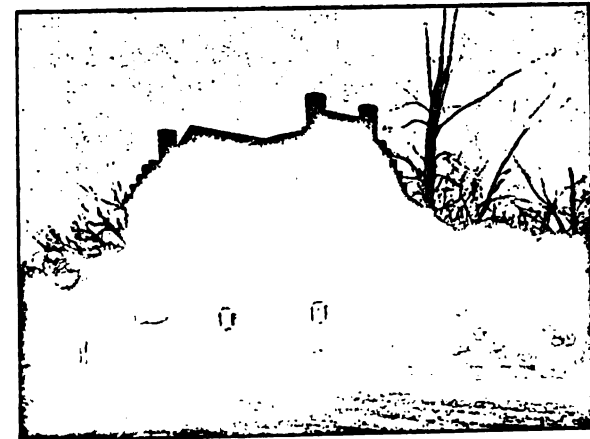
had charge of the household affairs during Emerson's absence in England. His earlier publications, apparently, were under Emerson's direction.

"He contributed to nearly every number of the *Dial*, both verses and essays written originally in his 'journal,' which he began keeping in 1837 and continued to the end of his days. His 'Walk to Wachusett' first appeared in the *Boston Miscellany* in 1843. The 'Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers' was his first book published; portions of it having been first printed in the *Dial*. The editing of this book was his principal occupation during his life in the hermitage on the Walden shore. It was not brought out, however, till 1849, some months after he had left the hut. It was published at his own expense, and involved him in debt which took the labors of several years to cancel. It was to earn money to meet these costs that he became a surveyor. The book did not sell, but he took its failure philosophically. When more than half of the edition of one thousand copies came back to him unsold, he said gayly to his friend Sanborn that he had added seven hundred volumes to his library, all of his own composition!

"*'Walden,'* published in 1854, was a record of the life at the hermitage, or, as Channing puts it, the log-book of the woodland cruise. This hermit's life covered about two years and a half, from the summer of 1845. The hut was a plain and comfortable affair of lumber hewn by Thoreau from Emerson's woods. It was convenient, says Channing, for shelter, sleep, and meditation. 'It had no look on the door, no curtain to the window, and belonged to nature nearly as much as to man.' Thoreau's life here was not the life of a misanthrope; nor was it that of a world-hating recluse. He came to the woods, he said, because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could not learn what it had to teach; also to 'transact some private business with the fewest obstacles.' This private business was his

studies and his writings; when it was completed he abandoned his hut. He was strong in his convictions and uncompromising. He cheerfully spent a night in jail for refusing to pay his tax to the town tax-gatherer, because it 'went to support slavery in South Carolina.'

"Thoreau's fame came after his death. During his life only a small world knew him, and his income from authorship was



HOUSE OF FRANK B. SANBORN.

not half enough in most years, Sanborn estimates, to supply even his few wants. With the publication of his 'Excursions' the year following his death, 'The Maine Woods' in 1864, 'Cape Cod' in 1865, 'A Yankee in Canada' in 1866, and the later Thoreau books, his name became known in widening circles, and his unique place in American literature was at length established."

This Main-Street house, I added, as we turned to our next subject, became in later years the last Concord home of the Alcotts. It was purchased by the eldest daughter, Anna Bronson (Alcott) Pratt, and Louisa. Here Mrs. Alcott, the

mother, died; and here Bronson Alcott spent his declining years.

Our next subject was naturally Thoreau's friend Sanborn, whose house I had said is near by. We came to it a few rods off Main Street, on Elm Street, by a bend of Sudbury River. In its architecture and setting, — a red house, large and symmetrical, vine-clad and umbrageous, — it has, like its master, an air and aspect which distinguishes it among its fellows, and arrests the passer's eye. Within, the best room is the work-room, the author-journalist's study packed with books. Here were written the biographies of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, and of John Brown of Osawatimie.

"Mr. Sanborn's Concord life," I related in answering Percy's questions, "began immediately after his graduation from Harvard in 1853, when he came here, at Emerson's suggestion, to open a private school in the higher branches. He took rooms first in Channing's house across the way from Thoreau's, and soon his acquaintance with Thoreau, begun when he was in college, — through the publication of a review of 'Walden' and the 'Week' in the college periodical which he was at the time editing, — ripened into a lasting friendship. For two years or more, he has told us, he dined with Thoreau almost daily, and often joined in his walks and river voyages, or swam with him in Concord waters."

"Sanborn was an accomplished and successful Concord schoolmaster, but his chief interest was centered in the anti-slavery cause, into which he threw himself with almost reckless zeal. In 1856 he was secretary of the Free Kansas Committee of Massachusetts. He took up the cause of John Brown, and was one of the handful of Massachusetts men whom Brown took into his confidence when planning the raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859. It was at his house that Brown spent a portion of his last day in Concord, and thence started off at noon for the fatal Virginia campaign. In April of the following year Sanborn was summoned by the United States

Senate to appear before its committee to testify, as a possible accessory before the fact in that raid. He refused to go, and a deputy marshal with assistants appeared to arrest the Concord schoolmaster. By a ruse they got him outside his house, and, handcuffing him, would have carried him off in a waiting carriage, had not his sister attacked them and their team, and by her outcries summoned a crowd of infuriated townspeople to his defense. A writ of *habeas corpus* quickly issued by his neighbor Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, brought him before the Massachusetts Supreme Court at Boston, and he was released on the ground that the warrant was not served by the person to whom it was directed, — the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate. When he came back to town he was received with a salute of cannon, and a public meeting at which T. W. Higginson, one of his associates in Brown's confidence, and others, made congratulatory remarks.



Yours sincerely
J. B. Sanborn

Concord, Nov. 11, 1862.

F. B. SANBORN.

"Besides his literary and journalistic work Mr. Sanborn has contributed much to the advancement of State charities and prison reform, upon which his writings in reports and other papers are voluminous. He was one of the founders of the American Social Science Association in whose development he has had a constantly leading hand. He was a founder, also, if not the chief instigator of that unique

institution, the Concord School of Philosophy, which flourished, largely through his skillful conduct of its affairs as secretary, for the decade between 1878 and 1888. He was one of the lecturers before the school; and he has lectured on learned topics at Cornell and Wellesley colleges. His journalistic work has appeared in the editorship of a political and literary journal in Boston, — the *Commonwealth*, — during the latter part of the Civil War, and in the independent Springfield *Republican* for upward of thirty years. He wields a bold and pungent pen."

Returning to Main Street we strolled on toward the village center, passing, about an eighth of a mile beyond, the Public Library embellished within with portraits and busts of Concord authors; and nearly opposite, the old mansion house of that good and beloved citizen of Massachusetts "Squire" Samuel Hoar (born 1778 — died 1856), in which were born his eminent sons, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar (born 1816 — died 1895), and United States Senator George F. Hoar (born 1826 —).

From the center, where Percy felt at home since he recalled its historic features over which we had lingered when here before, we proceeded at once to the Emerson house. At the turn from the square to the old Boston, or Lexington, road, he noticed a new structure in place of the historic church behind the tablet near the site of the meeting-house in which the Provincial Congress sat; and I told of the burning of the old church in April, 1900; adding a word of commendation of the work by the builders in faithfully reproducing the old structure, rather than creating a modern affair, which Percy heartily approved.

He was much pleased to find the Emerson place and its immediate surroundings unchanged. We passed as before through the gate and along the flagged-walk, between the groups of lofty chestnuts, to the entrance porch. The front room at the right of the long hall running through the middle

of the house, which was Emerson's principal indoor study, was as of old, pleasant with pictures and books. On the mahogany center-table still lay his pen by the side of his morocco writing-pad. On either side of the ample fire-place doors opened to the south parlor, with its old-fashioned furnishings. On the opposite side of the hall were the library room and the dining-room. Above stairs, over the study, was the room in which Emerson died. Back of the house, at the south, was the garden once so bright with old-fashioned flowers, hollyhocks, roses, and shrubs. In the distance beyond the brook and fields, lay the greater garden, — the pines on the shores of Walden, and the woodland on the farther shore running up to a rocky pinnacle, of which the poet wrote: —

"My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

Self-sown my stately garden grows;
The wind, and wind-blown seed,
Cold April rain and colder snows
My hedges plant and feed."

These woodland ranges, as his son says in the affectionate memoir of "Emerson at Concord," were to him a temple visited almost daily, and "there he waited for the thoughts, the oracles, which he was sent into the world to report." The woods were his real study. Sometimes he took his note-book with him, but more often he carried in his mind the thoughts which came to him there, till he had returned to the house study and recorded them in his journal. "Even in the winter storms," Dr. Emerson, the son, adds, "he was no stranger to the woods, and the early journals show that he liked to walk alone at night for the inspiration he ever found in the stars."

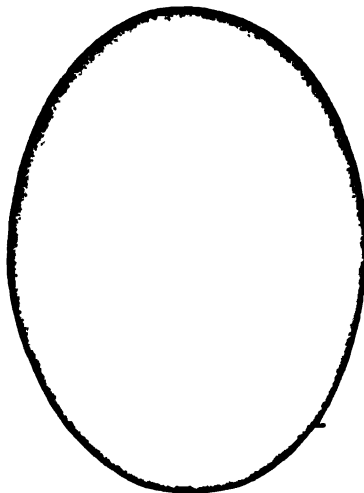
These details were imparted to Percy as we strolled about

the place after our call. Then we reviewed Emerson's life here.

"He was but a year past thirty," I said, "when he established himself permanently here in Concord, the home of his ancestors. This was in the autumn of 1835, after having boarded some time at the old Manse with his step-grandfather's family. He had just married Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, his second wife, and their wedding journey had been the ride up from Plymouth to the new home the day after the

nuptials, in the chaise in which he had driven down from Concord, alone, on the wedding-day.

"He had closed his career as a minister because of the unreadiness of the churches to accept his conditions that public prayer in the pulpit should not be expected of him as a regular act of devotion, but only when he was moved to it; and that the form of the Communion service be modified. He had already begun the work of the lecturer in the larger



RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1846.

and freer field, which he followed with scarcely a season's interruption for nearly half a century. He had written his first book, 'Nature,' the year before, and had fully entered upon the scholar's life. He had spoken as the orator of the town at its celebrations. He had spent nearly a year in Europe (1832-'33), whither he went to 'see in the flesh' Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others whose works he had hung over in his chamber at home, but most especially to seek out Thomas

Carlyle among the Scottish moors, inspired to this pilgrimage by reading in English reviews the writings of that man of letters, — then new and slightly recognized.

"This was a genuine scholar's pilgrimage, and from it sprung the ardent friendship between these two original characters which lasted to the end of their lives. Upon his return home ensued their life-long, intimate correspondence which fills two thick volumes. Emerson welcomed and introduced Carlyle's works to America before they had become much known in England. He repeatedly urged Carlyle to visit the United States, and to come and live with him at this Concord home. Soon after he and his wife had become settled here he wrote: 'The house is not large, but convenient and very elastic. The more hearts (specially great hearts) it holds, the better it looks and feels. . . . So know now that your rooms in America wait for you, and that my wife is making ready a closet for Mrs. Carlyle.' Fourteen years after their first meeting they met for the second and last time, when Emerson went to England to lecture in 1847. Immediately upon his landing he hastened to the Carlyles' house, then in Chelsea, reaching it at ten at night. 'The door was opened by Jane Carlyle,' his journal records, 'and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the hall. They were very little changed from their old selves of the year before when I left them at Craigenputtock. "Well," said Carlyle, "here we are shoveled together again."' They had a 'wide talk' that night till nearly one, and at breakfast next morning.

"Emerson chose this spot for his home because of its closeness to the stage route to Boston (it was before the first railroad was cut through the country town), whither he had to journey to his lecture engagements; and because of its retired and rural situation, on the edge of the village, backed by the meadows and the distant woodland ranges of Walden. The estate included the house, newly built, and two acres of land. He soon enlarged it by the purchase of the grove of pines extending to

the pond, and the woodland tract with its rocky pinnacle on the farther shore. He never regretted this choice of a dwelling-place, his son says. It proved 'exactly fitted for his purpose; gave privacy and company enough, and the habit of the town favored the simple living which he valued.'

"Emerson was a good neighbor and a good citizen, holding it 'a privilege to bear his part of civic duties and neighborly relations.' He was interested in the public schools, and served for several years as a school-committee man. He fostered the Concord Athenaeum, — the village reading-room open to the citizens for a small fee. He was a helpful member of the village Social Circle. He attended the town meetings, and took pleasure in watching the plain men of the town manage its affairs. He went to political meetings, 'partly for the rough training good for a scholar,' 'always as a learner, . . . but only as to details, for even his modesty did not accept the doctrine that the scholar . . . must learn his duty from the callous politician or man of affairs.' He early joined the fire association, and went 'in the neighborly fashion of those days to fires in the woods, and fought fire with his pine bough . . . side by side with his neighbors.' He liked to talk with the farmers, and with horsemen and stage-drivers whose 'racy vernacular and picturesque brag' he enjoyed 'as much as the cautious underestimate' of the former. 'On his walks he fell in with pot-hunters and fishermen, wood-choppers and drivers of cattle, and liked to exchange a few words with them, and he always observed the old-time courtesy of the road, the salutation to the passer-by, even if a stranger.' In the village 'he looked sometimes with a longing eye at the group of village worthies exchanging dry remarks round the grocery stove; but he knew it was of no use for him to tarry, for the fact that he was a scholar and clergyman would silence the oracles.'

"All of his relations to the town were pleasant. 'The people of the village felt his friendly and modest attitude to them and were always kind,'—such is his son's testimony.

When in his latter years, in the summer of 1872, his house was nearly destroyed by a fire, they showed their affection for him, and their solicitude, in countless ways. Upon his return from abroad, where generous friends had sent him with his daughter Ellen, while the house was rebuilding, they welcomed him home with a demonstration that touched the old scholar's heart. The bells of the town were joyously rung while the townspeople in a great throng greeted him as he stepped from the train, and escorted him under a triumphal arch to the restored house. 'He was greatly moved,' runs the son's brief account, 'but with characteristic modesty insisted that this was a welcome to his daughter and could not be meant for him. Although he had felt quite unable to make any speech, yet seeing his friendly townspeople, old and young in groups watching him enter his own door once more, he turned suddenly back and going to the gate said: "My friends, I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all—one family—in Concord."'

"Emerson's life of forty-eight years here moved on placidly. Though dwelling apart, as his occupations required and his tastes dictated, he was never out of touch with the world. Those lines so often quoted

"'Good-by, proud World, I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine;—"

were written in his youth, when he was a schoolmaster in his brother William's 'finishing school' for girls, in Boston; they are sometimes assumed to be his note of renunciation, but had no such significance. Through his discourses before literary societies, and his lectures in lyceums all over the country, he was brought into a contact with minds and work of all sorts of men and women, which, his son says, he highly valued.

"Most of his published work issued from this house. 'Nature' was published during his first year here. In 1837

he wrote here those immortal lines of the 'Battle Monument' dedication hymn:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmer stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

"The same year he wrote the inspiring Phi Beta Kappa oration, 'Man Thinking' (which appears in his collected works as 'The American Scholar'), with its call to the American intellect to throw off its foreign shackles and assert its intellectual freedom. The delivery of this oration at Cambridge in August made a great commotion in our then contracted literary circles. Lowell thirty years after characterized it as 'an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration.' Holmes called it 'the declaration of independence of American literature.'

"Then came Emerson's leadership in the Transcendental movement, with his declaration of the doctrine in his address before the Harvard Divinity School in 1838, which aroused a roar of criticism from the conservatives. Then the 'Transcendental Club,' evolved from 'The Symposium,' which was started in Boston shortly before by Alcott and others, developed here, and resulted in those famous gatherings in Emerson's library of the humorously termed 'Apostles of the Newness.' Meanwhile *The Dial*, mainly sustained by Emerson, and in good part edited here, ran its glowing and costly career of four years. In 1841 Emerson's second book—the first series of the 'Essays'—came out from this study; three years afterward, the second series appeared. Now the 'Concord group,' Emerson being the loadstar, had ripened, and in his library were held those 'Monday evenings,' one of which George William Curtis, then a youthful Concordian, described in this rollicking fashion,"—and I read this account from Curtis's "Homes of American Authors":

"It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathies, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, then occupied the Old Manse; the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry-pastures of Walden Pond; Plato Skimpole [Alcott], then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in the little house on the Boston road; the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned [George Bradford], then an inmate of Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of a natural gentleman; a sturdy farmer-neighbor [Edmund Hosmer], who had bravely fought his way through inherited embarrassment to the small success of a New England husbandman; . . . two city youths [Curtis, and his brother Burrill] ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom; and the host himself composed this club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York *Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, and the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres.

"I went the first evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to say, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for Blackberry Pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation; while the Olympian host, anxious that so much material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale [Hawthorne], a statue of might and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat lightning around the room.

"I recall little else but the grave eating of russet apples by the philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into the night. The club strug-

gled through three Monday evenings. Plato [Alcott] was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thought, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson [Thoreau] charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods; while Emerson, with the seal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear good sense. . . . I have known clubs of fifty times its number whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the Dii Majores of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation, as a club should be, but tension.'

"In 1847," I continued, "Emerson ventured his first volume of poems. Then came 'Representative Men,' in 1850, after the return from the memorable lecturing tour in England,



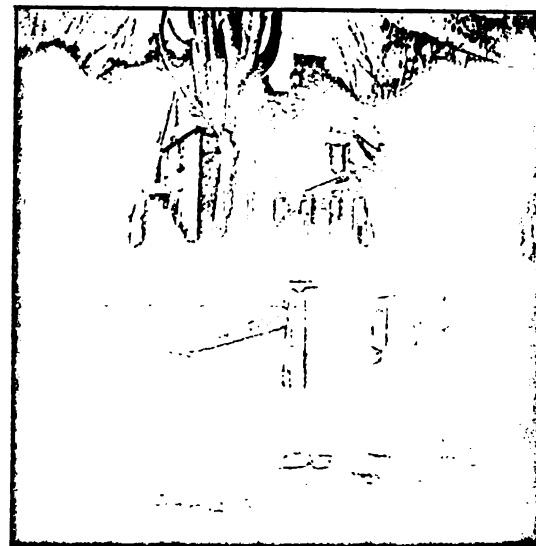
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1858.

where his fame had long been established; in 1856, 'English Traits'; in 1860, 'Conduct of Life'; in 1867, 'May Day,' the second volume of poems; 1870, 'Society and Solitude'; 1874, his selections of English poetry in 'Parnassus'; and in 1875 the final volume of his last years, 'Letters and Social Aims.' The 'Lectures and Biographical Sketches,' and the 'Miscellanies' were published after his death. Almost all of his

essays were his lectures reconstructed, and the lectures were drawn from his journals in which his thoughts were first transcribed as they came, in chronological order only, but indexed.

"Of Emerson's personal appearance in his prime we have this portrait drawn from his son's description: six feet in his

shoes, and erect; neither very thin nor stout in frame; shoulders rather narrow and unusually sloping; neck long; head well poised; eyes very blue; hair dark brown; complexion clear with good color; features pronounced but refined; face very much modeled. His smile, David Macrae, the Scotchman, from whom I have before quoted, described as 'effervescing . . . into a silent laugh that runs up into his eyes and quivers at the corners of his eyebrows, like sunlight in the woods.' As



THE "ALCOTTS' ORCHARD HOUSE."

pictured by Curtis, it was a 'slow, wise smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky.'

Our steps were now directed down the Lexington road along which we had ridden on our previous pilgrimage; and soon we were at the "Orchard House," a former home of the Alcotts, and the chapel-like buildings in the yard, set up for the

Concord School of Philosophy. These we inspected leisurely, while our talk turned upon the Alcott family.

"This Orchard House," I remarked, "was the third settled home of the Alcotts in Concord, and it is the most interesting of their numerous landmarks, — they were a wandering family. Their life here covered a longer period than anywhere else; and during this period Louisa produced the work which brought fortune with fame, enabling her to realize the ambition of her girlhood, — to bring comfort and ease to the household, through her own earnings.

"The Alcotts were a remarkable family, and the story of their life is unique in our literary annals. The father, Amos Bronson Alcott (born in Wolcott, Conn., 1799 — died in Boston, 1888), came of a Connecticut family of old English ancestry, with the surname Alcox, earlier Alcock, which he changed to the present spelling. He was an Idealist, a peripatetic philosopher; and during the larger part of his life, he delivered, for small and uncertain fees, his Sayings on lofty themes in cities and towns over the country in the form of 'Conversations,' often above the heads of his audiences. Earlier he traveled as a Connecticut pedler among plantations in the South in ante-bellum days, picking up much learning along the way in the planters' libraries. He was a schoolmaster with reform ideas, most of them excellent, but all ahead of his times, accordingly inviting criticism, some ridicule, and disaster; a reformer, ardent in every cause for humanity, and drawn to every New England 'ism' in the 'fermenting' period between the thirties and sixties; a pioneer Transcendentalist, a non-resistant, a vegetarian; an unworldly man, soaring serenely above the commercial world, incapable of earning money from his pen or his speech in ordinary way; a 'majestic soul,' Emerson, his faithful friend, called him, the only one whom the greater seer had ever met who could 'read Plato without surprise,' and upon whose tombstone he would write 'Here lies Plato's Reader.'

"The mother, Abigail (May) Alcott (born in Boston, 1800

— died in Concord, 1877), was a woman of rare character and mental powers. She was the youngest daughter of a Boston merchant and gently reared, sister of one of the most constant of the antislavery leaders, — the Rev. Samuel J. May, — and allied to sterling old New England families, on the maternal side descending from the famous Sewall family of judges. Though she published nothing, Sanborn, Alcott's biographer, gives her the credit of having been the best writer of the family, as her letters displayed. It was her encouragement and interest in Louisa's literary efforts from the start that inspired the author's best work. Her married life was full of hardship till the strain was relieved through Louisa's earnings. She did not always share her husband's theories of living; but she was ever loyal and hopeful. That pathetic little story which Louisa related in her diary, of the home-coming of the dreamy philosopher from one of his 'Conversation' tours, forlorn and almost penniless, well illustrates the mother's fine character: " — and I read from my notebook:

"In February [1854] Father came home. [The family were then living in Boston, in the Pinckney-street house.] Paid his way, but no more. A dramatic scene when he arrived in the night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew down, crying, 'My husband!' We rushed after, and five white figures embraced the half-frozen wanderer who came in hungry, tired, cold, and disappointed, but smiling bravely and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money; but no one did till little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, 'Well, did the people pay you?' Then, with a queer look he opened his pocket-book and showed one dollar, saying, with a smile that made our eyes fill, 'Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly; but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better.' I shall never forget how beautifully Mother answered him, though the dear, hopeful soul had built much on his success; but with a beaming face she kissed him, saying, 'I call that doing very well. Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more.'"

"Louisa May Alcott (born in Germantown, Pa., 1832 — died in Roxbury district, Boston, 1888) was the second of the

four daughters. She began writing when a child, and before she was through her teens she had become an industrious writer of stories. Her earliest verses were some lines 'To the First Robin,' composed when she was eight years old; her first story was published when she was sixteen, and it brought her five dollars. That story was written in this Orchard House.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

(From the Bust by F. E. Elwell, in the Missouri State University.)

She had her full share of the family anxieties and hardships. At one time she kept a little school in Emerson's barn, having for pupils her playmates the Emerson children, and those of other neighbors. From sixteen to twenty-three she engaged in numerous occupations, still steadily continuing her writings. She taught children in Boston, earned money with her needle, and in domestic service. Some of these experiences were afterward detailed in her novel, 'Work.'

— "Her first book was published when she was twenty-two. This was 'Flower Fables,' a series of little tales which she had written, in her seventeenth year, for Emerson's daughter Ellen, some years her junior. It brought her thirty-two dollars, and, what was most important, the attention of publishers; so that instead of seeking, her wares were now sought. Accordingly she wrote many stories for various newspapers and periodicals through the following years; tried her hand at playwriting (she had a strong inclination to the stage, and would have become an actress

had not circumstances prevented); and began her first novel, 'Moods.'

"It was, however, not till the Civil War period that Miss Alcott obtained really wide recognition as an author; and not till 1868 that fame and fortune together came. She was then thirty-six, and had been publishing for twenty years. The wider recognition was achieved by her 'Hospital Sketches.' These were made up from her letters to the home-circle during her service as an army nurse in the Union Hospital at Georgetown, in 1862, an experience which nearly cost her her life. The fame and fortune were won by her 'Little Women.' This was founded on the family history and adventures, in which she and her sisters stood for the chief characters. 'Jo' was herself; 'Beth,' her younger sister, Elizabeth, who died just before the family moved into the Orchard House; 'Meg,' her eldest sister, Anna Bronson, who became Mrs. Pratt, and whose boys were the 'Little Men'; and 'Amy,' her youngest sister, Abby May, the artist. May married a young Swiss, M. Niericker, while pursuing her art in Paris, and died there in December, 1879; for her infant girl, left as a legacy to Louisa, the stories of 'Lulu's Library' were spun. Between the 'Hospital Sketches' and 'Little Women,' the novel 'Moods' was published; and after 'Little Women,' 'The Old Fashioned Girl.'

"In 1872, Miss Alcott was enabled to record in her journal, 'Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty this is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps; but as I still live, there is more for me to do, I suppose.' Not only had this large-hearted woman cleared the family of debt and made them comfortable, but she had aided the artist-sister May to her art education, and had helped others over the rough road of professional apprenticeship. Her labors had indeed cost her her health, and she was an invalid through the remainder of her life; but her

work went on almost unceasingly to the end, and with it her benefactions.

"In 1871 'Little Men' was written — begun in Rome, when she was abroad seeking rest, upon hearing of the death of 'Meg's' husband, — 'that John's death may not leave A[nna] and the dear little boys in want,' she recorded in her diary. In 1872-'73 came 'Shawl Straps' recounting her journeyings through France, her novel 'Work,' and ten or a dozen tales; through 1874-'76, many tales; in 1877, her first successful attempt at an adult novel in 'The Modern Mephistopheles'; the same year, among other stories, 'My Girls' and 'Under the Lilacs,' the one written, and the other finished, to distract her mind while watching at the bedside of her mother, who died that year. 'Jack and Jill,' into which Concord scenes and folk are worked, and 'Jo's Boys,' were among the productions of her last years. Her books in the alcove of the Concord library filled with the works of Concord authors, number about thirty.

"Miss Alcott was a rapid writer, and some of her most popular books were produced in remarkably quick time. 'Little Women' was thought out and written in less than three months. She had no regular study, but wrote where she could; any pen or paper would do, and an old atlas on her knee served as desk. She often carried a dozen plots in her head, and thought them out when in the mood. When she got down to a book or a story she was absorbed by it. She has said that she used to sit fourteen hours a day at one time, eating little, and unable to stir until a certain amount was done. A passage in her diary telling of a 'turn' at her first novel, 'Moods,' is an illustration of this frenzy in writing:—

"February. — Another turn at "Moods," which I remodeled. From the 2d to the 26th I sat writing, with a run at dusk; could not sleep, and for three days so full of it I could not stop to get up. . . . Mother wandered in and out with cordial cups of tea, worried because I couldn't eat. Father thought it fine, and brought his reddest apples and

FACSIMILE OF MISS ALCOTT'S WRITING.

J. M. Alcott.

I showed like to send a good
 covered nothing or improving the
 globe in any name of the word,
 & in the story I am to have my
 young folks interested in several
 reforms, nothing which to inspire
 and help to guide with good aims.
 Young friends

hardest cider for my Pegasus to feed upon. All sorts of fun was going on; but I didn't care if the world returned to chaos if I and my inkstand only "lit" in the same place."

"That was 'plain living and high thinking' with a vengeance!" Percy exclaimed.

"True; happily it was not common even in those rigorous days. And she paid the penalty for it, as we have seen.

"The Alcotts came first to live in Concord in 1840, their advent being thus noted in Emerson's Journal: 'A. B. Alcott, who is a great man if he cannot write well, has come to Concord with his wife and three children, and taken a cottage and an acre of ground to get his living by the help of God and his own spade.' Mr. and Mrs. Alcott had then been married ten years. The Idealist had been through his hard experiences, — all ending dismally from a financial point of view, — as a schoolmaster with his philanthropic scheme of redeeming mankind by reforming the education of children, as Sanborn succinctly states it. Before his marriage he had taught his new system in several Connecticut towns, — in common and private schools, — and in Boston; after his marriage, in Germantown (then a suburb of Philadelphia), also in Philadelphia, and again in Boston. Finally he instituted in the latter city his famous 'Temple School,' where he had as assistants Elizabeth Peabody, who published its annals in her 'Record of a School,' — and, for a short time, Margaret Fuller. It was in this school that he carried his theories of spiritual culture to their extreme, and ultimately failed through the newspaper criticisms of his methods, especially the reports of his 'Conversations with Children on the Gospels,' and his subsequent admission of a colored pupil to the school. Meanwhile he had delved into metaphysics, and had begun his travels as a peripatetic philosopher; but with all he had retained no money in his purse. When they had determined upon the removal to the country, with what was left of their household goods after the Boston experience, brave Mrs. Alcott wrote in one of her letters to her

kindred, 'We go to Concord for another experiment in the art of living.'

"This first Concord home was the 'Hosmer Cottage,' on the west side of the village, overlooking the Concord River, with a garden and a big barn, which figure in 'Little Women.' The rental of the little estate was but fifty dollars a year. The Idealist began zealously to work upon his one-acre farm, and tried to let his spade to neighboring farmers. 'But,' says Sanborn, 'he toiled with a divided mind; his heart was still upon his true mission in the world, — to inspire thought, and to share the spiritual tasks of the time. He must still go to the Symposium, must take part in Non-Resistance meetings and Bible conventions. With a little capital and an unsolicited attention, he could have prospered; for he had bodily vigor, frugal habits, and an earnest purpose. Success in this two-fold allegiance could not befall him; and his eyes soon turned toward England, where for years he had been gaining friends.'

"These English friends were reformers who had been drawn to him through the story of his 'Temple School,' and his 'Conversations on the Gospels,' which had gone abroad; and some of them had established a similar school at Ham Common, near Richmond, to which they had given the name of 'Alcott House' in his honor. At length, largely through the generosity of his constant friend Emerson, passage was secured for him, and in May, 1842, 'with ten sovereigns in his red pocket-book and a bill of exchange for twenty pounds,' he sailed off, leaving the family at the Hosmer Cottage with his brother in charge. In October he returned accompanied by two of his English friends, enthusiastically intent upon planting in rugged New England a 'new Eden' where man might 'untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows, and all external natures.' Then followed the tragic 'Fruitlands Community' experiment, the comic side of which was later on presented in Louisa's story of 'Transcendental Wild Oats.'

"This Utopian enterprise was at length begun in the early summer of 1843, when the Hosmer Cottage was abandoned and the family was removed to the 'New Paradise.' The spot selected was a hillside farm, amid rural surroundings, overlooking a river and distant mountains, in the country beyond the village of Harvard — where Emerson's father had been settled as minister at the close of the eighteenth century, — about twenty miles from Concord. The Community was to be 'rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever-bountiful Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted fields and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain' would be avoided. One of his English associates furnished the means to set it going, but Alcott was the head of the Community. A lively description of it, drawn from Alcott's own story to the narrator many years after, runs in this wise: —

"Only a vegetable diet was allowed, for the rights of animals to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness formed a fundamental principle in their constitution. This not only cut them off from beef, but from milk and eggs. The milk belonged to the calf; the chicken had a right to its existence as well as the infant. Even the canker-worms that infested the apple-trees were not to be molested. They had as much right to the apples as man had. Unfortunately farm operations were not started until well into June, and the only crop raised that was of value as dependence was barley; but the philosophers did not flinch at the thought of an exclusively barley diet. Now and then they gave a thought as to what they should do for shoes when those they now had were gone, for depriving the cow of her skin was a crime not to be tolerated. The barley crop was injured in harvesting, and before long actual want was staring them in the face. This burden fell heaviest upon Mrs. Alcott, for, as housewife, it was her duty to prepare three meals a day. They remained at Fruitlands till midwinter in dire poverty, all the guests having taken their departure as provisions vanished.'

"Finally Mr. Alcott put his wife and their four little women on an ox-aled, and so reached a friendly shelter in the village. Thence they made their slow way back to Concord.

To the Idealist this failure, which even his Transcendental friends foresaw, was most bitter. As Louisa recounted in her story (in which only the names of the characters are fictitious), he had 'reveled in the Newness, firmly believing that his dream was to be beautifully realized, and in time not only little Fruitlands, but the whole earth be turned into a Happy Valley. He worked with every muscle of his body, for he was in earnest. He taught with his whole head and heart; planned and sacrificed, preached and prophesied, with a soul full of the purest aspirations, most unselfish purposes, and desires for a life devoted to God and man, too high and tender to bear the rough usage of this world.' The Community numbered at its fullest only about fifteen persons. Among them was Isaac T. Hecker of New York, afterward the widely famed Father Hecker, editor of the *Catholic World*.

"The recovery of the family from this disaster was painful. But after a season of grave illness and despair the Idealist wrote his little poem 'The Return,' and emerged again into the ordinary world. He tried to get one of the town schools to teach, but was unsuccessful, probably because of the Fruitlands affair, which remained for some time a subject of ridicule and discredited the enthusiast among 'practical' men. After a while, however, he was able to resume his public 'Conversations,' and henceforward, as Sanborn notes, he came to be known as the 'Socratic talker of his time.' Meanwhile he pursued horticulture, helped Thoreau build his hut by Walden, read much, wrote out his Orphic thoughts in his ponderous journal (which ultimately filled many volumes), and educated his children, 'in the wise way,' Louisa afterward wrote, 'which unfolds what lies in the child's nature, as a flower blooms, rather than crammed it, like a Strasburg goose, with more than it could digest.' He continued very poor, but 'full of high thoughts and cheerful hopes.'

"The home during this period was the place next beyond the Orchard House, which afterward became Hawthorne's

'Wayside.' When the Alcotts purchased it with means from a little legacy of Mrs. Alcott's, it was a rough place, embracing about thirty acres at the foot of the wooded hill, and a shabby little house with two peaked gables, a century or more old. Its previous occupant had been a 'pig driver,' who herded his stock in the front yard. Alcott, with skillful hand, refashioned the house, adding a central peak, a front porch, and piazzas at each end, and painted it a rusty olive hue. He also gave the grounds a quaint picturesqueness by the irregular planting of varieties of trees, the building of a terraced garden against the hillside, and the construction of arbors and summer houses out of rough stems, branches, and boughs, with a pleasure by the brookside for the girls. He called the place 'The Hillside.' It was here that much of the girlish life chronicled in 'Little Women' was passed. Here Louisa began her verse-making and story-writing. It was at this time that she kept her little school in Emerson's barn, and wrote the fairy stories, — 'Flower Fables.' She had the run of Emerson's library; browsing over it one day she fell upon Goethe's 'Correspondence with a Child,' which fired her imagination; then she chose Emerson for her 'Master,' and he remained ever after her idol.

"Though the life at 'The Hillside' was to a degree idyllic, Poverty lived with the family, and after four years, late in 1848, they gave up the house, and returned again to Boston in the hope of bettering their fortunes. There Mrs. Alcott got a position through friends as a visitor among the poor; Louisa toiled as we have seen; and Anna, the eldest daughter, taught school. Meanwhile the serene Idealist continued his 'Conversations,' first in the city at a 'Town and Country Club' of his own establishing, made up of other prophets and disciples of the 'Newness'; later 'on the road,' with various ups and downs, as is disclosed in that pathetic story which we have recalled of his home-coming from one of the 'downs.' The Boston experiences were succeeded by two years of country life on a farm of one of Mrs. Alcott's kinsmen in New Hampshire; and then,

ten years after their departure from The Hillside, they made their final return to Concord, and in the autumn of 1858 were permanently established here in the Orchard House.

"The Orchard House remained their home for twenty years. It was purchased by Mrs. Alcott and some of her friends, Emerson, ever the 'good angel' of the family, contributing the larger share. It was an old New England farmhouse which had stood for two centuries. In the spring before they occupied it the family suffered sore affliction in the death of the third daughter, Elizabeth, after a long illness at their temporary home in the village. Their incoming was thus chronicled in Louisa's diary: —

"*July.* — Went into the new house and began to settle. Father is happy; Mother glad to be at rest; Anna is in bliss with her gentle John [John Pratt, her future husband, to whom she was then engaged]; and May busy over her pictures. I have plans simmering [for stories], but must sweep and dust and wash my dish-pans a while longer till I see my way.'

"The house was freshened and adorned by the united work of father and daughters. The girls papered the walls, and by degrees the nooks and corners were filled with panels upon which May had painted birds and flowers; over the fireplaces were also painted mottoes in ancient English characters, and on the chimney-piece of the study this epigram written by El-lery Channing: —

"'The hills are reared, the valleys scooped, in vain,
If Learning's altars vanish from the plain.'

"Nan's' wedding, on May day in 1860, was an event in the quaint old house. There was a wedding feast to which the neighbors were invited; the old folk danced round the bridal pair on the lawn, in the German fashion; and Emerson kissed the bride, an honor which Louisa thought 'would make even matrimony endurable.' After the execution of John Brown of Ossawatimie, in whose cause Alcott was enlisted,

Brown's daughters came to board with the family for a time. The Concord home had been a haven for runaway slaves, and there is a tradition that one was once secreted in the big oven of the Hillside house.

"As things improved through Louisa's achievements, the placid seer occasionally gave his 'Conversations' to little gatherings in the library here. Continuing his western tours he found himself most heartily welcomed as 'the grandfather of the Little Women,' and talk about his daughter was more popular than his metaphysical discourses. On the strength of Louisa's successes he ventured again his own work in book form. In 1868, when 'Little Women' was bounding along its prosperous way, he brought out his 'Tablets.' In 1872, 'Concord Days' appeared; in 1877, 'Table Talk.' Then two years after, when he was eighty, came the realization of his dream of years in the establishment of the 'Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature.'

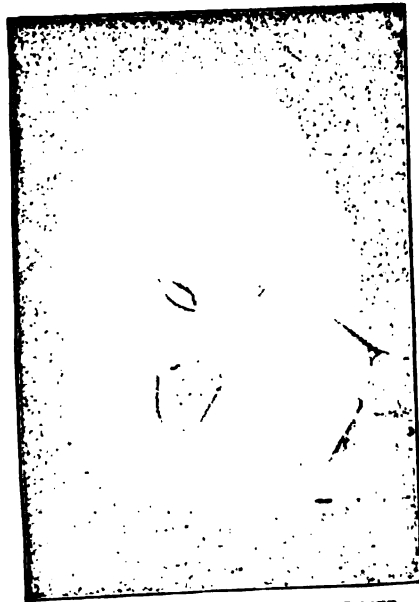
"Of this unique institution Alcott was the dean, and him it glorified above all others. It was started in his old library of the Orchard House, which was reopened for the purpose, the family home then being the Main-street 'Thoreau house' as we have seen. Later it occupied the little chapel which was built from a fund contributed by a friend of the school. It drew throngs to Concord from all parts of the country every summer through its nine years of existence. Some were drawn by curiosity, more by interest in the oral teachings of the philosophers and the formal lectures or conversations of others after the Alcott pattern. Some took it humorously, more most seriously.

"Louisa saw both its humorous and serious sides: and took a practical view of it. On the day before the opening she chronicled in her diary: 'The philosophers begin to swarm, and the buzz starts to-morrow. How much honey will be made is still doubtful, but the hive is ready and the drones also.' The day of the opening: 'Father has his dream realized

at last, and is in glory, with plenty of talk to swim in. People laugh, but will enjoy something new in this dull old town; and the fresh Westerners will show them that all the culture of the world is not in Concord.' A month later: 'The town swarms with budding philosophers, and they roost on our steps like hens waiting for corn. Father revels in it. . . . If they were philanthropists I should enjoy it; but speculation seems a waste of time when there is so much real work crying to be done. Why discuss the "unknowable" till our poor are fed and the wicked saved?' Later on, at the opening of the third year's session: 'School of Philosophy opens . . . in full force. I arrange flowers, oak branches, etc., and then fly before the reporters come. Father very happy. Westerners arrive, and the town is full with ideal speculators. Penny [driver of the "depot carriage"] has a new barge; we call it the "Blue Plato" (not the "Black Maria") and watch it rumble by with Margaret Fullers in white muslin and Hegels in straw hats, while stout Penny grins at the joke as he puts money in his purse. The first year Concord people stood aloof, and the strangers found it hard to get rooms. Now every one is eager to take them, and the School is pronounced a success because it brings money to the town. Even philosophers can't do without food, beds, and washing; so all rejoice, and the new craze flourishes. If all our guests paid we should be well off; several hundred a month is rather wearing.'

"When Alcott was eighty-one he made his last journey West, traveling over five thousand miles, and delivering 'Conversations,' or addresses, at the rate of more than one a day; and he returned none the worse, apparently, from the strain, with one thousand dollars in his purse as profit. His last book, 'Sonnets and Canzonets,' was brought out in his eighty-third year. He died in his eighty-ninth year, at Louisa's Boston home, — the Louisburg-Square house; and on the very day of his funeral she died, away from him (at the home of her physician in Roxbury), unaware of his death. Her last illness was

the result of exposure in the harsh March weather after an anxious call upon him a few days before. Both were brought to Concord for burial, Louisa's 'boys' attending her body to the grave as a 'guard of honor.' We saw their graves marked by the little white tablets, when we were here before,—in 'Sleepy Hollow,' in the lot opposite Hawthorne's. They are



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN MIDDLE LIFE.

beside the others of the family, with the exception of 'Nan,' who lies at her husband's side in the Pratt family lot." The "Wayside" we found preserved much as in Hawthorne's time by its present owner, herself a woman of letters, pleasantly known to a world of young readers through her pen-name of "Margaret Sidney" (Mrs Margaret Lothrop). Percy revelled in the picturesque interior. The low-studded room, at the left of the little entrance hall, he was told had been Hawthorne's library. The secluded "tower-study" was the top room of the back wing of three stories, rising above the irregular roofs of the main structure, thus producing the tower effect. Had our visit been made in the romancer's lifetime and the good fortune been ours to have followed him up the narrow stairs into this sanctuary, we would have seen by the en-

trance, in either corner, the little bookcases with the mottoes above them: "Abandon Care All Ye Who Enter Here," and "There is no Joy but Calm"; and on the window-casing between the book-shelves the word "Olympus," in Greek letters. Our glance would have included a cheerful room finished in red-stained pine, with a vaulted plaster ceiling, with windows on all sides looking out upon the tree-tops and rural landscapes, with simple furnishings, a few pictures on the walls, and a few ornaments on the mantel-shelf. There was the plain writing-table of walnut wood, having a sloping desk on one side and some drawers on the other; upon it the Italian bronze inkstand surmounted by the little figure of "The Boy Strangling the Swan"; the gold pen; and the large, square manuscript bound in covers. Against the wall, near one of the windows, was the hinged shelf for use as a standing-desk. By the writing-table were two chairs, one a comfortable New England rocker.

In this study, Percy learned, Hawthorne wrote his last works after his final return from Europe, four years before his death. The writing included the English sketches collected in "Our Old Home"; "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," the first scheme of which appeared as "The Ancestral Footstep"; "Septimius Felton," into which "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret" was merged; and the unfinished "Dolliver Romance," for which "Septimius Felton" was the preliminary study. "The manuscript of this fragmentary romance," I added, "lay upon Hawthorne's coffin during the funeral services in the historic old church in the village, when James Freeman Clarke, who had performed his marriage ceremony, conducted the simple service; and when Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whipple, Hillard, and Agassiz were of the company who walked with heads bared in the procession to the grave at Sleepy Hollow. This manuscript was not buried with him, as some have said, but is preserved in the Concord Public Library."

Percy was also interested to learn that the scenes of "The

Dolliver Romance" and "Septimius Felton" were about The Wayside and Alcott's Orchard House. He was told that a tradition respecting The Wayside which Thoreau had related to Hawthorne when he first came to live here in 1852,—that it had been inhabited a generation or two before by a man who believed he should never die,—revived the idea of a deathless man which had long been in the romancer's mind; and it was this legendary person whom he embodied in Septimius Felton. It was at the foot of one of the large pines on the hilltop behind the house, which was Hawthorne's outdoor study when he was thinking out the tragedy, that Septimius Felton in the romance buried the young English officer.



HAWTHORNE'S WALK ON THE RIDGE.

We now mounted the hill to the "outdoor study." Hawthorne used to ascend it by various climbing paths under the larches and pines and scraggy apple-trees, and his tall form pacing up and down the long height could be seen through the trees from the house lawn. "His daughter Rose, who became the wife of the late George Parsons Lathrop (editor of the

Riverside Edition of Hawthorne's works)," I said, "has given the truest description of this 'study,' in her 'Memories of Hawthorne.'" And I read the passage as follows:—

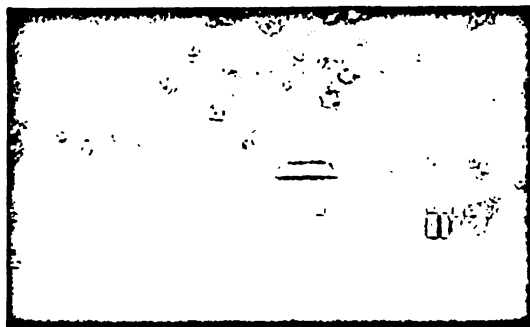
"We could catch sight of him going back and forth up there, with now and then a pale blue gleam of sky among the trees against which his figure passed clear. At one end of the hilltop path [made by his own steps only] was a thicket of birch and maple trees; and at the end toward the west and the village was the open brow of the hill, sloping rapidly to the Lexington road and overlooking meadows and distant wood-ranges, some of the cottages of humble folk, and the neighboring huge owl-haunted elms of Alcott's lawn. Along this path in spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue that held sunlight, pure as his own eyes. Masses also of sweetfern grew at the side of these abundant bordering violets, and spacious apartments of brown-floored pine groves flanked the sweetfern, or receded a little before heaps of blackberry branches and simple flowers. My father's violets were the wonder of the year to us. We never saw so many of these broad, pale-petaled ones anywhere else, until the year of his death, when they greeted him with their celestial color as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow, as if in remembrance of his long companionship on The Wayside hill."

"Was there any special reason for calling this place 'The Wayside?'" Percy asked, as we resumed our walk, now shaping our course in the direction of the "Old Manse."

"Hawthorne chose this name," I replied, "as more 'morally suggestive,' so he wrote in describing it, than Alcott's name of 'The Hillside,' because of its secluded situation amidst trees and shrubs, close upon the traveled high road. Lathrop has suggested that the name may also have recommended itself to him by some association of thought like that which appears in his preface to 'The Snow Image,' where, alluding to the years immediately following his college days, he says 'I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me, and the bushes grew to saplings, and the saplings became trees until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity.'

"When Hawthorne bought the place from Alcott, and came

here to live in the early summer of 1852, the rural embellishments which Alcott had made had fallen into picturesque decay. Against the hillside were the locust trees of his planting intermixed with young elms, white pines, and infant oaks, and in their shade Hawthorne wrote that he spent delectable hours 'stretched out at my lazy length, with a book in my hand and an unwritten book in my thoughts.' By degrees he readorned the grounds in accordance with his own taste, adding fir, Scotch larches, birches and other trees to the thicket, setting out the low hedge on the sidewalk line, and training rose-vines and



HAWTHORNE'S WEST NEWTON HOME.

woodbine over one end of the house. The larger part of this work was done after his return from Europe, when the enlargement of the ancient house, by the 'tower' addition, was made. He went abroad to take up the consulship at Liverpool in the summer of 1853, and was absent seven years. 'The Wayside' life, therefore, covered only five years. When he came here he had just published 'The Blithedale Romance,' which was written in the winter of 1851-'52 at West Newton, near Boston, in the home of his brother-in-law, Horace Mann, the educator, who was then abroad. Hawthorne had removed thither, temporarily from Lenox."

The Old Manse was of all the Concord literary landmarks most familiar to Percy, from his previous visit when he had been graciously shown over the ancient house by its occupant at that time. He thoroughly enjoyed, however, renewing his acquaintance with it. We sat again in the ground floor room which had been the study of the country parson, good Dr. Ezra Ripley; we looked again into the ten-foot-square apartment in the south gable where Emerson had written, and afterward Hawthorne; and peered into the garret where Hawthorne found a chestfull of Parson Ripley's sermons. Meanwhile our talk sped on. First was recalled Emerson's early association with the place; then the four years' life of the Hawthornes here in the forties, begun with their honeymoon.

Percy remembered what had been told him, when we were here before, of the history of the Manse and the relationship of the Emersons and the Ripleys, — that our Emerson's grandfather, William Emerson, the patriot minister in the Concord Fight, built the Manse in 1765, when he became the Concord minister and had married his predecessor's daughter, Phebe Bliss; and that Ezra Ripley, William Emerson's successor in the church and the parsonage, marrying his widow, became our Emerson's step-grandfather. But, although these facts were clear in Percy's mind, he did not realize how closely the Manse, as the ancestral home, was connected with Emerson, till he had absorbed more of the story of Emerson's boyhood and youth.

"Emerson first came here to live," I related, "when he was a boy of eight. His father, the Boston minister, died in the spring of 1813, leaving the mother with five little boys, the oldest but ten, to provide for. Toward the close of the next year the family, still living in Boston, began to feel the pinch of poverty. Then the good Dr. Ripley gathered them into the Manse, and this was their home for nearly a year. Ralph Waldo went to a public school, wrote boyish verses, and entertained his earliest Concord audiences with occasional recita-

tions of poetry, being set up on a sugar barrel for a platform, in the village grocery. When the family returned to Boston, and the mother took the little house on Beacon Hill to 'keep



ENTRY TO THE OLD MANSE.

boarders,' Dr. Ripley sent them a Concord cow; and one of the 'chores' of the youthful Ralph Waldo was the driving of this cow over Beacon Street to her pasturage on Boston Common. Boston continued the family home through the next ten years, but the brothers were often in Concord on visits to their grandparents. Ralph Waldo was wont to accompany his step-grandfather in the chaise on the minister's pastoral visits. So he came to learn 'the histories of the families who lived on the scattered farms of the river town, many of whom in the sixth generation still tilled the holdings originally granted their ancestors;' while at the parsonage he saw the leading townspeople who called there, for the old minister was 'both shepherd and judge of the people.'

boarders,' Dr. Ripley sent them a Concord cow; and one of the 'chores' of the youthful Ralph Waldo was the driving of this cow over Beacon Street to her pasturage on Boston Common. Boston continued the family home through the next ten years, but the brothers were often in Concord on visits to their grandparents. Ralph Waldo was wont to accompany his step-grandfather in the chaise on the minister's pastoral visits. So he came to learn 'the histories of the families who

"Emerson entered Harvard College at fourteen, following his elder brother William. As 'President's Freshman,' he carried official messages for the president to the students and officers, in return for a room in the president's house,—the old Wadsworth House on the college grounds. His way through college was helped along by earnings in teaching through the vacations, and in other ways. In his sophomore year he waited on the juniors' table at Commons, and so offset part of the price of his board. Winning the five dollars at the Boylston prize declamation, he sent the money home, hoping that his mother would buy a shawl with it; but the brother, William, then the head of the house, used it to pay off the family baker's bill. When he was in his senior year his younger brother, Edward, entered the college as freshman. So three sons were put through college by the noble mother, and a fourth, Charles, was bred for the law.

"After his graduation Ralph Waldo spent some years in teaching at intervals,—in his brother William's school for young women in Boston, where some of the pupils were of the same age as the shy assistant teacher, later at the academy in Chelmsford, at a subsequent period in his brother Edward's school in Roxbury, and lastly in a school of his own in Cambridge. Meanwhile he studied at the Divinity School at Cambridge, when able, but ill health repeatedly broke his studies and other occupations. He preached his first sermon in his Uncle Ripley's pulpit in Waltham while he was a divinity student; and after he was regularly 'appropriated to preach' he supplied the Concord pulpit for a brief season during a visit of his step-grandfather to Washington.

"His return to the Old Manse to live was in the autumn of 1834, two and a half years after the death of his first wife, Ellen Tucker, of Concord, New Hampshire, who died of consumption a short year and a half after their marriage. He had then finally withdrawn from the pulpit; and he came with his mother to board here, and to devote himself uninterruptedly

to literary work. He established his study in the south gable, from a window of which his grandmother had looked out upon the Fight at the Bridge; and there he wrote his 'Nature.' When finally settled he wrote in his journal: 'Hail to the quiet fields of my fathers. Not wholly unattended by supernatural friendship and favor let me come hither. Bless my



HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

purposes as they are simple and virtuous. . . . Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures and the like, those things which I have meditated for their own sake, and not for the first time with a view to that occasion.'"

Turning to the Hawthornes, I remarked that their life in the Old Manse was most idyllic. When Hawthorne first visited the place, a month before their marriage, with the purpose of hiring it for their home, the ancient house was empty, the aged minister having died a while before; and it showed all the "dust and disarray that might be supposed to have gathered about him in the course of sixty years of occupancy." The walls and panels of the rooms, and the huge cross-beams had a venerable tinge of brown. The furniture consisted of "high-backed, short-legged, rheumatic chairs, small, old tables, bedsteads with lofty posts,

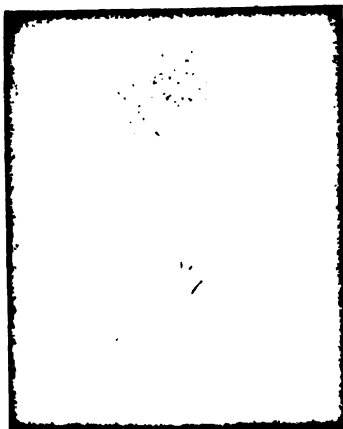
stately chests of drawers, looking-glasses in antique black frames." Upon taking possession the Hawthornes transformed the interior into what the bride termed "Our Paradise," and shutting out the rougher world they gave themselves up to its enjoyment. The old minister's sleeping-room on the ground floor was converted into a parlor, and "by the aid of cheerful paint and paper, a gladsome carpet, pictures and engravings, new furniture, *bijouterie*, and a daily supply of flowers," Hawthorne noted in his journal, it became "one of the prettiest and pleasantest rooms in the whole world." "The shade of our departed host will never haunt it," he added, "for its aspect has been changed as completely as the scenery of a theater: probably the ghost gave one peep into it, uttered a groan, and vanished forever."

The ancient furniture, however, was not banished from the house. The guest chamber, on the second floor, contained the most presentable of it. Hawthorne makes the observation, which many of us to-day would echo, that "after all, the moderns have invented nothing better, as chamber furniture, than these chests of drawers which stand on four slender legs, and rear an absolute tower of mahogany to the ceiling, the whole terminating in a fantastically carved summit. Such a venerable structure adorns our guest chamber."

Into the study, which had been Emerson's, was brought the furniture of Hawthorne's bachelor-room in Boston; but with a happier disposal of things here than there. A vase of flowers on one of the bookcases betokened the woman's touch, and a larger bronze vase of graceful ferns surmounting the bureau. Hawthorne liked the smallness of this study, for he could never, he said, compress his thoughts sufficiently to write in a very spacious room. Two of its three windows were shaded by a large and beautiful willow tree which swept against the overhanging eaves. From these windows he had a view into the orchard at the back of the house, and, beyond, a glimpse of the river. The other window was the one from which Emerson's

grandmother looked out upon the Fight at the Bridge. Upon one of the western windows the Hawthornes out these inscriptions with a diamond in their last spring here: "Nathl Hawthorne. This is his study. 1843." "Inscribed by my Husband at Sunset, April 3^d 1843, in the Gold Light. S. A. H." "Man's Accidents are God's Purposes. Sophia A. Hawthorne, 1843."

These and other changes made by them in the interior of the house Hawthorne pronounced to be in perfectly good taste,



EZRA RIPLEY.

though the heavy old beams and high wainscoting of the walls spoke of ages gone by. "The cheerful paper-hangings have the air of belonging to the old walls," he wrote; "and such modernisms as astral lamps, card-tables, gilded cologne-bottles, silver taper-stands, and bronze and alabaster flower-vases," did not seem "at all impertinent." "It is thus," he mused, "that an aged man may keep his heart warm for new things and new

friends, and often furnish himself anew with ideas: though it would not be graceful for him to attempt to suit his exterior to the passing fashions of the day." So the exterior, with its sober, grayish hue, was left unchanged. To repaint its venerable face, he declared, would be a real sacrifice. "It would look like old Dr. Ripley in a brown wig."

How their life glided on in and about the old house Mrs. Hawthorne disclosed in her home letters:—and I read these picturesque extracts:—

"December. . . . In the afternoon and evening I sit in the Study with him. It is the pleasantest niche in our temple. We watch the sun, together, descending in purple and gold, in every variety of magnificence, over the river. Lately, we go on the river, which is now frozen; my lord to skate, and I to run and slide, during the dolphin-death of day. I consider my husband a rare sight, gliding over the icy stream. For, wrapped in his cloak, he looks very graceful; perpetually darting from me in long, sweeping curves, and returning again—again to shoot away. . . . Often other skaters appear,—young men and boys,—who principally interest me as foils to my husband, who, in the presence of nature, loses all shyness, and moves regally like a king.

"One afternoon Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau went with him down the river. Henry Thoreau is an experienced skater, and was figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps on the ice—very remarkable, but very ugly, methought." Next him, followed Mr. Hawthorne who, wrapped in his cloak, moved like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave. Mr. Emerson closed the line, evidently too weary to hold himself erect, pitching headforemost, half lying in the air.

"In the evening we are gathered together beneath our luminous star, in the Study, for we have a large hanging astral lamp, which beautifully illumines the room, with its walls of pale yellow paper, its Holy Mother over the fireplace, and pleasant books, and its pretty bronze vase, on one of the secretaries, filled with ferns. Except once Mr. Emerson, no one hunts us out in the evening. Then Mr. Hawthorne reads to me. . . . Mr. Hawthorne writes all the morning.

"August Mr. Hawthorne has written a little, and cultivated his garden a great deal. . . . I planted flowers which grow pretty well. We have voyaged on the river constantly, harvesting water-lilies and lately cardinal-flowers, which enrich the borders with their superb scarlet mantles in great conclaves."

With the villagers Hawthorne had little or no intercourse, and in his walks he avoided the town as much as possible. Callers at the Manse were rare, except a chosen few who were welcomed across its threshold. Of one call by Emerson and Thoreau upon the shy and reserved recluse, I quoted this droll account given by Curtis:—

"They were shown into the little parlor upon the avenue and Hawthorne presently entered. Each of the guests sat upright in his chair like a Roman senator. To them Hawthorne seemed like a Dacian king.

The call went on, but in a most melancholy manner. The host sat perfectly still, or occasionally propounded a question which Thoreau answered accurately, and there the thread broke short off. Emerson delivered sentences that only needed the setting of an essay to charm the world. . . . Had they all been lying idly by the river-bank, or strolling in Thoreau's blackberry pastures the result would have been utterly different. But imprisoned in the proprieties of a parlor, each a wild man in his way, with a necessity of talking inherent in the nature of the occasion, there was only a waste of treasure."

The principal work of Hawthorne in this old house was the preparation for publication, of his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which appeared just before his removal back to Salem. Five or six of its sketches were also written here. They were first published in the *Democratic Review*, Hawthorne receiving only a pittance for them. While here in 1844, upon the election of Polk to the Presidency, his thoughts were turned toward another government position, for the security which it would give him in a regular salary, as he had found in his earlier service of two years in the Boston Custom House. But it was not till 1846 that the place was finally obtained, in the surveyorship at the Salem Custom House of which we heard in our pilgrimage to "Hawthorne's Salem." Una, his first child, named from "The Faerie Queen," was born in the Manse.

It was dusk when we made our leisurely way to the station on the upper railroad near by the Old Manse, for our return journey through Lexington to Boston.

XX.

IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

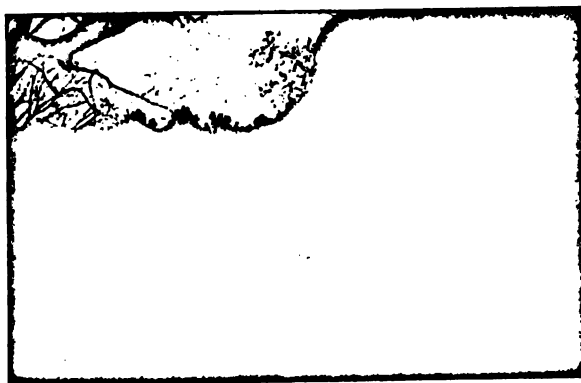
Along the way from Boston to Springfield. — Landmarks on connecting lines. — Birthplace of Hannah Adams. — Story of the first native American woman to make books. — Kate Sanborn and her "Abandoned Farm." — Birthplace and early life of George Bancroft. — Longfellow's poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield." — Landmarks of Dr. Josiah G. Holland. — His "Timothy Titcomb" Letters and his popular poems. — Samuel Bowles, the early independent editor. — Edward Bellamy's home at Chicopee Falls. — His "Looking Backward" and later works. — Jonathan Edwards, the Puritan metaphysician. — Timothy Dwight and the Dwight family. — Smith College for Women. — The Round Hill School of Bancroft and Cogswell. — Bancroft's Northampton and later life. — George W. Cable at "Tarry-awhile."

HAVING covered eastern New England according to our schedule, our course was now westward. Since Percy was not to return to Boston, but was to leave me at New Haven, where our pilgrimages were to end, he expressed his heavier baggage — "traps" was his word — to that city, and we started off for the longest continuous railroad ride of all our journeyings thus far, encumbered only with the few things we had carried on our shorter trips. This ride was from Boston to Springfield in the Connecticut Valley. Thence we were to proceed to Northampton, where, after our sight-seeing, we were to spend the night.

We took an early forenoon train on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and secured chairs in the parlor car that we might enjoy the lookout from the broad windows, and be as comfortable as possible, for the day was warm. For this journey of two and a half hours I took along a special note-book con-

taining data about the few literary landmarks in the region through which we should pass, but which we could not afford the time to visit, since that would involve "stopping over" at one or two stations.

Our train was "express" with few stops between Boston and Springfield. At South Framingham, the first stop, we were not far from two interesting landmarks reached by connecting railway lines. They were landmarks, I observed, a century apart, — one ancient, the other modern.



BIRTHPLACE OF HANNAH ADAMS, MEDFIELD.

The first one to which I referred was in the pastoral town of Medfield, within twenty miles of Boston. It was the birthplace of the first native American woman to publish a book under her own name, and the first, probably, to devote herself distinctly to a literary life. "She was Hannah Adams (born, 1775 — died in Brookline, near Boston, 1831)," I went on to give her story, "and her pioneer work was a sort of history or cyclopaedia of religions, entitled 'A View of Religious Opinions.' Later and enlarged editions were subsequently published under different titles, and the work was reproduced in England. 'A History of New England' followed the first history by an

American woman; and later a ponderous 'History of the Jews.' Born in 'humble obscurity' in a remote country town, in part self-educated, living at a time when a learned woman in New England was a rarity, almost a thing unique, with ill-health and many cares, often poor and obliged to resort to various occupations for her sustenance, while doggedly pursuing her studies and diligently working her pen, what this woman accomplished was really astonishing. Though she left no permanent mark on our literature, she won a place close up to her best literary contemporaries, and the fellowship of learned men of her day.

"Her birthplace was an ancestral farm which came to her father from her grandfather, in his time one of the largest landholders in the township, of which his ancestor was one of the founders. The father was an educated man, a graduate of Harvard College, and more student than farmer. Yielding to his father's desire that he should remain on the farm, he appeased his disappointment by opening a shop in the village for the sale of English goods and books. Fortunately for his daughter, books constituted the larger part of his stock; and also fortunately for her, some young divinity students for a time boarded with the family. The books she devoured; while from the students, whose offer to teach her was eagerly grasped, she acquired Latin, Greek, geography and logic. Her father was her first teacher, and from him she learned the three R's, — reading, writing, and arithmetic. Her reading through her girlhood was of wide range, including history, biography, novels, and the English poets, — Milton, Thomson, and Young being her favorites, much of whose works she committed to memory. Of the novels, she afterward thought, gentle soul! she read more than was good for her, since they gave her 'a false idea of life,' the 'world which her imagination made being not what the real world was.'

"When she was eleven her mother died, leaving five children; and two years afterward her father failed in business.

Then she went to work to help support the family by sewing, knitting, spinning, and weaving bobbin lace. From the lace-making she derived the most profit, and when, after the Revolution, this resource failed, lace then being imported, she fell into narrow straits. Opportunity, however, soon came for her to apply her learning to advantage. She tutored three young men of her neighborhood in Latin and Greek; and so well was this work done that one of them afterward said that her tuition principally fitted him for college.

"Hannah Adams's first literary work was the result, as her autobiography indicates, of her dissatisfaction with the prejudice of most writers on the various religious sects. Her mind had been turned to the subject by reading a manuscript from Broughton's Dictionary giving an account of some of the most common of the sects. The publication of 'A View of Religious Opinions' was ventured in 1784, in accordance with the custom of the time, after subscriptions had been obtained to the 'proposal' of the work, sufficient in number to warrant its issue. It was fairly profitable, but owing to a bad bargain with the printer the author's re-



HANNAH ADAMS.

turns were slight. A second edition with additions, secured by copyright, then newly established by law, was published in 1791, at the instance of influential Boston friends whom the first issue had made for her. This edition was dedicated to John Adams, then Vice-President of the United States, who had headed its list of subscribers, which included such leading

names as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, President Willard of Harvard College, Rt. Rev. John Carroll, D.D., the Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, the Rev. Henry Ware, and the Rev. Adoniram Judson, father of the missionary. Her old father was a most enthusiastic seller of the book, traveling about the country on horseback with saddle-bags filled with the volumes. He must himself have been an interesting character. He had found solace in books through his ill fortunes, and was happiest when making trips to the Harvard College Library. Once upon entering the building, it is related, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed with great fervor, 'I'd rather be librarian of Harvard College than emperor of all the Russias!'

"Hannah Adams's second work, her 'Summary History of New England,' was written after an experience in country school-teaching, and was published in 1799. In 1801 a third edition of her first work, further enlarged, was brought out. Next she prepared a volume of selections from various authors under the title of 'Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion,' working up her material in the Boston bookshops, since she was unable to purchase or borrow the books she desired to consult. In 1805 appeared an abridgment of the history of New England, which brought her into conflict with the Rev. Jedidiah Morse, author of the first geography of the United States (father, by the way, of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph), who had published a similar work. A sharp controversy ensued in which the woman's side was championed by several friends, chief among them being William S. Shaw, one of the Anthology Club men of whom we talked when in Boston.

"The material for her 'History of the Jews' was largely gathered in the Boston Athenæum, liberty of which was given her by Mr. Shaw. She also found a friend and helper in young Mr. Buckminster, minister of the Brattle-Square Church, another of the Anthology Club group, who gave her the freedom of his study and library. President John Adams,

too, gave her the use of his library, then in his home in Quincy. While this history was progressing she was obliged to work at straw braiding for her support. But at length, through the energy of some Boston women of station, a small annuity was subscribed for her which rendered her closing years comfortable. A fourth edition of her first work, with further additions, appeared in 1817, under the broader title of 'A Dictionary of All Religions and Religious Denominations.' Jared Sparks gave it his stamp of approval. Her last book, 'Letters on the Gospels,' was written when she was seventy. She drifted cheerfully into old age. She entertained the friends who gathered in her little parlor with recitations of the poetry which she learned in girlhood. She could repeat these verses 'for three months together,' although she was 'troubled continually by forgetting where she had laid a pencil or a pen.' 'An interesting story this, of the first professional American woman of letters, is it not?'

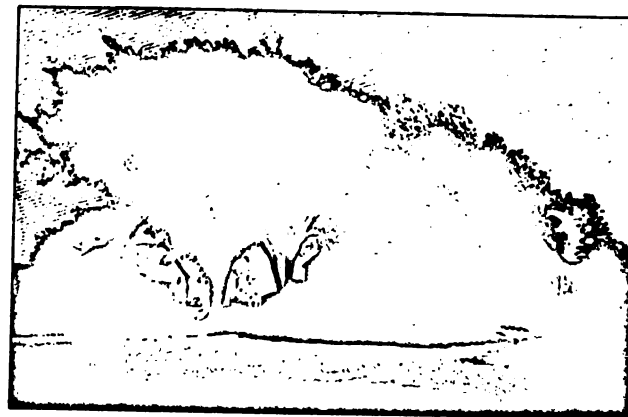
The other landmark in the neighborhood of South Framingham was "Breezy Meadows," the unique home of a literary woman of to-day — Katherine Abbott Sanborn (born in Hanover, N. H., 1839 —), or Kate Sanborn, as her pen-name is, "the literary woman who adopted an abandoned farm." "Breezy Meadows" lies within the precincts of the old town of Holliston, at Metcalf, distant about fifteen minutes by a branch railroad from the South Framingham station.

"Metcalf," I remarked, "is a rural place, 'with no telegraph office, and but one mail a day, which brings the letters of day before yesterday,' Miss Sanborn tells us. Here, from a forlorn abandoned farm, such as some country parts of New England to-day abound in, she has through her own efforts and cleverness produced a seat of beauty and of profit — in contentment. The house, a century old, has been furnished in colonial fashion. In tearing off the worn wall-papers, curious hand-painting was revealed; one paper, put on before the invention of rolls of paper and made in small squares, has been

preserved. The front hall has large chimney recesses. The great dining-room has a huge fireplace, burning logs four feet long in the twelve-foot chimney, with a steaming kettle suspended from an ancient crane. Above the fireplace you read the inscription: —

'To sit
in the presence of my cottage fire and
listen to the flapping of the flame or
kettle whispering its faint Undersong.'

The library, with great easy-chairs and mahogany desk, is lined with books, and the stairway walls on either side are



THE ABANDONED FARM BEAUTIFIED.

covered with pictures and portraits. The deep attic is transformed into a billiard-room. All over the house are scattered antique treasures. In the barns and pastures are fine live stock, and on the place are a half-dozen magnificent dogs, splendid St. Bernards and handsome Yorkshire terriers.

"The farm has been intelligently worked by its mistress for all sorts of crops, with results equalling if not excelling

other farms in the vicinity. Every variety of farming has been entered into, testing both the capacity of women for such undertaking, and the profitableness of it; and the conclusion that Miss Sanborn has reached is that 'a woman must be sharper than a razor to farm and not become bankrupt.' There are compensations, she admits, which almost balance the hostile forces that a woman must meet, but they are only to be found by the genuine lover of country life.

"One practical outcome of her experiment and observations is her movement for reform in woman's life on the farm. She puts what exists yet to a large degree, and what might be, in this fashion:—

"Women on the farms as I know them have too much work and too little recreation: a steady, treadmill grind, and few outings; few chances to exchange ideas and courtesies with women that are not on farms. . . . They should have horses to drive; should belong to granges and women's clubs, and take part in the exercises with voice and pen. They should be interested in the county fairs, the poultry shows, church sociables, and sewing societies; should have at least a yearly trip to some city; plenty of good papers and magazines, to be had now for almost nothing, considering their value; and should belong to a book club, to enjoy the newest publications. Neighborhood meetings of young and old should be held once a fortnight, to talk over what has been thus enjoyed. . . . As to women's work on the farm, I would aim to have it simplified. I would have dish-washing machines for the wives, as men have machines to simplify their labor. Laundry work should be done in some coöperative way that is feasible. . . . I should like to bring the city nearer the quiet country life, and would suggest an occasional long trip such as the teachers are now taking in their vacations—and they have less to spend than does the average farmer. I believe in women having time to adorn themselves and beautify their homes; and they will always do this unless crushed in spirit by never-ending toil."

"All that about the hardship of farm-life may be true of New England, but it isn't of the West," observed Percy, loyal to his own; "Miss Sanborn ought to take a trip among our Western farms."

"I dare say," I acquiesced, "in such a journey she would

find much to engage her vivacious pen, and would profit while entertaining her public.

"Investigation into farm-life, real and ideal, however," I chatted on, "has been only an incident in Kate Sanborn's literary career. That her abandoned farm experiment has carried her name so far afield is due, doubtless, to the novelty of it, together with the originality, humor, and sensibleness of the rambling essays which go to make up her books upon it. She has among other distinctions that of having been a pioneer woman lecturer on literary themes, discoursing to classes of women in drawing-rooms long before parlor lecturing by women to classes of women became common. For a number of years she held the professorship of literature in Smith College for Women at Northampton. She has written on many subjects and published numerous books of essays, a novel, and a system of labor-saving literature lessons. Miss Sanborn is the daughter of a Dartmouth College professor, and granddaughter of Daniel Webster's brother Ezekiel, the school-teacher. Brought up in the fresh-water college town and in the literary atmosphere of her father's home, and loving books, she turned naturally to literary work as her avocation. I am told that she earned her first money from her pen before she had reached her teens."

At Worcester, as our train rolled into the station and came to a standstill for a few moments, I remarked that this city was interesting as the birthplace of George Bancroft, the historian (born 1800—died 1891, in his ninety-first year). "He was the son," I related, "of the first minister of the Second Parish of Worcester,—the Rev. Dr. Aaron Bancroft,—who held this pastorate for more than half a century, till his death at eighty-four. The historian's Worcester life was only a boy's life, for he left home in his eleventh year to go to Phillips (Exeter) Academy, and remained there, through vacations as well as term time, till his entrance at Harvard College. Though never returning to his native place to live, he retained a love for it all through his eventful life, and in his latter

years in Washington selected it as his place of burial. The site of his birthplace, on Salisbury Street, is marked, and his grave in the Rural Cemetery is distinguished by a simple monument. His father, the minister, was a man of ripe scholarship, and Bancroft has been quoted as saying that he would have been an eminent historian if he had had material at his command. He published a *Life of Washington*, and a large number of volumes of sermons, one of which, 'On the Doctrines of the Gospels,' John Adams (who when a youth taught school and studied law in Worcester) commended in his old age with exuberant fancy as 'a chain of diamonds set in links of gold.'

From Worcester to Springfield was a long pull, and we beguiled the time with much gazing at the country landscapes from the car windows, and with a little talk about Bancroft's life between his college days and his coming to Northampton, where he began his history-writing.

In this talk I spoke of Bancroft's determination to devote himself to historical pursuits, formed when he was a student in the University of Göttingen, under the influence of the historian Heeren, to whom, of all his instructors there, he was most drawn. This professor's "Politics of Ancient Greece" he afterward translated and published on this side of the water. "But before he began actually to write on his history," I observed, "he had indulged his poetic fancy, and had published a thin volume of poems. He had also made translations of poems of Goethe, Schiller, and other German poets; and had published philosophical essays.

"He graduated from Harvard when he was only seventeen, and was immediately sent abroad for further study in Germany, a friend of his father providing the means, with the purpose especially of qualifying him for a college professorship. He studied first in the University of Göttingen and received his degree of Ph.D. before he reached his twentieth birthday. Soon after he went to Berlin, where he was well

received by Wilhelm von Humboldt and other scholars; and attended lectures on Biblical interpretation and Oriental languages. Later, at Heidelberg, he studied some time with the German historian Schlosser. Then followed a season of extended travel on the continent, when he made the acquaintance of the Italian poet Manzoni, Alexander von Humboldt, and Byron, visiting the latter at Monte Nero. At Weimar he visited Goethe, with whom he had first become acquainted during his student days at Göttingen. Thus cultivated by wide study, travel, and contact with scholars, he returned to America, and took up the teaching of Greek as a tutor in Harvard College. A year later he removed to Northampton, and, in association with his friend Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell (afterward the distinguished superintendent of the Astor Library, New York), established the famous Round Hill School for boys, meanwhile getting his 'History of the United States' under way."

Arrived at Springfield, we dined at the old Massasoit House, although it was early,—hardly the luncheon hour, indeed,—in order to follow the custom of the old days, I explained to Percy, when "dinner at the Massasoit" was a feature of the journey over the railroad, looked forward to by "through passengers" with pleasant anticipations. Then we engaged a carriage and enjoyed a drive over the beautiful city, our route so planned as to include the United States Arsenal which inspired Longfellow's poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," and the grave of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland (born in Belchertown, Mass., 1819—died in New York City, 1881), editor, poet, essayist, and novelist.

Along the way the story of Longfellow's poem was recalled. When on the wedding journey with his second wife, in the summer of 1843, they visited the Arsenal among other places of interest in this city. With them was Charles Sumner. While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant who was showing them about that the money expended

upon the weapons of war here would have been better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ the shining gun-barrels ranged against the walls looked, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she afterward wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." [The poem in which the ideas of Mrs. Longfellow and Sumner were blended was written some months later.

Holland's grave was seen in the Springfield Cemetery amid beautiful trees. The granite monument, which marks it, bears



DR. JOSIAH G. HOLLAND.

on its face a bronze medallion of him—an excellent likeness—and beneath this, his name and dates, with these words quoted from his will: "For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." The paragraph from which the sentence is taken expressed his gratitude for the blessings he had enjoyed. "I am thankful," it ran, "for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart, I have forgiven all my enemies." Then follow the words quoted.

"Holland," I said, "began his literary career in Springfield, and here met his first successes. He was educated for a doctor, and practiced a little, but the years before he took up the pen professionally were devoted largely to school-teaching, the latter part of the time in the South, in Richmond and Vicksburg.

His literary career really began with his connection with the *Springfield Republican*, as associate editor of that paper, being engaged by Samuel Bowles, its then young chief, upon his return from the South. He had previously sent the *Republican* some 'Sketches of Plantation Life,' which he had written while in Vicksburg, and had earlier edited a country paper.

"Two years after he joined Mr. Bowles, Holland bought an interest in the *Republican*, and his intimate association with it extended through seventeen years. During this period the work was done which made his name familiar in thousands of American homes. His earliest writings, which began to appear in book form in the mid-fifties, were first published in the columns of the *Republican*. The 'Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People,' familiar talk over the conduct of life and on home topics, sprang from a suggestion of his chief. Holland had been writing a series on social topics, when Mr. Bowles suggested trying his hand at other series in a similar vein. 'Without premeditation,' he afterward said, 'I made a dash at another line of subjects, and wrote that forenoon the first of the Timothy Titcomb Letters.' They ran through many issues of the paper, growing steadily in popularity; and when they were brought out between covers in 1858, they established Holland's reputation with the average American reader whom he particularly addressed. His first work of fiction, 'The Bay Path,' set in the time of colonial Springfield, also first ran through the *Republican* as a serial; then 'Gold Foil'; and later the second series of Titcomb papers, 'Letters to the Joneses.'

"Holland's editorial writings were often short lay sermons, and he has been called the pioneer in using the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. He was a writer rather than an editor. Bowles was a born editor. The two supplemented each other.

"'Bitter Sweet' was Holland's first extended poem. This, more, perhaps, than any of his other writings, gave him his lit-

erary rank. It appeared in 1858, the same year that the first 'Timothy Titcomb' book came out. Lowell called it as genuine a product of the New England soil as a golden rod or an aster. It was reproduced in succeeding years in illustrated editions, and had a long vogue. 'Miss Gilbert's Career,' his third novel, published in 1860, was written in his cottage on High Street. 'Kathrina,' his second narrative poem (1867), was written



SAMUEL BOWLES, the Independent Editor.

at 'Brightwood,' the later Springfield home that he built for himself as he was growing prosperous. This was pleasantly placed a mile north of the business center of the city. The house was fashioned after his own ideas, and set in rural grounds, picturesque with tall pines, lawns, a brook, and rustic bridges. 'Brightwood' is now a station on the Connecticut River railway line, by which we are to continue our journey to Northampton.

"Holland's Springfield life practically closed in 1868, when he started off for his two years' travels abroad; for when he returned it was only to remove his home to New York, where he was engaged with Roswell Smith and the Messrs. Scribner in launching the first *Scribner's Magazine*. He was the editor of the first *Scribner's* throughout its career, for after his death it was transformed into the present *Century*. In its pages his later novels — 'Seven Oaks,' 'Arthur Bonnicastle,' and 'Nicholas Minturn' — ran successively as serials."

The grave of Samuel Bowles (born in Springfield, 1826 — died there, 1878), the pioneer, independent editor, was also seen in this cemetery; and "down town" we saw his best monument in the home of the still independent newspaper which he created.

On our way through the present business parts, the site of the Springfield home of George Bancroft was indicated. Here the historian lived from two to three years, moving over from Northampton in 1835. During this period he was engaged upon his history, and took part in politics on the Democratic side.

We left for Northampton by a mid-afternoon train. It was a little journey and a pleasant one, occupying about half an hour. At Chicopee Junction allusion was made to the home of Edward Bellamy (born in Chicopee Falls, 1850 — died there, 1898), in the Chicopee Falls section of the city of Chicopee. Here Bellamy wrote his Utopian "Looking Backward: 2000-1887," which carried his name round the world. Percy suggested a side-visit to this landmark, but I contented him with a photograph of it which I produced from my black bag. The house, I told him, was pleasantly situated on Church Street, one of the principal streets of Chicopee Falls. It had been the home of Bellamy's father before him, a Baptist clergyman long settled in the village.

Then we talked of Bellamy's personality and his work. "He was of clerical lineage on both sides," I remarked. "Among his paternal ancestors was Dr. Joseph Bellamy (born 1719 — died 1790), a native of Connecticut, minister for fifty years of the church in Bethlehem, that state, and author of several weighty theological works. His maternal grandfather was a minister settled many years in Springfield, — the Rev. Benjamin Putnam. The religious trait which he thus inherited marked his social views with a strongly anti-materialistic and spiritual cast, as his friend Sylvester Baxter notes in his tribute

to him, which prefaces the memorial edition of 'Looking Backward.' This cast appeared more conspicuously in his later work. His earlier productions consisted of romances and stories, written apparently in the vein of the author aiming rather to entertain than to reform the world.

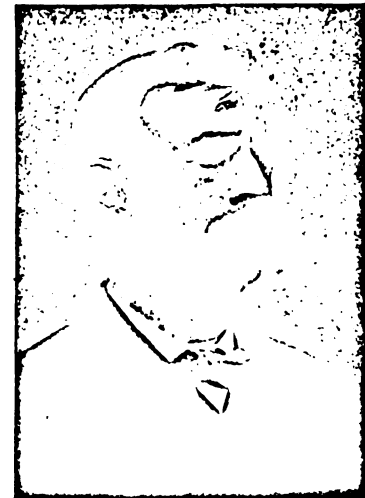
"'Looking Backward,' too, was at first received as only the clever fancy of a clever writer. But when its scheme was once comprehended, and it was understood that, instead of a fanciful romance merely, it was, to quote Bellamy's own words, 'In-



HOME OF EDWARD BELLAMY.

tended in all seriousness as a forecast, in accordance with the principles of evolution, of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country,' it became the most popular book of its kind, bounding into a great circulation in a short time. Within ten years of its first appearance, in 1888, nearly a million copies had been sold in this country and in England, while translations had been brought out in French, German, Italian, Russian, Arabic, Bulgarian, and other languages and dialects. Through this book Bellamy became the recognized spokesman of 'nationalism.' His theories

were further advanced through *The New Nation*, a weekly journal which he started in Boston, and conducted for a few years, and in his last work, 'Equality.' Of his other books, 'Miss Ludington's Secret: a Romance of Immortality,' brought out before 'Looking Backward,' and 'Dr. Heidenhoff's Process,' had the largest popularity. Howells, in his prefatory notes to the posthumous volume of Bellamy's shorter stories, 'The Blindman's World,' concludes that 'one cannot acquaint one's self with his merely artistic work, and not be sensible that in Edward Bellamy we were rich in a romantic imagination surpassed only by that of Hawthorne.' The 'Duke of Stockbridge,' a romance of Shay's Rebellion of 1786, his later posthumous volume, published in 1900, displays the same touch that is observed in the book of stories. It is, moreover, as an historical novel, exceptional in that it follows the real facts of history. These were ascertained through careful research among the documents bearing on the episode, and family traditions of western Massachusetts, — the Berkshire hills country toward which we are bound, — the scene of the farmers' 'rebellion.' This romance was written before 'Looking Backward,' and published as a serial in a local newspaper, but Bellamy withheld it temporarily from book-form while 'Looking Backward' was performing its mission. Shortly before his death he had determined to bring it out.



EDWARD BELLAMY.

"Bellamy was trained for the law, and was admitted to the bar; but he never practiced. He chose instead literature for a vocation, with journalism as a way to it. He was educated in Union College, Schenectady, New York, and abroad, in Germany. Never robust, he died of consumption, after a season in Colorado vainly seeking cure of his malady. He was a gentle, lovable reformer, shrinking from notoriety or blatant leadership."

In the "Meadow City," as Northampton has picturesquely been called, the landmarks we had come to visit were all within



THE OLD JONATHAN EDWARDS HOUSE, NORTHAMPTON.

the compass of easy and charming walks. The little tree-embowered city itself, set upon the hill slopes and bluffs above the river, called forth expressions of admiration from Percy; and he declared that these authors selected well, when I observed that Henry Ward Beecher took it for "Norwood," the scene of his New England story, and Holland chose it for the opening scene of his "Kathrina":—

"Queen village of the meads
Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned,
With jeweled homes around her lifted brow
And coronal of ancient trees:
Northampton sits, and rules her pleasant realm."

First of all we visited the landmarks of Jonathan Edwards (born in East Windsor, Conn., 1703—died in Princeton, N.J., 1758), the great eighteenth century metaphysician, who has been called "the last and finest product of the old Puritanism of America." On old King Street, but a short distance from the station, we saw the site of his home, under the shadow of the venerable survivor of the two elms which tradition says he planted. Then, entering the First Congregational Church, nearby on Main Street, the successor of the meeting-house in which he preached, his figure in relief on a bronze tablet framed in oak was seen, with this inscription:

"In memory of
Jonathan Edwards
minister of Northampton
From Feb. 15, 1727 to June 22, 1750.
The law of truth was in his mouth and
unrighteousness was not found in his lips.
He walked with me in peace and uprightness
And did turn many away from iniquity."

This memorial was placed only two years ago (in June, 1900) on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Edwards's dismissal from the Northampton church. Its erection was intended, we were told, not as a reflection upon that act, but as a tribute to the intellectual powers and the far-reaching moral influence of Edwards.

"He that would know the workings of the New England mind in the middle of the [eighteenth] century and the throbbings of its heart, must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards," I quoted from Bancroft as we contemplated the fine, expressive face of the figure. Percy said with a smile that he couldn't give quite so much time as that to this one study, but he would endeavor to comprehend its significance if he could have an outline of Edwards's story. In furnishing this I could do no better than to paraphrase Oliver Wendell

Holmes's sketch of the divine, with some added notes of more detailed biography, in effect as follows.

"He came of a line of ministers, and his ancestors had 'fed on sermons so long that he must have been born with scriptural texts lying latent in his embryonic thinking-marrow like the undeveloped picture in a film of collodion.' His father, the



MEMORIAL TABLET TO JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Rev. Timothy Edwards, was minister of East Windsor, Connecticut, for sixty-four years, and noted as a scholar. His maternal grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, was his predecessor in the Northampton church, and was also a scholar of standing. He was bred in the Connecticut minister's home, in a town where religious revivals were of remarkable frequency. During one of these, when he was a boy of seven or eight, he built a booth in a retired spot outdoors, for secret prayer with some of his little schoolmates. His mother, described as a woman of superior force

of understanding and refinement, chiefly found him in brains.

"At six he was studying Latin with his father. At thirteen he was a student at Yale College. He graduated with the highest honors, receiving almost the sole and accumulated honors awarded to his class. He remained at the college two years

longer to study theology. In his nineteenth year he began to preach. Before he was twenty he compiled a series of seventy resolutions as the guiding principles of his life, and it was his custom ever after to read these over once a day. Among them were resolves 'to live with all my might while I do live'; 'in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity'; 'that I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned.' After a brief period of preaching, first in New York, he returned to Yale and spent two years more there as tutor. Then his Northampton ministry began, as colleague of his then venerable grandfather. Upon Mr. Stoddard's death in 1729, he became sole pastor.

"He was a constant student and a prodigious reader. It was his habit to read with pen in hand, to think and write as he read. It was not unusual for him to devote nearly two-thirds of the day to study. His favorite exercise was horseback riding. He always carried pen and paper with him, and often dismounted to write down the thoughts which came to him. He was by nature a poet and a philosopher. In his youthful 'meditations' was this passage:—

"'The soul of a true Christian appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrant; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun.'

"But the most exquisite thing from his pen was his description, when a youth of twenty, of the maid of thirteen who afterward became his wife, reminding the reader of Dante's when he first saw Beatrice:—

"'They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes

to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him—that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world, and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him and to be ravished with his love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have someone invisible always conversing with her.'

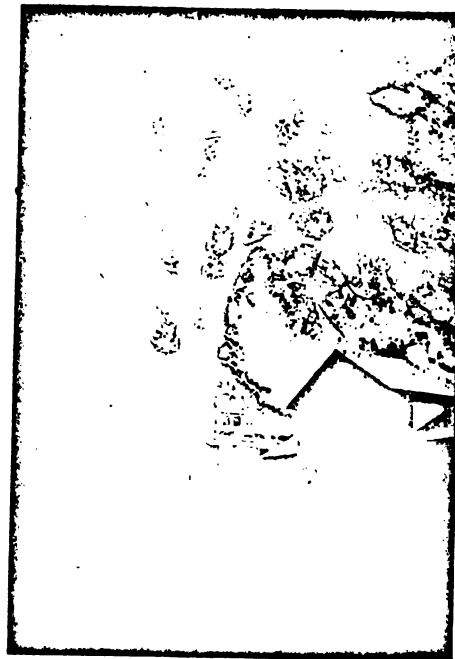
"She was Sarah Pierrepont, daughter of a clergyman, one of the founders of Yale College. They were married in Edwards's first summer at Northampton, when she was eighteen, and it proved an ideal union.

"Two great revivals happened during Edwards's ministry here, one in 1735, the other in 1740, of both of which he published accounts, written probably in his house on King Street. One of them, entitled, 'A Narrative of Surprising Conversions,' was reprinted in England with a preface by Dr. Watts. His preaching was largely devoted to an awakening of religious zeal and the highest standard of morals. His 'faith in the literal inspiration of the Old and the New Testaments was implicit; it was built on texts as Venice and Amsterdam are built on piles. He was surrounded with believers like himself who held the doctrines of Calvinism in all their rigor. But on the other hand, he saw the strongholds of his position threatened by the gradual approach or the actual invasion of laxer teachings and practices, so that he found himself, as he thought, forced into active hostilities, and soon learned his

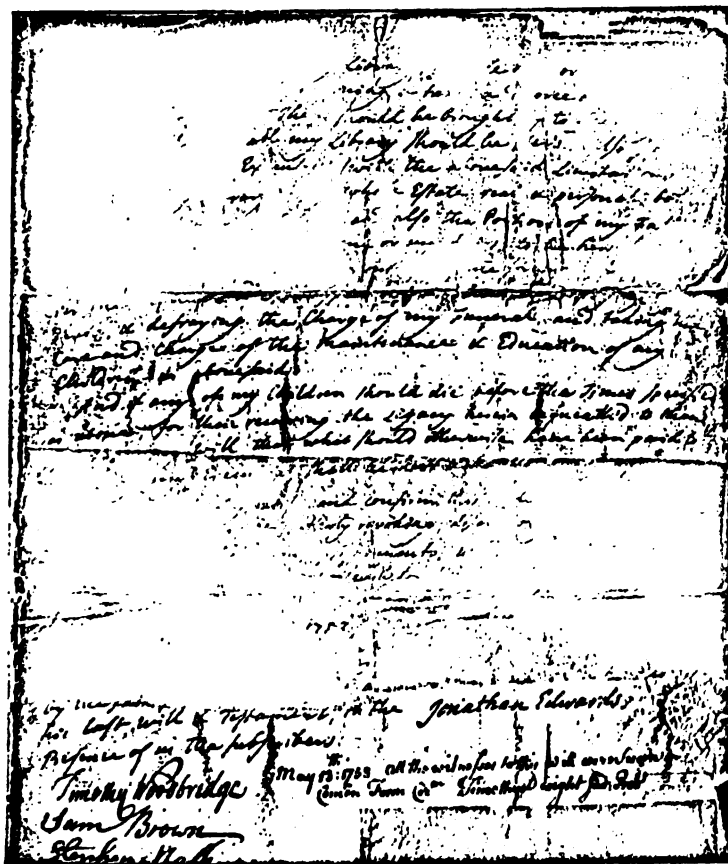
strength as a combatant, and felt the stern delight of the warrior as champion of the church militant.'

"The catastrophe at length came, impelled by his efforts to discipline the young people of his flock, among whom evil ways had crept, and by the excitement occasioned by prominent families from fear of exposure. It culminated finally over the question of the admission of unconverted persons to the communion table, against which he declared himself, reversing the practice maintained by his predecessor. There was much controversial correspondence; public meetings were held by the townspeople; an ecclesiastical council deliberated on the issue and pronounced the minister's dismissal; and the church ratified it by an overwhelming vote.

"Thus cast out after a service of twenty-four years, Jonathan Edwards went to Stockbridge, where he was minister of that town, and a missionary to the Indians for six years.



THE EDWARDS ELM.



FACSIMILE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS'S WILL.

While living in Stockbridge he wrote his famous 'Essay on the Freedom of the Will,' published in 1754, through which came his widest reputation with metaphysicians. On the death of President Aaron Burr of Princeton College, his son-in-law and

father of Aaron Burr, he was chosen to succeed him. He was installed in January, 1758, and only a few months later he died from a fever following inoculation for the smallpox, then prevailing in the college town. Shortly before his father had died at the age of eighty-nine. A fortnight after his own death his daughter, the widow of President Burr, died; and about six months later his widow followed him to the grave.

"Dr. Holmes reminds us that of all the scholars and philosophers that America produced before the beginning of the nineteenth century, only Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards established a considerable and permanent reputation in the world of European thought.

"Jonathan and Sarah Pierrepont Edwards reared a family of ten children. One son, Pierrepont, became Judge of the United States Circuit Court for Connecticut, and his son became a governor of the state. Another of their sons, Jonathan Edwards 2d, was the second president of Union College, Schenectady, New York. One of their daughters, as we have seen, was the wife of a college president. Another was the mother of one, — Timothy Dwight (born in Northampton, 1752 — died in New Haven, 1817), eighth president of Yale College, 1797–1817. Timothy Dwight's father was a graduate of Yale, and afterward a merchant in this town. From his mother he received his early education at home. Like his grandfather Edwards, he entered Yale at thirteen, and a few years after his graduation became a tutor there. While a tutor he began his long poem of the 'Conquest of Canaan,' published after the Revolution, over which the critics made merry because of its 'epic failures.' His more famous Revolutionary song of 'Columbia,' with its opening lines —

" 'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies! '—

was written when he was a chaplain in the army.

"Timothy Dwight was an uncle of Theodore Dwight Wool-

sey (born in New York, 1801 — died in New Haven, Conn., 1881), tenth president of Yale, 1846-1871, the latter's mother being President Dwight's sister. His son, Sereno Edwards Dwight (born in Greenfield Hill, Conn., 1786 — died in Philadelphia, Penn., 1850), the editor of Jonathan Edwards's works and his first biographer, was president of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, 1833-1835. Timothy Dwight's brother,



SOPHIA SMITH, FOUNDER OF SMITH COLLEGE.

Theodore Dwight (born 1765 — died 1846), also a native of this town, was an essayist, political writer, and editor; and his son, Theodore Dwight, was the historian of Connecticut."

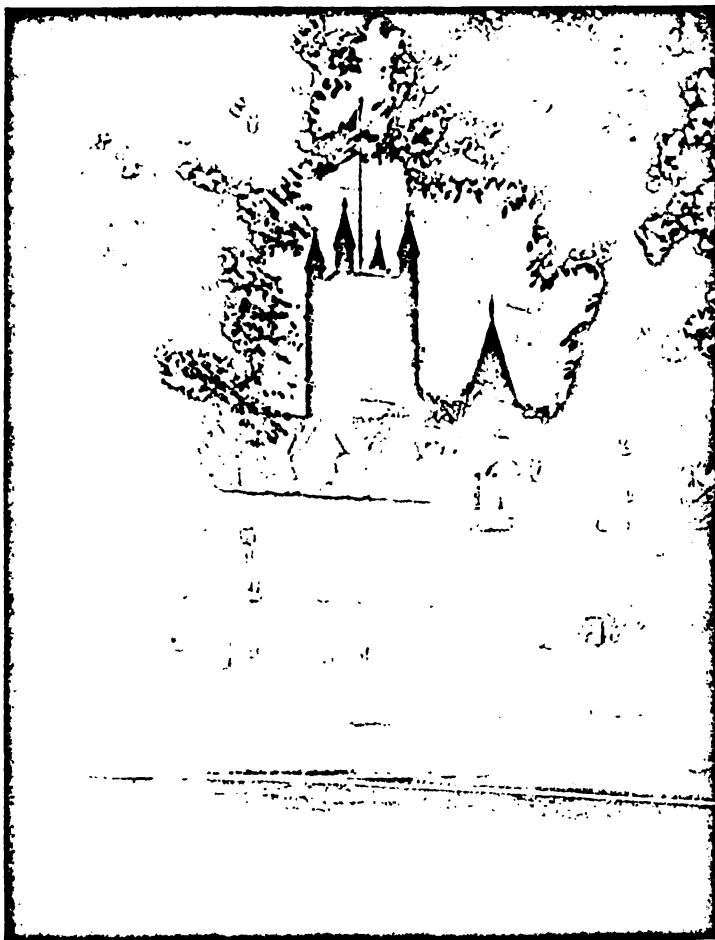
In the Forbes Library, where we next called, we saw an interesting manuscript letter of Jonathan Edwards's, written in 1740 to the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College, but at that time minister of

Lebanon, Connecticut. It refers to an approaching visit to Northampton of George Whitefield, the English revivalist.

The beautiful grounds of Smith College (dating from 1871) being close at hand, we strolled over the shaded paths, and by the building and "cottages" which constitute this fine institution established through the noble liberality of a single woman, — Miss Sophia Smith of the neighboring town of Hatfield, who

gave the bulk of her large fortune for its foundation. Then we bent our steps up Round Hill, where Bancroft and Cogswell had their ideal Round Hill School for boys three-quarters of a century ago. They were well-favored boys who found instruction here, mixed judiciously with recreation, — a novel feature then, for the Round Hill School was one of the earliest to include wholesome training of the body with the culture of the mind. The school was modeled after foreign boys' schools, particularly German, which the two literary principals had observed during their travels abroad; and it aimed, above all, to make true gentlemen. It continued for nearly ten years, 1823-1832. Although successful for the first half of its existence, it ended with a loss to its projectors. In the roll of Round Hill pupils were a number of boys whose names in after years became known in the world. They came from all parts of the country, many from the Southern States; and others were from Mexico, Brazil, and the West Indies. Like the boys of the famous English schools, they wore a uniform costume; and Percy imagined their appearance as they gamboled over the hill or strolled about the village, each clad in 'roundabout' and trousers of blue-gray broadcloth with bright buttons, and waistcoat of light blue kerseymere; or in the summer uniform of blue nankeen, or the holiday suit of blue silk or bombazine roundabout or coat, white jacket, and trousers of drill or marseilles.

Reverting to Bancroft, I remarked, "He withdrew from the school two years before the end, and devoted himself more sedulously to the writing of his history. He was enabled to see the first volume published in 1834, while Northampton was still his home. The year after his removal to Springfield he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated at the polls. Two years later he removed to Boston, when Van Buren appointed him collector of that port. It was under him that Hawthorne held his place as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House. Both went out with the incoming of the



A GLIMPSE OF SMITH COLLEGE.

Whigs in 1841. Bancroft, however, continued his political activity, and was returned to office with the opening of Polk's administration in 1845, meanwhile having stood the year before as the candidate of the Democratic minority in Massachusetts for governor. He was in Polk's cabinet as secretary of the navy till the autumn of 1846, when he was appointed minister to England, in which position he remained through Polk's administration. While in this service he prosecuted his historical researches in the government archives in London and Paris. Upon his return to this country he took up his residence in New York City, spending the summers and autumns at his country seat in Newport, where, as the years went on, his beautiful garden of roses developed. During the latter part of his long life his winter home was in Washington."

Our day now closing, we sought our hotel, and after a late supper and a quiet evening we retired, reserving for the next morning a stroll to the neighborhood of the home of George W. Cable (born in New Orleans, La., 1844 —), with which this pilgrimage was to finish.

The morning's walk to "Tarryawhile," as Cable hospitably calls his pleasant seat, was made before the sun had scarcely more than risen. It took us toward "Paradise," a region of woods and river winding for a mile from town to country, so named by Jenny Lind, who was moved by its beauty as she saw it when visiting Northampton years ago. The way lay down "Paradise Road," through "the Glen," and along "Dryad's Green," on the bluffs above Mile River.

"Tarryawhile" we found to be one of a succession of homes on the nearly level surface of the bluffs, "whose well-ordered lawns merge by pleasant gradations into the freer graces of the woods." The house in design and arrangement pleased Percy's eye. The broad entrance porch opens upon a hall of stately proportions, with tall pillars giving to it a Southern

air, and furnishings in bright hues. The library, the parlor, and the dining-room wear the same cheerful aspect. From the dining-room one may step out through the low French windows upon the beautiful grounds, stretching back to the bluff which slants abruptly to the river. Here are giant pines, fine oaks and elms, shrubs and flowers. Several of the younger trees were planted at various times by Mr. Cable's literary visitors, and each tree, we were told, is called by its planter's name. In the thick of a grove is the "den," Mr. Cable's retired study,



GEORGE W. CABLE.

a little house of rough stone and shingles, and attractively fashioned interior, with broad fireplace, deep window-seats, and the writing-table so placed as to receive the best light.

Percy was interested to know which of Cable's novels were written at "Tarryawhile." All published during the past fifteen years were sent out from Northampton, he was told. Cable established his home here in 1886. From his mother, who was a New-

Englander, he inherited a love for the Northern country, while through his father, a Southerner, he is devotedly attached to the South. Although he has planted himself so firmly in the North, fixing his home for the remainder of his life here, he is quite as much a Southerner to-day as he ever has been, "feeling with the South in most things, especially things artistic," he has been quoted as saying. "His place in our literature," I ventured, "is as the master writer of the purely Creole story.

"His reputation came instantaneously with his first novel,

'Old Creole Days.' When that was running as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly*—Dr. Holland's *Scribner's*—in 1879, his name was unknown in literature. He was then a clerk in a cotton house in New Orleans, and had written his story at odd moments in his leisure hours. He had been a New Orleans newspaper reporter for a few months; before that, a civil engineer, self-taught; earlier, a clerk in a mercantile house, having begun work at fourteen, when his father died leaving the family in narrow circumstances. He had served in the Confederate army as a private in a Mississippi cavalry company, during the Civil War. He got his education in New Orleans schools, and through studies which he pursued after he had begun to work. In camp, when a soldier, he studied Latin and mathematics. While a clerk he read English literature, composed somewhat, and studied various subjects.

"The success of 'Old Creole Days' determined him to abandon trade and take up writing as a profession. 'The Grandissimes' appeared soon after 'Old Creole Days'; then followed those masterpieces 'Madame Delphine,' 'Dr. Sevier,' and the rest. His 'History of New Orleans' and 'The Silent South' are among his few works outside the class of fiction. In his 'John March, Southerner' one or two of the scenes are set in the neighborhood of 'Tarryawhile.' He produces slowly and carefully, letting only his most finished work pass from his hands to the printer. He writes always in the forenoon hours."

Returned from "Paradise," and again at the railway station, we took train connecting with an early "express" on the Boston and Albany for Pittsfield.

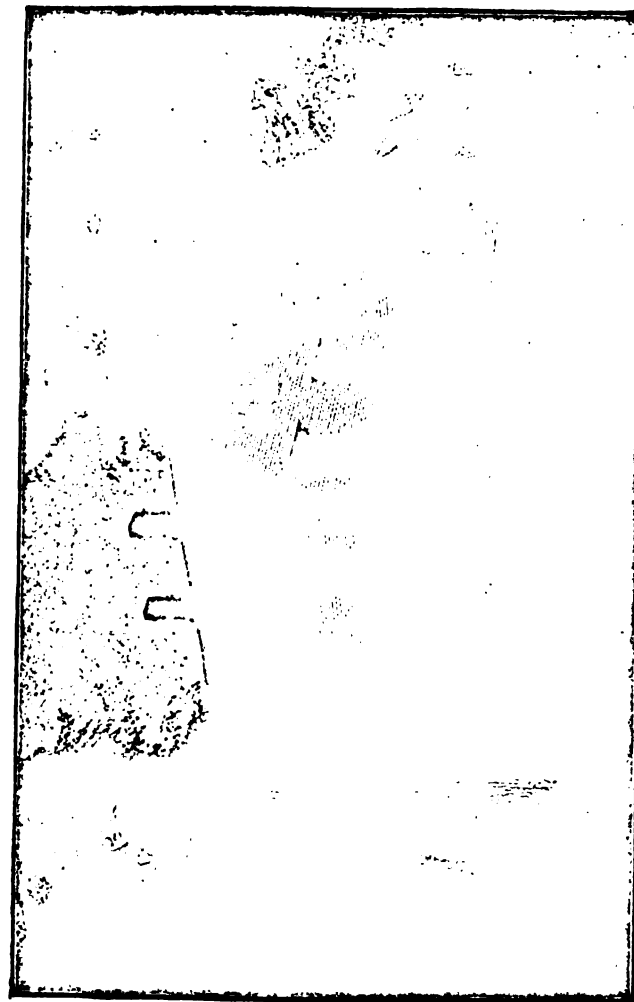
XXI.

AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

Pittsfield. — Birthplace of William Allen, maker of the first American biographical dictionary. — The former Gold mansion, scene of "The Old Clock on the Stairs." — Holmes's ancestral country seat. — Scenes of "Elsie Venner." — "The Plowman." — The original "One Hoss Shay." — "Broadhall." — The two Majors Melville. — Herman Melville and Hawthorne. — Melville's sea stories. — Lenox. — Catherine M. Sedgwick's stories. — Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school and some of her pupils. — Maria Cumminga, author of "The Lamplighter." — Frances Anne Kemble. — Hawthorne in the "little red cottage." — Stockbridge. — "Edwards Hall." — Jonathan Edwards's life here. — The Sedgwick mansion and the Sedgwick family. — The famous brothers Field. — Birthplace of Mark Hopkins. — Great Barrington. — Scenes of Bryant's favorite poems. — The poet's earlier life in Cummington. — A glance at Sheffield.

In Pittsfield we were in the heart of the Berkshires and of the region of their chief literary landmarks. Most of these, I remarked as we stepped from the train, are to be found in this beautiful hill city and within an afternoon or a day's ride from it over country roads. The route that we should follow would embrace Pittsfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, and Great Barrington.

I should have liked to include in our itinerary a visit to Cummington, the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, but this would necessitate a special journey to a single point, taking us quite out of our course. The little town lies, indeed, as Percy saw by the map which we had with us, outside of Berkshire, though close against the eastern edge of the hill country. It may best be reached from Dalton, the station on the railroad below Pittsfield. I promised to recall the poet's



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD, CUMMINGTON.

boyhood there when we should reach the Bryant homestead in Great Barrington, the place in which his young manhood was spent, and in and about which he found the inspiration and the themes for the poems which are counted among his best. Meanwhile I produced from my black bag a photograph of the Cummington homestead, showing its appearance on the occasion of the celebration of the poet's centenary in the summer of 1894.

Another interesting point beyond our reach, as our plans were arranged, was the town of Lanesborough, north of Pittsfield, whence came that philosophical humorist known as "Josh Billings," in private life Henry Wheeler Shaw (born 1818 — died at Monterey, Cal., 1885). There also in the early eighties, Horace E. Scudder had a literary workshop with Arthur Gilman, another author-editor of Cambridge, in a little schoolhouse near Constitution Hill, and there he wrote the Bodley Books.

We reached Pittsfield early in the afternoon, and luncheon at the Maplewood House first engaged us. That finished, we strolled about the pleasant, tree-lined streets of the neighborhood, visiting the nearest points of literary interest. In the Berkshire Athenæum we saw the desk upon which Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" while living in the "little red cottage" at Lenox. Near by the Athenæum was pointed out the birthplace of the Rev. William Allen (born 1784 — died in Northampton, 1868), compiler of the first biographical dictionary published in America, and president of Bowdoin College (1819-1839) when Longfellow, Hawthorne, and the Abbott brothers were students there. He was the assistant librarian of Harvard College when he began his dictionary and when the first edition was published in 1808. The second edition, much enlarged, came a quarter of a century after, during his presidency of Bowdoin.

Not far away we saw the house which was the scene of Longfellow's "The Old Clock on the Stairs," still standing

"somewhat back from the village street," with the "tall poplar-trees" throwing their shadows over it. The house is now the "Plunkett mansion," and within the ancient clock occupies its old station half-way up the hall stairs. At the time of the writing of the poem it was the "Gold house," homestead of Mrs. Longfellow's maternal grandfather. Thomas Gold was a leading lawyer in Pittsfield, and a man of wide influences. It was during his occupancy, as the poem relates, that —

"In that mansion, used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
'Forever — never,
Never . . . forever.'"

"You will recall," I reminded Percy, "that the wedding journey of the Longfellows in the summer of 1843, to which we alluded in Springfield, included a visit to Mrs. Longfellow's relatives here. The idea of the poem was evidently suggested to the poet at that time; but he did not write it till the early winter of 1845, when at home in Cambridge. In his diary appears this note, under date of Nov. 12, that year: 'Began a poem on a clock with the words "Forever, never" as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity — "*C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, — Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effrayables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est-il?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Eternité!'*"' "

Returning to the hotel we engaged a carriage for the drive over to Lenox, and thence to Stockbridge. To Lenox it is six miles by the direct road; but as we traveled, with occasional excursions into by-ways, it was somewhat longer.

First we drove to Oliver Wendell Holmes's ancestral country seat, "Cance Meadow," where, and in the neighboring South Mountain, were laid scenes of "Elsie Venner." We had Dr. Holmes's own account of its history in this extract from a letter given by his biographer, Morse:

"The place in which I lived during seven summers, 1849-1856, was in Pittsfield on the road leading to Lenox. The place contained two hundred and eighty acres, and was the residue of a section six miles square bought of the State—or Province, more properly—by my great-grandfather, Jacob Wendell. The Province held it directly from the Indians. All of the present town of Pittsfield, except one thousand acres, was the property of my great-grandfather, whose deed used to hang in the entry of my house. It was dated in 1788."

Dr. Holmes built the house in which he passed those "seven blessed summers," which afterward stood in his memory "like the seven golden candlesticks in the beatific vision of the holy dreamer." The trees also about the place were almost all of his planting. "Look at them," he wrote a friend who had fixed his summer home in Pittsfield years after, "look at them as you pass my old place, and see how much better I have deserved the gratitude of posterity than the imbecile who only accomplished a single extra blade of grass!" In "Elsie Venner" he wrote, "From these windows at Cance Meadow among the mountains we could see all summer long a lion rampant, a Shanghai chicken, and General Jackson on horseback, done by Nature in green leaves, each with a single tree." This tree was the "glorious Pine" still standing on the estate. The old place long ago passed into other hands, but its features are well preserved, while it retains a flavor of the Autocrat in its present name of "Holmesdale." During his first summer here Dr. Holmes wrote and read his poem "The Plowman," for the country cattle show. The following season he wrote the poem for the dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, in which is pictured the lovely scenery of the region:

Spirit of Beauty! let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.

Come from the forest where the beech's screen
Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of green;
Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy plains,
Stanch the deep wound that dries the maple's veins.

Come with the stream whose silver-braided rills
Fling their unclaspings bracelets from the hills,
Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs.

Come from the steeps where look majestic forth
From their twin thrones the Giants of the North
On the huge shapes, that, crouching at their knees,
Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees.
Through the wide waste of ether, not in vain,
Their softened gaze shall reach our distant plain;
There, while the mourner turns his aching eyes
On the blue mounds that print the bluer skies,
Nature shall whisper that the fading view
Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly hue."

The stream is the beautiful Housatonic; the Giants of the North are the double peaks of Graylock.

Judge Oliver Wendell, Dr. Holmes's grandfather, was a summer resident here before the Doctor, and his chaise was the original of "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

Some distance below was the old Melville Farm where Longfellow spent his summer vacation in 1848, and thought out "Kavanagh." Then, as he pictured the place in his diary, was here "a fine old house, with broad, echoing hall, built by a Dutchman, Henry Van Schaack of Kinderhook, some seventy or eighty years ago; . . . a quaint portico in front, and elms, and sycamores; and in the rear, a kind of stoop, or verandah, with blinds, for smoking." "This was 'Broadhall,'" I explained, "formerly the Major Melville place. The Dutchman who built the house, in 1781, was a loyalist, and came to Pittsfield when he was hurried out of New York, in Revolutionary

times. The Melville who gave it its later name, was Major Thomas Melville, Jr., a son of Major Melville of Boston, the original of Holmes's 'The Last Leaf.' This first Major Melville had been one of the 'Boston Tea Party,' and was a soldier of the Revolution. He was the last of the 'cocked hats' in Boston; that is, the last to adhere to the old fashion of small clothes, shoe buckles, and three-cornered hat. The second Major Melville came to Pittsfield during the War of 1812, assigned to the charge of the commissary department of the



HERMAN MELVILLE.

military station then established here. He purchased Broadhall shortly after the close of the war, and settled down to a peaceful agricultural life. Some years after the Major's day Broadhall became a summer boarding place, favored mostly by literary folk. Holmes spent one season here. Other guests included Charles Sumner, Catherine M. Sedgwick, and Herman Melville, nephew of the second and grandson of the first Major.

"The later home of Herman Melville (born in New York, 1819—died there, 1891) was about a quarter of a mile southwest of Broadhall. It was given the name of 'Arrowhead' from the numerous Indian relics found about the place. The site was chosen because of its beauty, commanding a fine view of Graylock Peak and the nearer hills.

"Melville came here to live," I continued, passing to his story, "in 1850, when his fame was fresh, 'Typee,' his first book, still being widely read, and 'White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-War,' just out. Arrowhead remained his home for

thirteen years, the period of his best literary work. Here he wrote 'Moby Dick, or the White Whale,' 'Pierre,' 'Israel Potter,' the 'Piazza Tales,' written on his piazza looking out upon the hills, and 'October Mountain,' named for the neighboring hill.

"He became Hawthorne's most intimate friend while the romancer was at Lenox. To him is given the credit of having first discovered to the world the quality of the 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, the Pittsfield author of to-day (the biographer of Dr. Holland, from whom we have quoted), has pleasantly recalled the circumstance. Melville read the book for the first time the year that Hawthorne came to Lenox, when it had been out four years; and thereupon, with the 'wild witch-voice' of the author ringing in him, he made it the subject of a fervid philosophical essay for the *Literary World* of New York, then the most authoritative literary journal of the country, published by the Duyckincks. Summing up with a commendation of Hawthorne to American readers as an excellent author of their own flesh and blood, 'an unimitating, and perhaps in his own way an inimitable, man,' in his enthusiasm he wrote:—

"The smell of your beeches and hemlocks is upon him; your own broad prairies are in his soul. Give not over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging him for what he is; and by confessing him you brace the whole brotherhood. For genius all over the world stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round. There are things in the 'Twice Told Tales' and 'The Scarlet Letter' which had they been written in England a century ago, Hawthorne had utterly displaced many of the bright names we now revere on authority."

The publication of this review in the acknowledged arbiter of literary claims created a profound sensation among discriminating readers, says Mrs. Plunkett, and straightway the 'Mosses' climbed to four thousand.

"Melville, like Hawthorne, was reserved and shy. Though

drawn to each other from their first introduction, the two came together intimately only through a chance close association. As J. E. A. Smith, 'the poet of Pittsfield' and its historian, has related, one day both were guests at a picnic excursion originated by some of the resident literati. A thunderstorm coming up, they were compelled to take shelter in a recess of Monument Mountain. This enforced proximity lasted more than two hours, and their intercourse, which grew familiar as the time wore on, did the work. An enduring friendship between them was thus laid. It lasted to the end of Hawthorne's life; and one of the most cherished treasures of the Melville family are several first editions of Hawthorne's books inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Melville by Hawthorne and his wife."

Reverting to Melville's career, I remarked, "Its beginning was romantic. When a boy the tales of adventure told him by his father, who was a merchant engaged in foreign trade, and by a sea-faring uncle, inspired in him a love for the sailor's life; and in his eighteenth year he shipped as cabin-boy on a Liverpool packet. Upon his return home he took up the more prosaic occupation of country school teaching. But the sea-fever was still on him, and this was heightened by reading Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' when that fascinating book first came out, in 1840. So he shipped again, this time on a New Bedford whaler bound for the Pacific whale-fishery.

"After a cruise of sixteen months the ship put in to the island of Noukahiva, in the Marquesas group of the South Pacific. Harsh treatment during the cruise tempted him and a shipmate, 'Toby,' to escape; they hid in a forest, and the ship sailed off without them. In attempting to reach the settlement of a peaceful tribe of natives they lost their way, and after three days of wandering in forest and over mountain range, they found themselves in the hostile Typee valley. Fortunately they had picked up a few words of the native language, and chancing to express friendly words, they were detained in 'indulgent captivity.' This lasted four months,

Melville meanwhile having lost sight of his mate. He had begun to despair of ever getting back to civilization, when a Sidney whaler appeared; and, after a brisk fight between the natives and a boat's crew which had come ashore, he was rescued. Taking a sailor's hand on this whaler, he was next landed at Tahiti of the Society Islands, on the very day that the French took possession of these islands. He tarried there awhile and then sailed for the Hawaiian group, where he remained several months, studying the islands and the people. In the autumn of 1843 he shipped as a seaman on the frigate *United States*, and started on his homeward way. A stay of some time was made by the frigate at one of the Peruvian ports, and finally, a year after the departure from the Sandwich Islands, Boston was reached.

"The book 'Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life during a Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas,' was a narrative of his adventure. It was told with such spirit and freshness and charm of style, and came at such an opportune time, when popular interest in the Pacific islands was first awakening, that it captivated the public. It was written during the winter following his return, in Lansingburg, New York, on the east bank of the Hudson, his boyhood home, where he had first taught school. Published simultaneously in New York and London, and receiving warm praise from both English and American critics, it established Melville's reputation instantly."

"Was the fate of his shipmate on the island ever known?"

"Yes. Curiously enough, Melville met him in New York, on Broadway, when 'Typee' was just out. He had escaped from the island in a no less dramatic way than Melville, after vain efforts to rejoin his mate. His story was made a supplementary chapter to a later edition of 'Typee.'

"Omoo: a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas,' giving a lively account of the experiences at Tahiti, followed the next year. Two years later 'Maidi, and a Voyage Thither,'

a philosophical romance, appeared; and the same year 'Redburn,' relating the 'sailor-boy confessions and reminiscences of the son of a gentleman in the merchant service.' Then followed 'White Jacket,' and the books written here in Pittsfield, of which 'Moby Dick' has been called the most dramatic and imaginative of all his works. In his later writings he was much given to speculative philosophy, and his popularity waned.

"The latter years of Melville's life were spent in New York, where he had a place in the Custom House which for a long time escaped the politicians. His retiring ha' grew upon him as he advanced in years, and he fought sh. of all publicity. Notwithstanding his remarkable adventures and his sea-faring life, there was nothing of the jovial, breezy air of the sailor about him. He had more the gentle carriage of the student, the manner of the man of books. He was more than Dana a pioneer of our sea-story writers, and in his best works set a pace not easy for his successors to follow. His picturesque style came through his excellent training in English composition, to which he showed an aptitude in his youth, and from his early reading of the masters of English literature. Melville married a daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, the year following the appearance of 'Typee,' which he dedicated to the chief justice."

Now in Lenox, we sought first the Lenox home of the Sedgwicks, — the author, Catherine Maria Sedgwick (born in Stockbridge, 1739 — died near Boston, 1869), her brother Charles, and Mrs. Charles. This home was a choice literary center in their day, bringing celebrity to the village long before it became renowned as a place of fashionable country seats. Their identification with Lenox, we were told, began in the twenties, when Charles and his wife moved over here from the Stockbridge home, Miss Sedgwick joining them in the early thirties. Here Miss Sedgwick wrote her later stories, "The

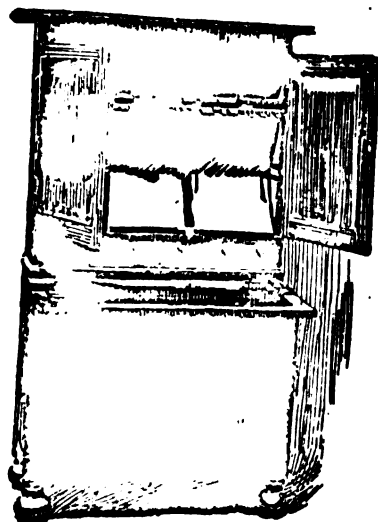
Linwoods," "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," "The Morals of Manners," "The Boy of Mt. Rhigi," "Married and Single," — those homely tales, mostly of rural New England life, with the scenes often set in these Berkshire Hills, which had a great vogue sixty and more years ago.

"Here also," I added, "was Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's 'school for young ladies,' as famous in its way as the 'Round Hill School' at Northampton, and longer lived, continuing from the twenties to the sixties. Among the earlier pupils were Harriet G. Hosmer, the sculptor; Charlotte Cushman, the actress; and Maria Cummins, author of 'The Lamp-lighter,' a simple domestic tale published in 1854, which won the popular heart and ran through successive editions, a total of seventy thousand copies, in less than a year. Mrs. Sedgwick wrote much for children, and her 'The Beatitudes' was especially popular. She was a frequent contributor to Lydia Maria Child's *Juvenile Miscellany*, a pioneer juvenile magazine flourishing in the twenties and thirties."

Near the home of the Sedgwicks, it was remarked in passing, was the summer place of Frances Anne Kemble, the actress-author, between whom and Miss Sedgwick a life-long friendship existed. Her home was in Lenox for more than thirty years, and her best work in prose and verse was done here.

Hawthorne's "little red cottage" was off the main thoroughfare, on a winding by-road, now a street bearing his name, on the edge of Stockbridge. We could see only its site, for the house burned down some years ago. It was a story-and-a-half cottage, painted red, not prepossessing, indeed Hawthorne called it an "ugly little house," but comfortable; while its situation, on a slope north of Lake Mahkeenac, — or Stockbridge Bowl, as Miss Sedgwick called it, — overlooking the valley of the Housatonic and surrounded by mountains, was superb. "Poor as the place was," I quoted from Lathrop's

sketch of Hawthorne, "it soon became invested by its occupants with something of a poetic atmosphere." Mrs. Hawthorne brightened the interior, and among other touches



HAWTHORNE'S DESK, USED IN THE "RED COTTAGE."

"ornamented an entire set of plain furniture, painted a dull yellow, with copies from Flaxman's outlines, executed with great perfection." The study, I added, was, as usual, an upstairs room. Here after the completion of "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne wrote the "Wonder Book," in the closing chapter of which fanciful allusion is made to his literary companions during the Lenox life; and I read this passage:—

"For my part, I wish I had Pegasus here, at this moment," said the student.

"I would mount him forthwith, and gallop about the country, within a circumference of a few miles, making literary calls on my brother-authors. Dr. Dewey [the Rev. Orville Dewey] would be within my reach, at the foot of Taconic [Mountain]. In Stockbridge, yonder, is Mr. James [G. P. R. James, the English novelist], conspicuous to all the world on his mountain-pile of history and romance. Longfellow, I believe, is not yet at the Ox-bow, else the winged horse would neigh at the sight of him. But here in Lenox, I should find our most truthful novelist, who has made the scenery and life of Berkshire all her own [Miss Sedgwick]. On the hither side of Pittsfield sits Herman Melville, shaping out the gigantic conception of his "White Whale," while the gigantic shape of Graylock looms upon him from his study-

window. Another bound of my flying steed would bring me to the door of Holmes, whom I mention last, because Pegasus would certainly unseat me, the next minute, and claim the poet as his rider."

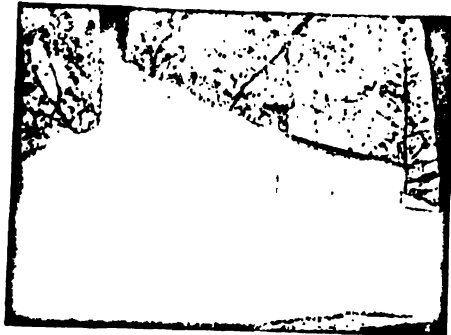
"Have we not an author for our next neighbor?" asked Primrose. "That silent man who lives in the old red house, near Tanglewood Avenue, and whom we sometimes meet with two children at his side, in the woods or at the lake [himself]. I think I have heard of his having written a poem, or a romance, or an arithmetic, or a school-history, or some other kind of a book."

"The Hawthornes lived here only a year and a half,—from the early summer of 1850 to December 1851," I remarked as we drove away from the picturesque spot. "They came to Lenox with two children, and left with three, for in May of the latter year the daughter Rose was born. She was the last of their children. She became the wife of George Parsons Lathrop (born in Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, 1851—died in New York City, 1898), author, and the editor of Hawthorne's collected works. Her 'Memories of Hawthorne,' composed of the letters of her mother interspersed with delicate biographical notes of her own, gives clearer and more intimate glimpses of the life of the romancer and his wife, than the more formal biography can afford."

Again on the main road, I indicated in a general way, with a sweep of the hand in a southeasterly direction, the locality of Henry Ward Beecher's Lenox summer home, the scenery about which he sketched or discoursed upon in his "Star Papers." This was on a hill toward the town of Lee, which afterward was called Beecher Hill.

We drove into Stockbridge as the sun was about setting, and the beauty of the town, lying in the river valley, nearly surrounded by mountains, enchanted Percy. We found its natural attractions much as Bryant first saw them as he passed through the town when coming from Cummington to Great Barrington to live, eighty-six years ago: except that the

foliage was green instead of golden. "I well remember," Bryant wrote half a century after, "as I passed through Stockbridge, how much I was struck by the beauty of the smooth green meadows on the borders of the lovely river which winds near the Sedgwick mansion, the Housatonic, and whose gently flowing waters seemed tinged with the gold and crimson of the trees which overhung them. I admired no less the contrast between this soft scene, and the steep craggy hills that overlooked it, clothed with their many colored forests." The meadows, the winding river, the overhanging



THE SEDGWICK MANSION HOUSE.

trees, the forest-clad hills above, were all here, while added charms were the bowery streets and pleasant mansions, round about the town center.

Our drive ended at the Red Lion Inn, which was to be our home for this

night. After refreshing ourselves with a late dinner we strolled out into the soft night air, and enjoyed an evening view of the embowered town.

The next morning we again made an early start, since for this day we had also arranged an extensive schedule.

Of the village landmarks, mainly of interest to us were "Edwards Hall," the Stockbridge home of Jonathan Edwards, and the Sedgwick mansion. Edwards Hall, we learned, was originally the home of John Sergeant, the predecessor of Edwards as missionary to the Indians, having been built for him in 1737, when Stockbridge was a sparsely settled frontier

town. When Edwards came in 1751, he erected an addition to the already capacious house, to make room for his growing family. His study was a closet, six by fifteen feet, built against the huge chimney, with one little window looking toward the west. The desk at which he wrote here is still preserved.

It was in this closet-study, with his scant working library near at hand, that he wrote besides the "Freedom of the Will," his "God's End in Creation," and "The Nature of Virtue." At the same time his missionary labors were conscientiously performed, and his regular preaching went on in the Stockbridge church. In these metaphysical speculations and clerical labors the good man was completely absorbed, while his efficient wife skilfully managed the temporal affairs of the steadily increasing household. In illustration of his preoccupation, I quoted the following incident related by the local historian. At one time as he was riding on horseback, he came to a pasture, inclosed by a gate, which was opened by a boy who respectfully lifted his hat. Asking the lad whose son he was, and being told, he thanked him and rode on. He returned not long after, and the boy, still at the gate, repeated the favor. The good minister, roused from his meditations by the act, thanked him, and again asked whose son he was. "Why, sir," the astonished lad replied, "I am the same man's son I was fifteen minutes ago."

The Sedgwick mansion, shaded by ancient lindens, is of the pattern of the New England mansion house of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, — spacious, square-roofed, with broad hall running through the middle, large rooms, high ceilings, carved cornices and mantels. "This was Catherine M. Sedgwick's home," I observed, "till her removal to Lenox; and accordingly here were written those earlier tales which established her name in the young American literature of the time. Before she began to write she had received an unusual mental training for a woman in her day. To her school educa-

tion, rounded out in 'young ladies' finishing schools' away from her home, was added the instruction gained from reading standard literature in her father's library. Hers was an exceptionally cultivated home. Her father, Judge Theodore Sedgwick, was a justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court from 1802



CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

till his death in 1813. Her eldest brother, Theodore, a Yale graduate of 1799, became an eminent member of the bar, and a writer on economics. Her second brother, Henry Dwight, graduating from Williams College, became a leading member of the New York bar, a frequent contributor to the *North American Review*, and a *littérateur* of note. The third brother, Charles, was also a man of letters. The elder brothers especially encouraged the development of her literary powers.

"Miss Sedgwick's first story, 'A New England Tale,' was begun as a religious tract, and was expanded to the proportions of a novel at the earnest solicitation of her brothers and friends who saw possibilities in the sketch. It was published in 1822, anonymously, and its flattering reception induced her

to engage seriously in literary pursuits. 'Redwood,' a novel of the then conventional two-volume order, followed, also published anonymously. This met larger success than the first effort. It was reprinted in England, and translated into four foreign languages: quite remarkable, when you remember the time of its issue, the mid-twenties, when American writers were of small account in the book world. 'Hope Leslie,' her Indian story, and 'Clarence,' were the last of her books published while she was living here. 'Hope Leslie' brought her widest celebrity. Stockbridgians point out a neighboring mountain crag as the scene of the Indian maiden 'Maga-wisca's' sacrifice in the rescue of 'Everell'; and other places described in this tale are identified hereabouts. Miss Sedgwick's grave is in the village graveyard, marked by a plain monument simply inscribed."

In the old Stockbridge church are tablets to the memory of John Sergeant, Jonathan Edwards, and David Dudley Field. Dr. Field, who was minister of the church from 1819 to 1837, was the father of those eminent brothers, David Dudley Field, the jurist, Stephen Johnson Field, the justice of the United States Supreme bench, Cyrus West Field, promoter of ocean telegraphy, and Henry Martyn Field, clergyman, editor, and author; and their sister, Emelia (Field) Brewer, wife of an American missionary in Turkey, and mother of another United States Supreme Court justice. Cyrus and Henry were born here, the former in 1819, the latter in 1822; David and Stephen were born in Haddam, Conn., in 1805 and 1816 respectively, where the father was settled before coming to Stockbridge. Dr. Field himself was locally distinguished as an historical writer. Retiring from the ministry in the fifties, he spent his remaining years in literary occupations here. He died in 1867. We saw his old home on the site of the second home of John Sergeant, on Prospect Hill; and the former country seats of the sons David and Henry — "Eden Hall" and "Windermere" — commanding beautiful views,

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The ride of eight miles to Great Barrington was full of beauty. The road crossed the river, skirted Monument Mountain, coursed through woods and along the open, revealing lovely vistas and far-spreading landscapes. About a mile out from Stockbridge center a side road was indicated which led toward "Cherry Cottage," birthplace of the learned Mark Hopkins (born 1802—died in Williamstown, 1887), fourth presi-



THE OLD HOME OF BRYANT, GREAT BARRINGTON.

dent of Williams College, 1837-1872, whose treatises in the field of moral science gave him first rank among scholars of his theological tenets.

At the entrance to the village stood the old Bryant homestead on the broad main street. Here, it was remarked, the poet was married, in 1821, to Frances Fairchild of Great Barrington, whom he apostrophized in his verses, "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids."

She became his "confidant, counselor, and partner" through nearly half a century; his best critic, whose approval the verses written after their union had first to receive before he would

permit them to meet the public eye. In the village the place of his law office was pointed out to us. In the town house were shown the records which he kept during his several years' service as town clerk; among them the record of his own marriage, and that of the birth of his first child.

As we moved among these landmarks, incidents of the poet's life in the town, extending from his twenty-second to his thirty-first year (1816-1825), were related to Percy. "During this period of nine years," he was told, "the poet practiced his profession as a lawyer with a fair degree of success, interested himself wholesomely in local affairs and somewhat in politics, and composed more than thirty poems. These verses included 'A Winter Piece,' 'The West Wind,' 'June,' 'The Rivulet,' 'Monument Mountain,' 'A Walk at Sunset,' 'The Hymn to Death,' 'Green River,' 'After a Tempest,' and 'A Forest Hymn,'—the poems upon which rests the fame which has been accorded him as the 'most American of our poets' and the skillfullest painter of the scenery of his native land. Most of these poems describe points in the region about this town and the poet's more rural birthplace of Cummington. Green River lies a mile west of Great Barrington village, with its waters

"... winding away from sight
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings.'—

It was in the poem on this theme that the poet expressed his longing to escape from the drudgery of his profession:

"'Though forced to drudge for the drags of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,

And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years."

"The Rivulet" depicts a little stream which threads through the grounds of the homestead at Cummington. The scene of 'The Forest Hymn,' with that familiar opening line, 'The groves were God's first temples,' was also in Cummington. 'The Death of the Flowers,' beginning with the much-quoted 'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,' was inspired here in Great Barrington."

Percy now asked for the promised story of Bryant's earlier life at his birthplace.

"Cummington," I accordingly related, "is one of those Massachusetts hill towns, remote from railways, which have retained their unchanging pastoral aspect through the changing years. Its rural features and its surrounding scenery, which have been immortalised by Bryant's pen, all remain. The region about his birthplace is to-day much as when he wrote:—

"I stand upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of wavy grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen."

"Bryant was as fortunate in his parentage as in the place of his birth. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, of a line of physicians, has been described as a genial, scholarly, poetic, broad-minded man; his mother, Sally Snell Bryant, as plodding, persistent, energetic, 'scrupulous as the laws of light.' She was of Pilgrim stock, being a descendant of John Alden, while Dr. Bryant was also of Old Colony ancestry. Her father, Squire Snell, moved up to Cummington with his family from Eastern

Massachusetts, and Dr. Bryant, of the same town, following, married Sally Snell there in 1792. William Cullen was their eldest son, born in November, 1794. He was named for Dr. William Cullen, a renowned Scotch physician and medical teacher, who had died four years before. His poetical aspirations developed very early, and were encouraged by his father, who directed his studies and guided his reading. 'Lying before the evening birch fire,' Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and biographer has said, 'he read the Bible and Shakspeare, Homer as Pope gives him, and Cowper and Wordsworth. Out-of-doors, among the thickets, . . . he shouted to his brothers grand lines from the "Iliad" or the "Œdipus Tyrannus."'

"When only nine years old the boy began writing verses, and at twelve he first appeared in print. This first printed piece was a poem published in the county paper, the *Hampshire Gazette*, prefaced by an editor's note stating that it was 'composed by a lad twelve years old, to be exhibited at the close of the winter school, in presence of the master, the minister of the parish, and a number of private gentlemen.' The next year, stirred by the political spirit which he had absorbed at his father's hospitable fireside, and from the village Solons, he wrote a satire on Jefferson's embargo, with the title, 'The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times,' which was published in Boston. This elicited from the *Monthly Anthology* a flattering notice, the critic concluding that 'the young bard certainly bids fair, should he continue to cultivate his talent, to gain a respectable station on the Parnassian mount.' In his fifteenth year he had some patriotic verses in the *Hampshire Gazette* on 'The Genius of Columbia.' Early in his sixteenth year he was a student at Williams College. After two terms he withdrew, hoping to continue his studies at Yale; but his father could not afford the expense, and accordingly he turned to the study of law.

"Meanwhile he had written 'Thanatopsis,'—which he kept a secret; and it was only discovered after he had left the home-

stead to come here to Great Barrington, his father finding it among some papers left behind in the boy's room. You remember the story of its publication in the *North American Review*, which was told when we were talking about the elder Richard Henry Dana's career, during our walk in the West End of Boston. The circumstances under which the poem was written are found detailed in the 'Bryant Homestead Book'—and I read the following extract:

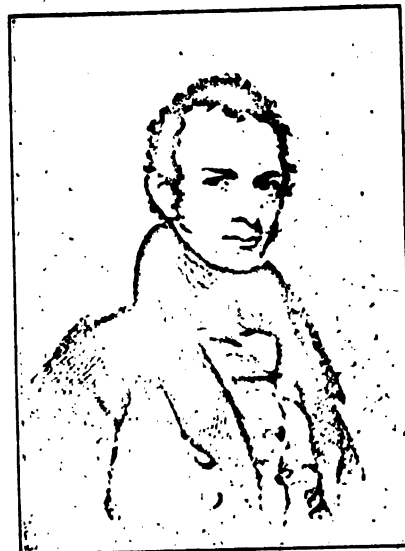
"It was here in Cummington while wandering in the primeval forests, over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, moldering for long years, and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets crept along through the carpet of dead leaves, the spoli of thousands of summers, that the poem . . . was composed. The young poet had read the poems of Kirke White, which, edited by Southey, were published about that time; and a small volume of Southey's miscellaneous poems; and some lines of those authors had kindled his imagination, which, going forth over the face of the inhabitants of the globe, sought to bring under one broad and comprehensive view, the destinies of the human race in the present life, and the perpetual rising and passing away of generation after generation who are nourished by the fruits of its soil, and find a resting-place in its bosom."

"Under a somewhat similar mood," I suggested, "'To A Waterfowl,' which many regard as his best poem, was written. As Parke Godwin relates, the poet was on his walk to the neighboring town of Plainfield, having left home to open his first law office there. It was toward the close of a December day in 1815. His heart was despondent, and as he was climbing the hill into the hamlet he turned round and looked back over the darkening landscape. 'The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking at the rosy splendor, with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whence it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night

his mind was full of what he had seen and felt,' and the poem came easily from his pen."

Returning to Bryant in Great Barrington, I remarked that his first little volume of collected poems, published in 1821, was the means of drawing him from the law into editorial life. Henry D. Sedgwick, who had become his warm friend, and Gulian C. Verplanck, at the time a literary authority in New York, interested themselves in procuring an editorial position for him in that city. As a result he was appointed assistant editor of the *New York Review and Athenaeum Magazine*, started in 1825, whereupon he closed his law office forever, and removed to the city. Thereafter he was identified with New York, and with journalism there. The *Review* was not profitable, though excellent in its matter, having as contributors, besides himself, the best among the little group of American writers of the time. Halleck's 'Marco Bozzaris' was published in an early number. After struggling for about a year it was merged in one of its rivals, which was in turn swallowed by another a few months later.

"Three years after his coming to New York Bryant became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, with which he continued



BRYANT AT THE AGE OF 40.

through the remainder of his long life, making it a power in the discussion of public questions, and a credit to American journalism. His second collection of verse, published in 1832, included the poems first printed in the periodicals with which he was connected, or in various 'Annals.' The other volumes which make up his works appeared at intervals through the succeeding thirty or forty years. His translation of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' rounding out his work, appeared in 1870-1871. Bryant died in New York City in May, 1878, suddenly, after delivering an address at the unveiling of the



BRYANT IN LATER LIFE.

statue to Mazzini in Central Park; and his grave is at 'Cedarmere,' his beautiful country seat for thirty-five years in Roslyn, Long Island. "His striking appearance in his latter years has often been pictured, but by none with finer touch than Hawthorne has given in this outline: 'A long white beard, — such as a palmer might have worn as the growth of his long pilgrimages; a brow almost entirely bald, and what hair he had, quite heavy; a forehead impending, yet not massive; dark, bushy eyebrows, and keen eyes, without much softness in them; a dark and sallow complexion; a slender figure bent a little with age, but at once alert and firm.'"

We now took a train on the picturesque Housatonic railway for Canaan, Connecticut, where we changed to another line along which we pursued our way to Hartford. Between Great Barrington and Canaan we passed through Sheffield, as beau-

tiful as the other Berkshire towns, the birthplace of Dr. Frederick A. P. Barnard (born 1809—died in New York City, 1889), president of Columbia College, 1864-1889; and of the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey (born 1794—died in Sheffield, 1882), the early exponent of Unitarianism.

XXII

HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN.

Writers identified with the "Charter Oak City." — From the "Hartford Wits" to the modern set. — The grouped homes of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and "Mark Twain." — Clemens's unique apprenticeship to literature. — Warner's earlier home of "My Summer in a Garden." — Mrs. Sigourney. — Catherine Beecher's celebrated Academy. — Emma Willard. — The trio of Hartford literary editors: Brainard, Prentice, and Whittier. — Productions of the "Hartford Wits." — The "City of Elms." — Literary men as Yale students. — The Trumbull Gallery. — Distinguished graves in the Old Burying Ground. — The poets Hillhouse and Percival. — Theodore Winthrop. — Donald G. Mitchell at "Edgewood."

Upon arriving at Hartford we sought at once the landmarks which gave the "Charter Oak City" its distinction through a succession of years as the home of the later "Hartford group" of authors. The leaders of these were Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, and "Mark Twain."

Writers earlier identified with Hartford, as Percy had been informed, were Lydia Huntley Sigourney (born in Norwich, Conn., 1791 — died in Hartford, 1865), Emma Hart Willard (born in Berlin, Conn., 1787 — died in Troy, N. Y., 1870), George D. Prentice (born in Preston, Conn., 1802 — died in Louisville, Ky., 1870), John Gardner Calkins Brainard (born in New London, Conn., 1796 — died there, 1828), and John G. Whittier — the latter through his work of a few years as a newspaper editor. Before these flourished "The Hartford Wits," — John Trumbull (born in Watertown [then Westbury], Conn., 1750 — died in Detroit, Mich., 1831), Dr. Lemuel Hopkins (born in Waterbury, Conn., 1750 — died in Hartford,

1801), Joel Barlow (born in Reading, Conn., 1755 — died in Paris, France, 1812), Theodore Dwight, the elder (born in Northampton, Mass., 1764 — died in New York City, 1846), and Colonel David Humphreys (born in Derby, Conn., 1753 — died in New Haven, 1818). These men together formed a club of satirists, in literary association through a number of years following the Revolution, who, as Professor Henry A. Beers affirms in the "Memorial History of Hartford County," "represented a concentration of talent such as had not hitherto existed in any American town." Noah Webster (born in West Hartford, 1785 — died in New Haven, 1843), the lexicographer, also spent a few of his active years in Hartford, and here published, in 1783, his famous spelling book, the first part of the "Grammatical Institute of the English Language."

The homes of the later Hartford group were in close neighborhood, in the pleasantest of the residential parts of the city, occupying the hill to the west of the railroad round which winds the Park River. We reached the quarter by trolley car from the railroad station.

The vine-embowered house built for "Mark Twain," which Hartford visitors are wont first to seek because of its fame through repeated descriptions, stands on a knoll well back from the street, beside an oak grove. Like most of the residences of this quarter it is a brick house, but so constructed, of different colored bricks in fanciful courses, and so original in design, as to be unique among its neighbors, as is the author among his fellows. It was Clemens's second Hartford home, built for him a few years after he had made this city his permanent abiding-place. When he occupied it the beauty and comfortableness of its interior were much discoursed upon, and many imagined it to be an ideal working-place. The wide hall, with its carved furniture, easy-chairs, and cushioned recesses; the library, similarly furnished, with crowded bookshelves, closed at one end by the conservatory, and with its windows looking out upon the attractive grounds; the fully

equipped study, — all seemed to the uninitiated to invite to literary labor under the most delightful conditions. But Clemens found it distracting, and when he had work in hand he went up to the billiard room at the top of the house and took his seat at a table so placed that he "could see nothing but the wall and a few shelves of working books before him." At other times, when particularly absorbed by a piece of work, he abandoned the house altogether, and locked himself into a



THE "MARK TWAIN HOUSE," HARTFORD.

little room in an office building down town. He has been quoted as saying that when he has once begun an extended work it is necessary to keep steadily at it from day to day without changing his surroundings.

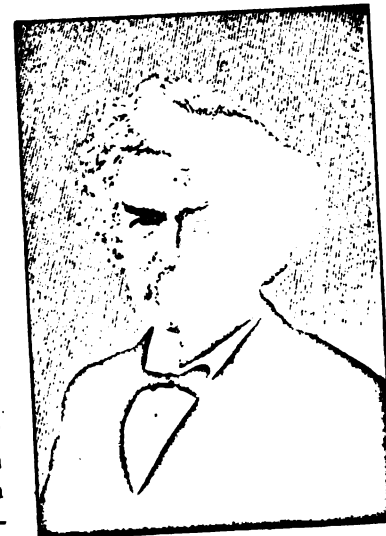
"'Mark Twain' (born Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in Florida, Mo., 1835 —)," I remarked, "came to Hartford to live in 1871, after the publication of his 'Innocents Abroad,' and here were written some of his famous books. You know the origin of his *nom de plume*, — that it was reminiscent of his

life as a Mississippi River pilot, when the call 'mark twain!' in the navigation of the river became most familiar to his ears? Clemens's literary success, which has carried him to the head of his class of writers in this age, has been truly called one of the romances of American life and letters. He was nearing thirty before he had written a line for publication, or had seriously thought of authorship. His training, moreover, was quite foreign to letters.

At twelve he was through with school, and working for his living. His father died at this time. Soon afterward the boy was apprenticed in a printing-office for three years. He became a pilot on the Mississippi at seventeen. This calling he pursued for seven years, sailing up and down the river between St. Louis and New Orleans, meeting many adventures, and coming in contact with the rough and ready characters encountered in the river traffic before the Civil

War, all of which furnished him material for his after writings. At twenty-four he was in Nevada as private secretary for his brother, then the Territorial Secretary. Soon, however, this clerical work was dropped, and he became a miner. Two or three years were spent in the mines without profit except in experience. Then he became a newspaper reporter in Virginia City.

"With this work his first attempts at humorous writing



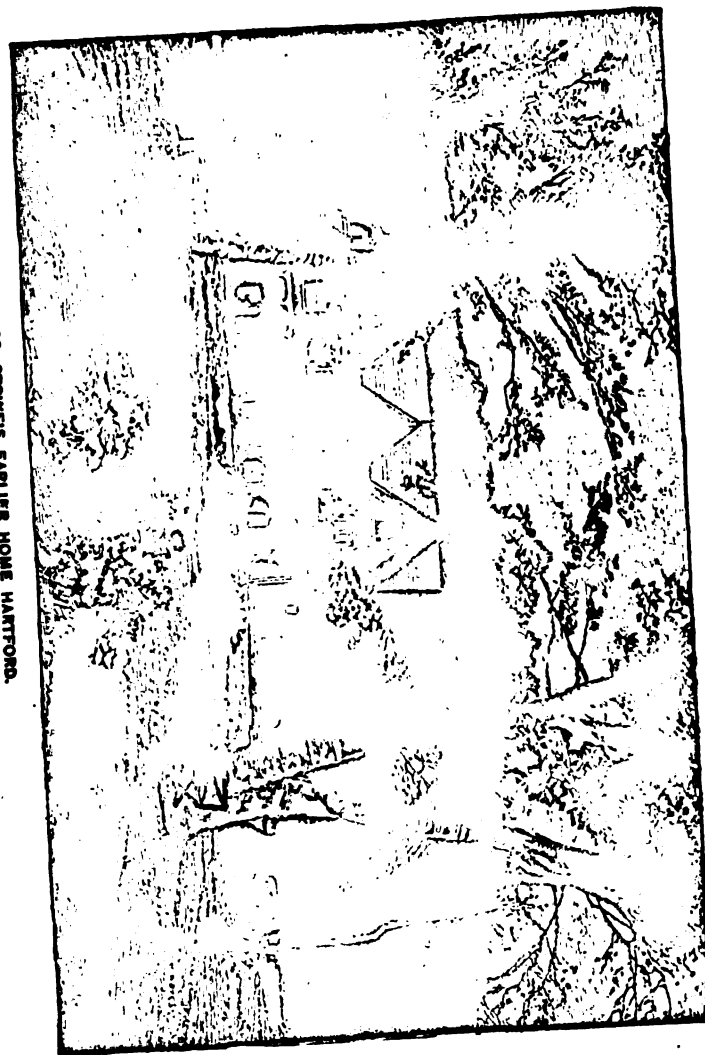
MARK TWAIN.

were made, and at the outset he adopted his signature of 'Mark Twain.' His paragraphs and sketches were copied in other journals, and after a while he got a better place on a San Francisco paper. In 1866 he was sent to the Sandwich Islands to write up the sugar industry for his paper. Upon his return he took to the lecture platform with a lecture on Hawaii. In this effort sober history and description of the islands and the people were so cheerfully interwoven with humorous note and comment, and the whole so phrased, in homely, rugged English, often with witty turns of gravely started sentences, that popular audiences were captured by it, and he found himself with a growing reputation on the Pacific coast. Coming East with this lecture he met similar success.

"When in New York, in 1867, he published his 'Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras,' and the same year he sailed on the Quaker City expedition to the Orient. From this journey came his 'Innocents Abroad,' written out in California after his return. Its publication made him instantly famous. He continued lecturing with increasing favor, wrote constantly, and in 1871, when Hartford became his permanent home, his next book, 'Roughing It,' appeared. Two years later came 'The Gilded Age,' written in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, in which figures 'Colonel Sellers,' who stands for the optimistic American speculator proclaiming for every 'wild-cat' venture 'there's millions in it!' Then followed at intervals of a year or two the succession of productions including 'The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,' 'The Prince and the Pauper,' 'Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc,' 'Pudd'nhead Wilson,' 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,' and 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' which added luster to his fame.

"As his reputation was expanding, Clemens pursued a systematic course of study in English language, literature, and history, and acquainted himself with the works of the masters, his readings taking a wide range; thus grandly did he

MRS. STOWE'S EARLIER HOME HARTFORD.

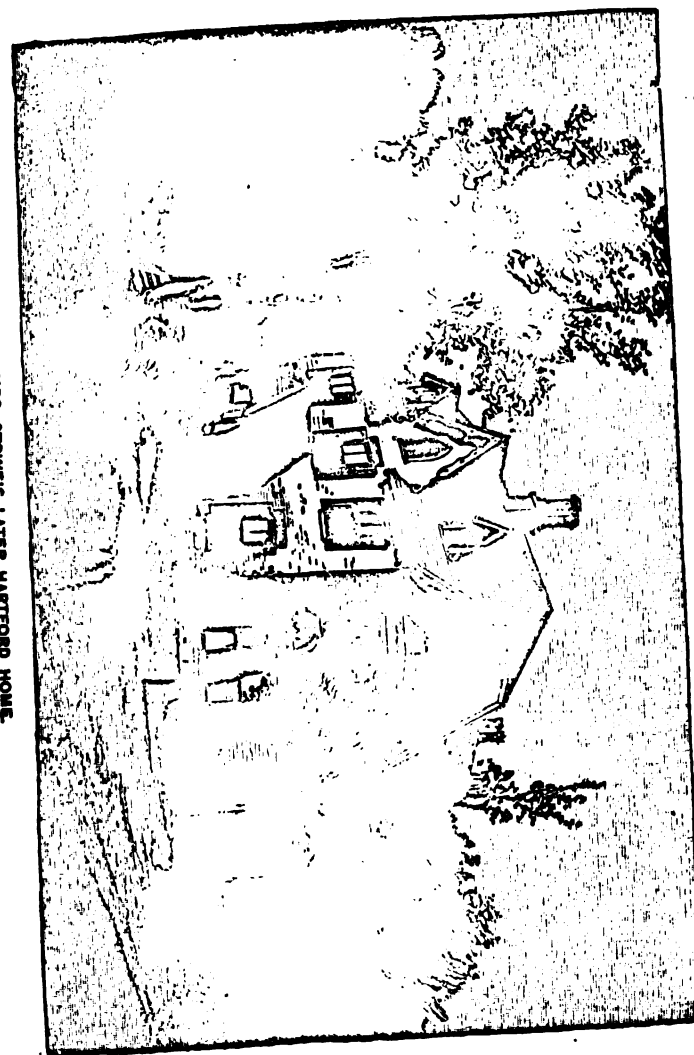


make up for his youthful shortcomings in literary culture. Then he set himself determinedly to the acquisition of the French and German languages, although he had passed the age when foreign languages are comfortably acquired, and the strange words and idioms tangled on his elderly tongue."

Mrs. Stowe, in her slate-colored cottage set among trees, back from a shrub and flower-bedecked lawn, was Mark Twain's next-door neighbor, their estates adjoining, though hers faced another street. The Stowe family came here to live in the early seventies, we were told, and the place remained their Northern home till Mrs. Stowe's death in 1896. This also was their second home in Hartford. The earlier house built for Mrs. Stowe, after her own plans, in 1865, was in the eastern part of the city. It stood in the midst of an extensive grove of oaks, which had been one of the favorite resorts of her girlhood, and on the spot where, early in her married life, she had declared that if she should ever be able to build a house of her own, it should be placed. The site was on another bank of Park River, near the junction of this wandering stream with the Connecticut, and it was then a beautiful situation beyond the business limits. In course of time, however, factories encroached upon the neighborhood, the city reached out to it, and its charm was dispelled. Then Mrs. Stowe bought this Forest-Street place, and the once picturesque gabled dwelling among the oaks degenerated, as the oaks were shorn, into a tenement for factory hands, and, in its last stage, into a factory storage place.

The Forest-Street estate was agreeably adorned, and the hospitable home became the Mecca of admirers who came from many quarters to pay homage to the author during her last quiet years here. The library, with its tall panels painted with flowers in the wall spaces between the windows, was also the family sitting-room, and here the more intimate guests were received. A feature of the parlor was a secretary filled with editions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other popular works of

MRS. STOWE'S LATER HARTFORD HOME.



Mrs. Stowe, in various foreign languages. Mrs. Stowe had no special study in the house, but wrote sometimes in the library, more frequently in her own room over the parlor. Of her later works, written in Hartford, "We and Our Neighbors" was finished here. "Oldtown Folks" and "Pink and White Tyranny" were written in the other house.

Charles Dudley Warner (born in Plainfield, Mass., 1829—died in Hartford, 1900) was the other next-door neighbor of Mark Twain, on the south side; and a foot-path well worn by



LATER HOME OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

the two friends passed between their places. The beautiful woodland estate was Warner's last home. His earlier home, the little red brick cottage embowered in green, with the garden at the back which inspired his first book, was near by. There also "Saunterings," "Backlog Studies," "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing," were written.

He bought this larger and architecturally handsomer house with its bays, verandas, gables, and dormers, and refashioned it to his taste, after his wide journeyings abroad, from which

came "My Winter on the Nile" and "In the Levant." The interior a friendly and gracious hand has described as "full of light and comfort, and an easy informality both in its appearance and its atmosphere." On the walls hung "relics of the journeyings about the world, gathered in Nubia, Egypt, Northern Africa, Spain, and all over the continent of Europe." There were "portieres and rugs of interesting Oriental workmanship"; pictures, choice bits of china, porcelain, and much other bric-à-brac, each object having a history and associations of its own. Books were everywhere. The study was a room high up in a gable, plainly furnished, with a generous open fireplace, and an outlook over the treetops to a mountain height. Here it was long Warner's custom to work and write through the forenoons; then in the afternoon he walked downtown to the *Courant* office to take up his editorial work. He wrote rapidly, never employing the typewriter, or dictating to a stenographer.

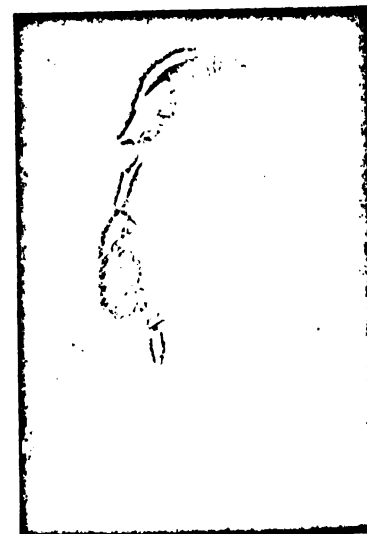
"Though literature was Warner's chosen vocation from the beginning," I continued, "he was not able definitely to devote himself to it till he was past forty. He was country bred, born on a farm in that Massachusetts hill town where Bryant first began to practice law, and he used to declaim 'Thanatopsis' while milking the cow. The apple orchard of his father's farm was in sight of the Bryant homestead in Cummington. When he was five his father died. Till he was thirteen he went to a district school in the neighboring town of Charlemont. The family then removing to Cazenovia, in central New York, he attended a seminary there. Afterward he entered Hamilton College, and was graduated in 1851. While he was a student he composed sketches which were accepted by the old *Knickerbocker*, and during his senior year he wrote the English prize essay. Subsequently his work occasionally appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*. Not long after leaving college he went west with the expectation of becoming connected with a projected monthly magazine in Detroit, Michigan. The pro-

jeet falling through, he joined a surveying party on the Missouri frontier. After about a year of this experience he returned to the East, and took up the study of law. He received his diploma from the University of Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia in 1856. Meanwhile he had supported himself mainly by writing for newspapers and periodicals. He practiced as a lawyer in Chicago for four years. Then, in 1860, he was induced by Joseph R. Hawley, afterward general, governor, and senator, with whom he had become acquainted in Cazenovia, to come to Hartford and join him in the editorship of the *Press*. So ended Warner's career at the bar. When he had got well into the editorial harness, Hawley enlisted in the army, leaving him alone in the conduct of the paper. Some time after the Civil War the owners of the *Press*, of whom Warner had become one, acquired the older *Courant*, and the two papers were united, the *Press* dropping its name. Warner continued his association with the *Courant* through the remainder of his life, gradually withdrawing, in his latter years, from active editorial service as he became engrossed in literary work and book-making.

"My Summer in a Garden" was first published in the *Courant* as a series of light essays running through some months. They were originally written with no thought of ultimate issue 'between covers,'—merely as pleasant 'copy' to lighten the pages of the sober newspaper; but their buoyancy, with their dashes of wit, philosophy, and gentle satire, evidently so charmed the newspaper readers that the making of a book of them was urged by Warner's associates. When this was prepared, however, it languished for a publisher. Two Boston publishers in turn declined it. It was too slender, there was too little of it, they thought. When after its unhappy travels it had finally returned to the author, he happened one evening to meet Henry Ward Beecher at Mrs. Stowe's house. The little book and its fate became one of the subjects of their talk. Mr. Beecher was interested, and wanted to see it; so a

messenger was sent over to Warner's for the manuscript. Mr. Beecher skimmed through several of the sketches. Then he exclaimed, 'It shall be published; you have the real stuff in you.' He would write a preface to it, he said, and would himself take it to a publisher, who would not refuse him. The promise was kept, and before long the book was born. Its reception was immediate and flattering. Ten thousand copies were quickly sold, and it continued to sell. Warner's place was established, and he remained a favorite of the reading public to his last publication.

"The Garden essays appeared in 1870. Thereafter his books came at intervals of a year or two, while his pen was otherwise much employed, and his work as editor of series of publications was not inconsiderable. 'Saunterings,' which had vainly sought a publisher before the appearance of 'My Summer in a Garden,' followed, helped on by its popularity. Then came the sparkling 'Backlog Studies,' 'Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing'; the pleasant books on foreign travel; later, 'A Roundabout Journey,' 'The Pilgrimage,' 'A Little Journey in the World,' which the critics agree is his best work; 'Studies in the South and West,' 'As We were Saying,' and so on. Of his editing, the most elaborate work, as you are aware, is the standard 'Library of the World's Best Literature.'"



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

While we were thus chatting we had left the neighborhood, and were strolling by a roundabout way toward "down-town." At length in Main Street and the business center, we called at the Wadsworth Athenæum, where Percy saw some interesting literary relics. He also noticed here a bust of Mrs. Sigourney. Continuing our walk we sought the site of her home, the pillared mansion, ample and imposing, which stood northward of Main Street, while I discoursed lightly on her career.

"Mrs. Sigourney," this relation ran, "was a lady of fine qualities, cultivated mind, and talent, given through her life to good deeds in the community in which she lived. She was one of the most voluminous of the women writers of her time, and in the number of volumes issued made a record surpassing that of many of her contemporaries of the opposite sex. Her writings had a devout, often a definitely religious, always a pronounced moral tone, and she had a great vogue in her day, for which, we must agree with Professor Beers, the present generation finds it hard to account. All of her sixty odd volumes were widely circulated, and three volumes of her poems were published in London. Ardent admirers sometimes called her 'the Hemans of America.' Her first book, 'Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse,' was published in 1815; her last, 'Letters in Life,' appeared posthumously in 1866.

"She came to Hartford in 1814 when she was Miss Huntley, and opened a high grade seminary for young women, which she conducted till her marriage five years later. She had been gently reared, and had received a broader education than was at the time accorded girls; while her tendency to versification, which was displayed when she was in pinafores, was encouraged by her elders. The lines on the tablet near her pew in Christ Church were written by Whittier, long after her death:—

"She sang alone, ere womanhood had known
The gift of song which fills the air to-day;
Tender and sweet, a music all her own
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray."

In another part of the business section we came to the site of the girls' academy kept by Catherine Esther Beecher (born in East Hampton, L.I., 1800—died, in Elmira, N.Y., 1878) from 1822 to 1832, where her younger sister, Harriet (Mrs. Stowe), studied and afterward taught.

Other landmarks which we sought were vague or obliterated. We could find no trace of the home of that other learned Hartford woman and long-time school-teacher, — Emma Willard, — who wrote verses along with graver things. She came to Hartford in the late thirties, after she had passed middle life. She compiled numerous manuals on geography and history, and interested herself especially in the advancement of the education of women. As a poet she is chiefly to be remembered for her ocean hymn, the familiar "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." As a descendant of Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, she belonged naturally to this town.

Traces only were to be found of the habitations or working places of that trio of Hartford literary editors, Brainard, Prentice, and Whittier, in the twenties and early thirties. "Brainard was the first of them in order of time," I remarked. "He came here in 1822 to edit the *Connecticut Mirror*, having tried the law unsuccessfully; an odd, over-sensitive, unambitious young man of twenty-seven. He made a poor editor, but a good poet. He was essentially the poet of the Connecticut valley. The few poems of his which have survived the longest are on themes of this region. His work was uneven and not extensive, for he wrote hastily, and died at thirty-three; but it endeared him to many readers of his time. Most of it was done for the weekly press, unstudied and without revision. Whittier, in his memoir of the poet accompanying his collected poems published shortly after his death, declared that the verses thus written from week to week 'would have done honor to the genius of Burns or Wordsworth.'

"Prentice's Hartford career was brief, covering only about two years, between 1828 and 1830. It was brilliant and dash-

ing, and paved the way for his success in Kentucky with the *Louisville Journal* (now the *Courier-Journal*), which he founded. He was not long out of college — he graduated from Brown University — when he took up the editor's work here. He made his Hartford paper, the *New England Literary Review*, popular on the literary side, and spirited on the political side. In its columns his earliest and some of his best poems first appeared. Whittier succeeded him in the editorial chair at his own suggestion, a friendship having sprung up between the two through correspondence resulting from Whittier's contributions to the paper from the Amesbury farm. Whittier's engagement was at first temporary, to serve during Prentice's absence in Kentucky, whither he went in the summer of 1830 to write the life of Henry Clay for the Presidential campaign of 1832. But although Prentice returned to Hartford and published his book here, he did not again take up the *Review*; and soon afterward he went back to Kentucky and started his *Louisville Journal*.

"The shy Quaker in homespun was in marked contrast to his worldly and elegant predecessor, but he performed quite as satisfactory, and, in its different way, as brilliant editorial work. Prentice in his farewell editorial introduced him to the readers of the *Review* in a gallant fashion: 'I cannot do less than congratulate my readers,' he wrote, 'on the prospect of the more familiar acquaintance with a gentleman of such powerful energies, and such exalted purity and sweetness of character.' Whittier was here for eighteen months, and we have seen how extensive and varied were his contributions to the *Review* during that time. Among his many poems first published in it was the 'Christ in the Tempest,' which became a favorite in the 'First Class Reader.' While here, too, as we have noted, he prepared his first book, 'Legends of New England in Prose and Verse,' and it was printed in the office of the *Review*. In his writings and letters he has given glimpses of his Hartford life. He has told us that he boarded first at

the 'Old Lunt Tavern,' and afterward in the family of Jonathan Law, sometime postmaster of Hartford, whose house was on Main Street, by the corner of Grove Street. It was his Hartford life that the poet recalled in the opening lines of the dedication of 'Miriam,' to his friend of those days, Frederick A. P. Barnard, who in his young manhood wrote for the *Review*: —

"The years are many since, in youth and hope
Under the Charter-Oak, our horoscope
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars."

"By the way," Percy here interjected, "isn't some relic of the Charter Oak preserved?" Only its site is marked, by a tablet, he was told.

Of the Hartford Wits no definite landmarks were to be traced, while of their work, it was remarked, only the lines of Trumbull's "M'Fingal" —

"No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law" —

survive among our most "familiar quotations." Percy had heard this couplet quoted, but he knew nothing of "M'Fingal," he said. Accordingly this epic of the Revolution, after the manner of *Hudibras*, with its shafts of ridicule against the British and their Tory allies, was recalled for his benefit. Its object, he was told, was, as Trumbull himself stated it, to express "in a poetical manner a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the character and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history could probably record or display; and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagances of my countrymen as well as of their enemies." Its principal characters were "M'Fingal," a type of the old-time country squire, who stood for the Tory interests, and "Honorius," representing the Whigs. It was finished and published in Hartford in 1782, and its popularity was great. Several edi-

tions were published in England as well as in this country. Professor Beers classes it as the best of American political satires in verse "with the possible exception of the 'Biglow Papers.'"

Trumbull was the chief of the Hartford Wits. Of the others, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins was called the "bludgeon satirist." His verse mostly appeared in "The Anarchiad," a descriptive poem by the Wits, in a series of twenty-four numbers published in the newspapers. He also contributed to similar productions, "The Echo," and "The Political Green House," subsequently issued in book form. Theodore Dwight's work was largely in "The Echo." Joel Barlow's principal effort was "The Vision of Columbus," published in Hartford in 1787, and twenty years later expanded into "The Columbiad," brought out in Philadelphia. Colonel Humphreys's hand was in "The Anarchiad." Humphreys earlier wrote his picturesque life of General Israel Putnam, upon whose staff he served as major at the beginning of the Revolution. Later he was on Washington's staff, and became closely attached to the great captain, who inspired his animated battle-pieces and patriotic verse. He was the first American ambassador to Lisbon.

Our walk finished at the Allyn House, where we spent this night, going on to New Haven the next morning. †

Arrived in the "City of Elms" we made our pleasant way along the leafy streets first of all to the Yale College buildings, west of the beautiful Green in the city's heart. We strolled about the elm-studded Campus; viewed the famous Fence, the gathering place of Yale men from the college's early days; and made a little tour of the buildings, including "South Middle," the one spared monument of the historic "Old Brick Row."

As we rambled from point to point, here and there was noted a room or a quarter identified with the college life of

after poets and authors, while Percy was told of their student days. The brilliant list began chronologically with James Fenimore Cooper (born in Burlington, N.J., 1789 — died in Cooperstown, N.Y., 1851), who entered the college at thirteen in 1802, and was rusticated before the end of his junior year, when he went to sea as a midshipman in the Navy. Next was James Abraham Hillhouse (born in New Haven, 1789 — died here, 1841), poet and orator, a college mate of Cooper's, entering at sixteen, who early won a reputation among college men from his Master's oration on "The Education of the Poet," and his subsequent Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Judgment." To him Fitz-Greene Halleck alluded in his lines "To the Recorder" —

"Hillhouse, whose music, like his themes,
Lifts earth to heaven —"

Graduating as Hillhouse entered was John Pierpont, the poet and hymn writer (about whom we had heard when in Eastern Massachusetts, in Newburyport), a fine scholar in college, stimulated to high endeavor perhaps by reason of his descent from the minister, John Pierpont, one of the Yale founders; whose "Airs of Palestine," published a dozen years after his graduation, fixed his literary rank. Then came James Gates Percival (born in Berlin, Conn., 1795 — died in Hazel Green, Wis., 1856), poet and man of many talents — and idiosyncrasies, of the class of 1815, graduating at its head, with his tragedy of "Zamor" a part of the Commencement exercises. Ten years later N. P. Willis was here, in his senior year (1827) rooming on the third floor of Old North, in the same entry with Horace Bushnell, who was his classmate.

Donald G. Mitchell (born in Norwich, Conn., 1822 —), genial, philosophic "Ik Marvel," whose "Reveries of a Bachelor" retains perennial charm, was of the class of 1841. Three years after, in the class of 1848, entered the scholarly and heroic Theodore Winthrop (born in New Haven, 1828 — killed

in the Battle of Great Bethel, Va., 1861), novelist, story writer, and poet, a direct descendant from that second John Winthrop and first governor of Connecticut, whose career we had traced when in "The Heart of Essex;" on his mother's side in line from Jonathan Edwards, whose great-granddaughter she was, and through her connected with seven presidents of Yale; who himself, had his health permitted, would have followed in his ancestors' footsteps, and might have become a college president. Of the class of 1853 was our poet of to-day, Edmund Clarence Stedman, son of a poet, — Mrs. E. C. (Stedman) Kinney, — born in Hartford, 1833, but "brought up" from infancy in Norwich, who entered the college at fifteen, and at seventeen was suspended for some irregularities, though in later years restored to his class and given a master's degree.

Note also was made of some of the renowned eighteenth century students: among them Timothy Dwight, graduated in 1769; Jonathan Edwards, 1721; Noah Webster, 1778, in the same class with Joel Barlow of the Hartford Wits and Oliver Wolcott, their intimate, whose grandfather, Roger Wolcott, was the earliest Hartford poet; Jedidiah Morse, "the father of American Geography," of the class of 1783; and Benjamin Silliman, our "Nestor in Science," class of 1796. Thirty-three years after Noah Webster, the other dictionary maker, Joseph Emerson Worcester (born in Bedford, N.H., 1784 — died in Cambridge, Mass., 1865), was here — in the class of 1811. Shortly after his graduation he went to Salem, Mass., and set up his school, where, as we had learned, the boy Nathaniel Hawthorne was once a pupil. His "Dictionary of the English Language" made its first appearance in 1860, after several years had been devoted to its compilation.

In the School of Fine Arts building Percy found much enjoyment in looking over the historical paintings of Colonel John Trumbull, Connecticut's early and most distinguished painter, which constitute the "Trumbull Gallery." He made a copy of the inscription over Trumbull's tomb beneath the building,

which read: "Colonel John Trumbull, Patriot and Artist, Friend and Aid of Washington, lies beside his wife beneath this Gallery of Art. Lebanon [Conn.], 1750 — New York, 1843."

"Yes," I replied to Percy's question, "the poet John Trumbull was of the same family. The great-grandfathers of the poet and the artist were brothers. The artist was the son of the first Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, — Washington's close friend throughout the Revolution, — and brother of the second Governor Jonathan Trumbull, who served from 1798 till his death in 1809."

A short walk along High Street to Grove Street brought us to the old burying-ground, a quiet spot behind stone walls, "separating college halls on the one hand from the stir of business on the other," as a local writer pictures it, which Percy desired to visit when told that more distinguished persons are said to be here entombed than in any similar enclosure in the country.

Wandering along the serene paths we passed graves of presidents of the college; of Benjamin Silliman, and his son, the second Professor Silliman; of Noah Webster; of Jedidiah Morse; of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of the eminent Beecher family of brothers and sisters; of the Rev. Leonard Bacon (born in Detroit, Mich., 1802 — died in New Haven, 1881), the leading Congregationalist editor and writer in his day, and minister of the First Church of New Haven for fifty-seven years; and of his gifted sister Delia Bacon (born in Talmadge, Ohio, 1811 — died in Hartford, 1859), writer of historical tales, but wider known as the prophet of the Baconian theory of the authorship of the Shaksperian plays, disclosed in her "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare Unfolded," the publication of which in Boston and London in 1857, two years before her death, made a commotion which did not subside after it became known that the writer's mind in her later years was affected. Also were seen the tombs of

William Dwight Whitney (born in Northampton, Mass., 1827—died in New Haven, 1894), the eminent philologist and Sanskrit scholar; of James Dwight Dana (born in Utica, N.Y., 1813—died in New Haven, 1895), the geologist and writer of authoritative treatises on mineralogy; of the poet Hillhouse; and of Theodore Winthrop. The grave of the latter was marked by a plain granite cross, simply inscribed with names and dates only. A friend with us recalled that when Winthrop was buried he was followed to the grave by the students of the college in a body, by whom he was universally beloved.

The building of the Historical Society being near, opposite the opening of beautiful Hillhouse Avenue, we made a brief call there, and found much to interest us in its literary museum. Then we strolled up Hillhouse Avenue beneath the arching elms, toward the fine old pillared mansion at its head which was the latter home of the poet Hillhouse, in his time called "Sachem Wood." The place was built by his father, the statesman Hillhouse, member of both branches of the Federal Congress in periods following the Revolution. He also laid out the avenue through his ancestral farm, himself planting its lines of trees, helped in this admirable work by a young man who in after years had the satisfaction of walking beneath them as President Day of the college. And to the taste and public spirit of the elder Hillhouse is mainly due the planting of the older New Haven streets and The Green with elms, a century and more ago, from which the college city got its name of the "City of Elms." Of the poet's earlier compositions written in New Haven, the most important was his "Demetria, Percy's Masque." This he carried to London in 1819 and first published there; immediately after, however, it was reprinted in this country. His drama of "Hadad," which gained him most repute, was written at "Sachem Wood."

The birthplace of Theodore Winthrop was in another part of the city, some distance east of The Green, on Wooster Street. As described by Winthrop's sister, in her biography of him,

it was a roomy house of old-fashioned New England type, with hall running through the middle, four rooms on a floor, and a great garret. Winthrop here browsed in an excellent library, and had the good fortune of companionship with a scholarly father and lover of nature, who took long walks with him into the beautiful country around their home. "He wrote nothing of note here, however," I added, "beyond the theses which won him prizes during his college term. For some time after his graduation he was abroad in search of health, making pedestrian tours about Scotland, into France and Germany, in Switzerland, and in Italy and Greece.

"In Rome he made the acquaintance of William H. Aspinwall of New York, one of the founders of the Panama Railroad on the Isthmus, and was engaged as tutor of Aspinwall's boy. Later

he was employed in the New York counting-house of Mr. Aspinwall. Soon afterward he went to Panama, in the interest of the Pacific Steamship Company, where he spent two years. The return was by a roundabout way overland. He traveled through California and Oregon, generally in the saddle, when traveling—it was in the early fifties—in those regions was more romantic and more difficult than now, and fuller of adventure. On the way he was smitten with smallpox. Before he had fully recovered he resumed his journey, and on the Plains



THEODORE WINTHROP

was taken ill again. He lay down to die; but his strength returning, he renewed the struggle and managed to pull through. Back in New York he took up his old work in the counting-house, but shortly was off again, having joined the expedition of the gallant Lieutenant Isaac G. Strain, of the Navy, to survey the Isthmus of Darien. In this undertaking he experienced many hardships. Again in New York he turned to the study of law, and in 1855 was admitted to the bar.

"At this time Winthrop's home was on Staten Island, where he was a near neighbor of George William Curtis. Between the two a warm friendship sprang up, and Curtis fostered his literary activity. He had written much, — sketches of travel, a novel or two, and numerous poems, — but had published nothing. In 1857 he went to St. Louis to practice law there; but his health was too precarious, and he soon returned East. His first publication was a glowing description of Church's great painting of 'The Heart of the Andes,' which he had watched develop on the canvas in the artist's studio. His novel of 'Cecil Dreeme' was offered first to one publisher, then to another in the spring of 1860. The second publisher accepted it, but put it aside because of the unsettled state of public affairs. 'Love and Skates,' his best short story, was sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* in the spring of 1861. It so captivated Lowell, then the editor, that, upon learning of Winthrop's enlistment in the Army, he engaged him to write a series of war sketches for the magazine.

"He enlisted in the artillery corps of the New York Seventh Regiment in April, 1861; and his graceful, dashing sketch of the 'March of the Seventh Regiment of New York to Washington,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* of the following June, made his reputation at once. His active military career covered three short months. At Fortress Monroe he was made acting military secretary and aid of General Benjamin F. Butler. He was killed in the disastrous affair at Great Bethel, while standing on a log nearest the Confederate battery, wav-

ing his sword and cheering his fellow soldiers to the advance. 'On the 19th of April,' wrote Curtis, 'he left the armory door of the Seventh with his hand upon a howitzer; on the 21st of June his body lay upon the same howitzer at the same door, wrapped in the flag for which he gladly died.'

"The works which have made Winthrop's reputation enduring — 'Cecil Dreeme,' 'John Brent,' 'Edwin Brothertoft,' 'The Canoe and the Saddle,' 'Life in the Open Air' — were all published posthumously; and none except 'Love and Skates,' and the 'March of the Seventh,' received his final revision. His poems are collected in the 'Life and Poems' prepared by his sister twenty years after his death."

South of the Green, not far from the college, was the quarter in which the poet Percival lived in the forties a hermit's life in bachelor rooms. These rooms were in the upper story of the old State Hospital. Very few, even of his near friends, were admitted to them. If others came to see him, he would open his entry door by untying a rope which fastened the outer knob to the wall, and come out into the entry, where he would stand and talk for any length of time, or take his caller below to the reception-rooms of the hospital. One of his rooms contained his valuable library and collection of minerals, another was his study, the third his bedroom. His bed was a cot, and a block of wood placed under the mattress served for a pillow. The floors, evidently never swept, were covered with a thick mass of rolling lint, and through the lint was a beaten path from the bed to the stove, the writing table, the library, and the entry door. He had previously occupied two rooms over a bookstore in the busy part of Chapel Street, which were more crowded than these, with his books piled in double tiers against the walls, and in heaps about the floors, leaving scarce space for his sleeping-cot, his chair, and the writing-table. His dress was careless and of the simplest. One suit sufficed him through summer and winter, till worn threadbare. His only outer garment for years was a brown camlet cloak, scant and-

thinly lined. Above this cloak peered his head covered with a shabby glazed cloth cap.

"Such are the pictures of the poet and his hermitage," I remarked, "which his biographer, Julius H. Ward, gives. Donald G. Mitchell remembers him, at the same period, as 'thin, haggard, and unkempt, with a wild look in his eye, sounding through the streets with an uneasy, swift pace, his shoes unblackened — untied perhaps, other garments dilapidated and rusty:' with his 'scant old camel cloak in chilling weather drawn close around him.' He was 'a cantankerous man,' Mitchell says, 'taking life hard, taking everything hard except the minutiae of learning, most contented and easy when writing till midnight on etymologies, and on recondite phrases and philologic puzzles.' Yet he wrote verses, lyrics, and songs which became household things.

"Percival was obliged, to resort to various sorts of literary drudgery to get his living, since the practice of his profession of medicine was distasteful to him. He was much devoted to the pursuit of geology, botany, and other sciences, in which he was a master, but poetry was his best love. All of his poetical work was done easily and rapidly. When a boy of fourteen he wrote a mock-heroic poem on the times, which extended over two thousand lines, with a preface of nearly two hundred lines, in which he invited the Muse. In college he was repeatedly writing verses. In 1820, a few years after his graduation, he published his first volume of poems, more varied in character than had previously appeared from any other native poet. It included the first part of his 'Prometheus,' his longest and most elaborate poetical work, written in the Spenserian measure, which later on, when completed with the second part, Whittier so warmly praised in his Hartford paper. 'God pity the man,' this fellow poet exclaimed, 'who does not love the poetry of Percival! He is a genius of Nature's making!'

"In the spring of 1822 he published the first number of his 'Clio' series, after the fashion of Irving's 'Sketch Book,' and

Dana's 'Idle Man.' This was brought out in Charleston, South Carolina, whither he had gone the previous autumn as partner with a lecturer on botany. The partners soon separating, Percival was without resources. Putting out his doctor's sign, he devoted himself to verse-making for the *Courier*, then the first literary journal of the South, while waiting for patients. But very few came, — indeed, it is said only one came, troubled with sore lips, for whom he prescribed a dose of salts, gratis, — for his reputation as a poet had preceded him, and, as he explained, 'when a person is really ill, he will not send for a poet to cure him:'" which reminded Percy of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's early experience as a practitioner with the reputation of a wit.

"The second number of 'Clio' was brought out here in New Haven in the summer of 1822. Two years later Percival's collected poems in two volumes, upon which his reputation as a poet largely rests, were issued in New York and London, principally through the agency of Samuel G. Goodrich, who was one of his steadfast friends. The third and last 'Clio' appeared in 1827. His last poetical volume, 'The Dream of a Day, and Other Poems,' was published in 1843. His patriotic odes and campaign songs, the latter on the Whig side and most popular in the campaign of 1840, are ranked among the best of their kind; while his ballads long survived his day. His uplifting lines, 'O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending!' became one of the familiar and stirring battle songs of the Civil War.

"Percival's most important literary work outside of poetry was his scholarly assistance on Webster's Dictionary. His contributions to science included his reports upon the geology of Connecticut in 1842, and the later reports as state geologist of Wisconsin, which position he was holding at the time of his death in 1856."

A little journey to "Edgewood," the home of Donald G. Mitchell, was the finishing touch to these pilgrimages. This

lay to the west of the city, and southwestward of towering West Rock, in a yet semi-rural region, though not far removed from the city's life. We made the trip by carriage, preferring to drive out rather than to take the trolley car, that we might loiter by the way, if so minded, or turn aside from main thoroughfares to explore inviting street openings or seek picturesque views. The route we chose took us



"EDGEWOOD," HOME OF DONALD G. MITCHELL.

along shaded avenues, through Edgewood Park, across West River, and over the river plain to the old "Coddington road" on which is the Edgewood Ridge. We had with us a description of Edgewood which Professor Beers gave some years ago in the *Critic*; and from this we easily recognized the place, time's changes in its aspect having been comparatively slight.

From the line of evergreen hedge along the roadway, sloped up the grassy bank upon which the picturesque vine-mantled house was set, with shrubs and flowers brightening the turf. Behind rose the steep hill, with overhanging woods, which gave the place its name. The house of stone and wood, with rustic porch and veranda, high-pitched roof and dormer win-

dows, was built by Mr. Mitchell after his own fancy, in place of the old farmhouse, — the "grayish-white farmhouse" standing behind "the great purple spikes of lilacs" as depicted in "My Farm at Edgewood," — which he first occupied when he came into possession of the place, back in the fifties. The stone for the lower story came mainly from old stone walls found on the farm. Within the house a comfortable spaciousness characterizes the rooms. On the south side of the generous entrance hall open double drawing-rooms, with French windows giving upon the veranda, which fronts a soft lawn framed in evergreen and other trees; on the north side of the hall is the library with broad fireplace, full-stocked bookshelves lining the walls, book-laden tables, and the genuine bookish atmosphere; at the rear is the dining-room, extending across the house from north to south, with family portraits gazing down from the walls, the windows looking out upon the hillside. North of the house is a vegetable and old-fashioned flower garden, with box-edged paths, back of a hemlock hedge.

Here Mr. Mitchell has lived his serene life of a literary country gentleman, with occasional excursions into the world, for nearly half a century. "He was only a few years past thirty when he purchased Edgewood, and settled down to country life," I related, "but he had already made 'Ik Marvel's' reputation secure. He had published his 'Reveries of a Bachelor'; 'The Battle Summer,' being vivid notes from his observations in Paris during the revolution days of 1848; 'Dream Life'; and 'Fresh Gleanings'; — all marked by a delicate touch, a light fancy, dashes of gentle satire, kindly philosophy, and much sentiment, which captivated the leisurely thoughtful reader. 'Fresh Gleanings,' treating in a light vein of foreign scenes and experiences, was his first book, brought out in 1847, after his return from long journeyings in Europe. He had gone abroad for his health, which was delicate all through his earlier years, and had spent half a winter in Jersey, the other half in tramping about England visiting every county, and a

year and a half on the Continent. Meanwhile he wrote letters to the *Albany Cultivator*, afterward the *Country Gentleman*, which formed the basis of his book. The 'Reveries of a Bachelor' had its beginnings in an essay contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. This was ultimately expanded into the little book which, first published in 1850, possessed a fascination that none of its numerous imitators has attained.



DONALD G. MITCHELL

Its revival a generation after the first issue found its charm undimmed.

“Ik Marvel's' second foreign trip, which resulted in 'The Battle Summer,' was also taken in part for his health, which had been impaired by the confinement of a New York office in which he had been studying law. Upon his return he began in New York under an assumed name the periodical publication of 'The Lorgnette: or Studies of the Town by an Opera-Goer,' composed of freehand satirical sketches of men and things about the city, the authorship of which piqued curiosity, as the matter provoked much comment. It was later acknowledged, when published in book form in 1850.

“Before he came to Edgewood Mr. Mitchell had spent two years in Venice as the American consul (1853-1854), during which service he collected material for a contemplated history

of the Venetian republic. This plan was not carried out, but the notes were to some extent utilized in his later works. His airy Edgewood books, — 'My Farm at Edgewood,' and 'Wet Days at Edgewood,' — first appeared in the sixties. His 'Dr. Johns' was also of this period. The 'English Lands, Letters, and Kings,' and 'American Lands and Letters,' the reminiscent works of his latter years, have the old charm and touch, and have found their place among the lighter literary histories.

“In what may perhaps be termed his specialty — landscape gardening, the refinement of farming, and the æsthetic aspects of rural life, — Mr. Mitchell's work has been that of a sort of pioneer. It began in his youth, when, while working on his grandfather's farm near Norwich after his graduation from college, he won a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society as a prize for a plan of farm buildings. His 'Rural Studies,' published in 1867, and reissued seventeen years after in his 'Out of Town Places, with Hints for their Improvement,' became a standard book of its class. His interest in art has been constant, pen and speech being employed in its behalf. He has been a member of the council of the Yale Art School since its establishment, and has occasionally given lectures there. At one time he had a plan fully formed for establishing a critical literary journal to be called *The Examiner*, but, for some reason, it was abandoned; in later years, however, his editorial hand was shown in the conduct of *Hearth and Home*, a magazine of a more popular order. He is a genuine New Englander, being the son of a long time Connecticut Congregational minister, and grandson of a Connecticut chief justice.”

Back in town we dined at the New Haven House, after which we rode to the railway station, where Percy found his “traps” forwarded from Boston, awaiting his order; and we parted, he taking a train for New York whence he was to

journey homeward to the West, I returning Eastward. As we were exchanging good-byes, I expressed my regret that our itinerary could not have been so arranged as to embrace the entire range of New England literary landmarks, the homes of the few other writers whom we had been obliged to pass by unnoticed, or places celebrated by them; but this would have involved more time than Percy had at his disposal, and tangled our routes. My buoyant friend, however, cheered me with his hearty assurance that he was going back with a multitude of pleasant impressions and a pretty fair idea, he thought, of the hand which New England had had in the development of our American literature.

"Come again," I cried, as with a final hand-grasp he sprang up the Pullman steps; "come again, and perhaps we'll concoct another scheme of pilgrimages into broader fields."

"Depend upon it, I shall," the fine fellow responded, and the train was off.

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